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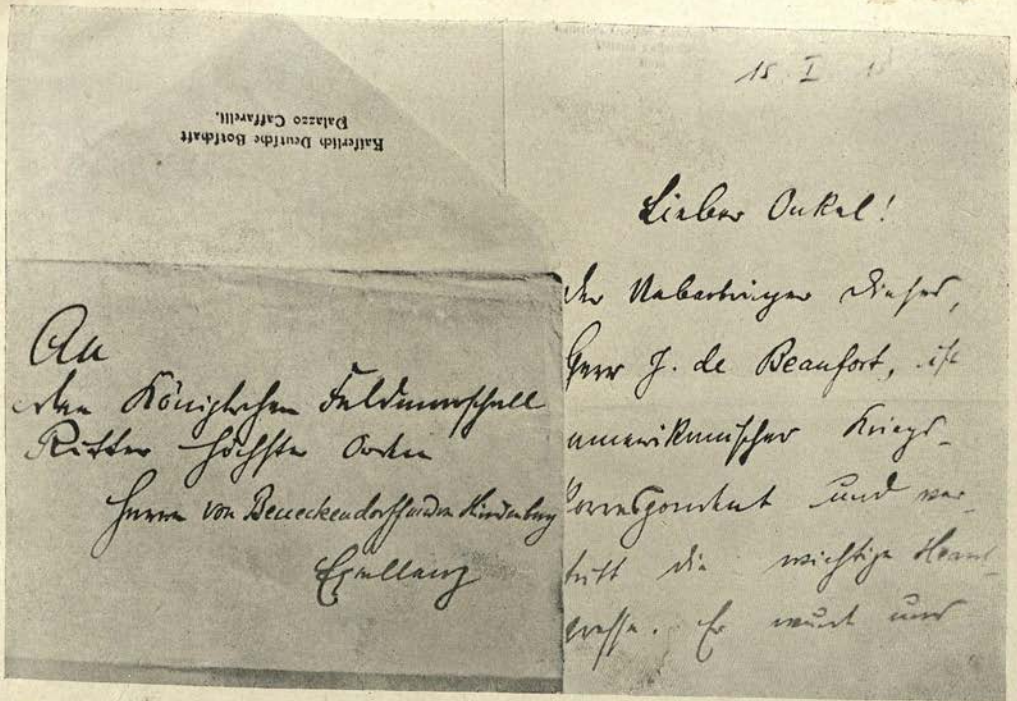
*Behind the German Veil*




The magic key. My letter of introduction to Hindenburg, written by his nephew. The address reads: To the Royal Field-Marshal, Knight of the Highest Order, Herr von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg.

A snapshot of the Kaiser taken by Prince Oscar, who sent it to a photographer in a small town to have the film developed. The man printed a few copies for his own use, and sent one to an agency in Berlin. The Berlin firm sold the photograph, but the moment it appeared the greater part of the magazine in which it was published was confiscated.

[*Frontispiece. See p.* 198.

# *Behind the German Veil*

*A Record of a Journalistic War Pilgrimage. By J. M. de Beaufort*

*With 46 Illustrations and Maps* :: :: ::

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*SECOND EDITION*

*LONDON: HUTCHINSON & CO.*
*PATERNOSTER ROW* :: *1917*

## TO GENERAL SIR BINDON BLOOD, G.C.B.

DEAR SIR BINDON,

I am greatly honoured and more than happy that you have accepted the dedication of my book on Germany. There are many reasons why I have asked this privilege of you; but most of them are of a personal character, and I cannot go into them here. I shall only state one:

In your recent letter you were good enough to recall my warnings in 1908–9 to you and other friends against German ambitions, schemes and preparations in Europe, India and Egypt. In those days we also discussed at length A. E. W. Mason's splendid book, "The Broken Road," then just published. You told me many wonderful, thrilling and interesting stories of your campaigns in far-off countries, the outposts of the Empire, of Zululand, Egypt, Kashmir, Chitral, Agra, Afghanistan, Malakand, etc., etc., where you had helped to build the Great British Road, the Road of Civilization. You laid many of its milestones.

When I now review this titanic struggle it occurs to me that once again the British are engaged in mending and building "The Broken Road," only this time they

have met with greater obstacles than the half-organized, fanatical native tribes of yesteryear.

This time a great Empire run amuck is obstructing "The Road."

It is a hard Road to build, a difficult one to travel, but like the other one over the Hindu-Kush, it will be built, it will be "pushed on."

In the hope that this book may form a small, if only an infinitesimally small pebble of that Great British Road, I am dedicating it to you, Sir Bindon, and in you, to those gallant pioneers of your race who are building this new Road, that some day others may safely work and live where now there are only the jungles of tyranny, bloodshed and slavery.

There is one great good omen, the Road is leading East; East towards the Rising Sun, East towards the Morning Star.

And, as in those far-off lands at the edge of the world, so here in Europe shall the British Raj mend and build and advance "The Broken Road" towards the dawn of Civilization, Progress and Liberty.

J. M. de B.

London,
Christmas, 1916.
December

# CONTENTS

## PART I

### *GENERAL IMPRESSIONS*


| CHAP. | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| I. | THE VEIL AND THE METHODS | 3 |
| II. | MY "POINT D'APPUI"—ROME | 13 |
| III. | "THE ADDER" | 17 |
| IV. | GERMAN MIND AND CHARACTER | 20 |
| V. | GERMAN PSYCHOLOGY | 25 |
| VI. | THE PRESS IN GERMANY | 29 |
| VII. | BERLIN IMPRESSIONS | 41 |
| VIII. | BERLIN IMPRESSIONS (*continued*) | 46 |
| IX. | MUNICH | 58 |
| X. | ZEPPELINS | 65 |
| XI. | SPIES AND SPYING—I | 74 |
| XII. | SPIES AND SPYING—II | 80 |
| XIII. | SPIES AND SPYING—III | 88 |
| XIV. | | 92 |
| XV. | GERMAN WOMEN | 100 |
| XVI. | HUNTING WITH THE CAMERA | 109 |
| XVII. | "SPIRITUAL HUMOUR" (GERMAN VARIETY) | 113 |


## PART II

### *MY TRIP TO THE EASTERN FRONT AND VISIT TO HINDENBURG*


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| XVIII. | PRELIMINARIES | 121 |
| XIX. | BERLIN—ALLENSTEIN. MEETING WITH YOUNG VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG—ARREST IN THE FORTRESS OF POSEN . . . IN PYJAMAS | 126 |

## CONTENTS


| CHAP. | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| XX. | ALLENSTEIN | 136 |
| XXI. | ALLENSTEIN—FESTE BOYEN (LÖTZEN) | 145 |
| XXII. | HINDENBURG | 151 |
| XXIII. | LÖTZEN | 164 |
| XXIV. | EN ROUTE | 170 |
| XXV. | IMPRESSIONS IN THE POLISH FIGHTING ZONES | 179 |
| XXVI. | WHEN I PRAYED WITH THE KAISER | 193 |
| XXVII. | HINDENBURG—LUDENDORFF AND FALKENHAYN | 201 |
| XXVIII. | RAILROADS | 205 |
| XXIX. | RETROSPECT | 208 |


### PART III

*AN INCOGNITO VISIT TO THE FLEET AND GERMANY'S NAVAL HARBOURS*


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| XXX. | THE GERMAN ADMIRALTY | 217 |
| XXXI. | GERMANY'S COAST DEFENCES | 220 |
| XXXII. | HELIGOLAND | 229 |
| XXXIII. | PROTECTION OF THE KIEL CANAL | 235 |
| XXXIV. | FROM EMDEN TO WILHELMSHAVEN | 239 |
| XXXV. | WILHELMSHAVEN | 248 |
| XXXVI. | WILHELMSHAVEN TO CUXHAVEN | 252 |
| XXXVII. | CUXHAVEN TO KIEL. THE CANAL | 258 |
| XXXVIII. | KIEL HARBOUR | 267 |
| XXXIX. | TRAINING AND STRATEGY | 274 |


### PART IV

*INTERVIEWS*


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| XL. | ARTHUR VON GWINNER | 285 |
| XLI. | DR. WALTHER RATHENAU | 295 |
| XLII. | AMBASSADOR COUNT VON BERNSTORFF | 303 |
| XLIII. | MATTHIAS ERZBERGER—PRESS MANIPULATOR AND ADVERTISING EXPERT | 307 |

## CONTENTS


| CHAP. | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| XLIV. | SECRETARY OF THE LATE GERMAN COLONIES, "EXCELLENZ DR. SOLF," AND HIS A.D.C., DR. BÜCHER | 314 |
| XLV. | SASSENBACH—SOCIAL DEMOCRAT | 320 |
| XLVI. | MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR—HELFFERICH | 326 |
| XLVII. | ADMIRAL VON CAPELLE AND "CAPTAIN LIEUTENANT" LÖHLEIN | 327 |
| XLVIII. | HERR CRASS, KRUPP'S REPRESENTATIVE IN BERLIN. | 330 |
| XLIX. | HERR BALLIN'S A.D.C., HERR VON HOLTZENDORFF | 335 |
| L. | THE GERMAN-TURKISH ALLIANCE AND ITS AMBITIONS | 338 |
| LI. | ON "STRAFING" AND THOSE WHO DON'T | 353 |
| LII. | THE FATEFUL INTERVIEW WITH BARON MACCHIO, LATE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN AMBASSADOR IN ROME | 357 |
| LIII. | ANOTHER "DAILY TELEGRAPH" INTERVIEW THAT UPSET BERLIN. TROUBLE—ARREST—ESCAPE | 361 |

PART V

*FINALE*

ENVOY 366

## AUTHOR'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I AM greatly indebted to Dr. G. W. Prothero, Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, for his kind permission to republish the articles on the German Navy, Heligoland, Kiel, the German Coast Defences and the Maps, which appeared in the July and October, 1916, numbers of his publication.

My acknowledgment and thanks are also due to *The Daily Telegraph*, in which parts of Chapters VII., X., XLI., XLV., XLVII. and LII. have been published, and to the *Sunday Pictorial* for permission to reprint Chapters XXII. and XXVI. (Hindenburg and the Kaiser).

Finally, I must express here my appreciation to Mrs. George Burrow, who so kindly and ably assisted me in the labours of reproducing the maps and plans of Part III.

J. M. DE B.

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS


A snapshot of the Kaiser taken by Prince Oscar, who sent it to a photographer in a small town to have the film developed. The man printed a few copies for his own use, and sent one to an agency in Berlin. The Berlin firm sold the photograph, but the moment it appeared the greater part of the magazine in which it was published was confiscated . . . *Frontispiece*

The magic key. My letter of introduction to Hindenburg, written by his nephew. The address reads: To the Royal Field-Marshal, Knight of the Highest Order, Herr von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg . *Back of Frontispiece*

German Prisoners in England. How the Press keeps the fires of "strafing" England burning. . *Facing p.* 46

English Tricks. In order to protect public buildings from Zeppelin bombs, the English have placed German prisoners on the roofs . „ 47

The King of Bavaria in the gardens of the American Hospital in Munich . . . „ 58

A very popular poster distributed by the German Press Department, especially for Neutral consumption. It is entitled: "Brothers of Culture in our Prisoners' Camps" . . . „ 59

The Kaiser's sons, daughter, daughters and son-in-law . . . . . „ 72

Zeppelin over London. Lord Nelson descending from his Column to hide in the Underground Railway . . . . . „ 73

A German Krupp field-gun in "action" . . „ 110

The Zeppelin "Sachsen" . . . . . „ 111

At Allenstein Station. Von Bethmann-Hollweg, nephew of the Chancellor, left, Lieutenant von Plewe, right . . . . . „ 128

The author in his "uniform," somewhere in Poland „ 129

German trench telescope . . . . . „ 138

Allenstein: Headquarters of the 20th Army Corps. „ 139

The twin bridges at Allenstein . . . . . „ 139

The Kaiser and the Crown Prince reviewing a number of regiments returning from the firing lines . . . . . „ 148

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Serenading Field-Marshal Count von Haeseler on his 80th birthday | *Facing p.* | 149 |
| Hindenburg and his Staff. Ludendorff appropriately placed on Hindenburg's right | „ | 156 |
| General von Hindenburg | „ | 157 |
| The author's car at Fortress Boyen, Hindenburg's headquarters. Note the chauffeur's rifle near lamp | „ | 170 |
| Destroyed railroad bridge, Eastern war zone | „ | 171 |
| A Polish spy. Caught redhanded cutting telegraph wires. He was shot five minutes after the picture was taken | „ | 186 |
| A Russian prisoner and his German guard | „ | 187 |
| The Kaiser in conversation with one of his generals at the Eastern front | „ | 198 |
| A letter from Krupp's | „ | 199 |
| Destroyed bridges in the Eastern war zone | „ | 206 |
| The fighting near and in the woods of Augustowo | „ | 207 |
| In the Polish fighting zones. (Man on left of picture was shot at the moment of re-loading.) | „ | 207 |
| German tars winding a wreath of mines around Miss Britannia | „ | 250 |
| German naval biplane, "Albatros" type. 200 h.p. engines | „ | 251 |
| England astride Egypt, and pulling the wires for the Khedive. Figure in foreground represents Sultan of Turkey, ready with a pair of scissors to cut the strings | „ | 326 |
| Admiral von Capelle, Tirpitz' successor | „ | 327 |
| Krupp interior | „ | 330 |
| Krupp's shooting ranges at Meppen, where all guns are tested | „ | 331 |


## MAPS


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Germany's Coast Defences | *Facing p.* | 220 |
| Heligoland | „ | 229 |
| Wilhelmshaven | „ | 248 |
| Kiel Harbour | „ | 268 |

# INTRODUCTION

In the following chapters I have tried to record my impressions, observations, interviews and adventures on a somewhat extensive journalistic pilgrimage through Germany during 1915.

But before embarking on my descriptions, I am going to permit myself what our wise legislators call a "personal note," which will show you that my acquaintance with Germany and the Germans is not of the "war-made" variety.

I am a Hollander by birth and parentage. My family has been Dutch for many generations, and, with the exception of a few stray French, Spanish or American members, we have been able to maintain our "national purity" until 1896! Then, alas! we suffered a German invasion in the person of a stepmother. No, dear Reader, there is no cause for apprehension; when *she* came, *I* went. My father gained (!) a German wife and lost a Dutch son. When I tell you that my own mother is still alive, you will realize that the German penetration was not exactly "peaceful." I have not seen either my father or my stepmother for nine years.

But the less said about this the better. I have only mentioned it because, as Mr. Kipling would say:

"I learned about 'Germans' from her."

My father belonged to that type of stubborn parent who thinks he knows what is best for a boy of fifteen. He had very pronounced views, like some other people, on the German educational system (so have I, for that matter, but they are somewhat different). He thought that I should benefit by a few years of German school

and college. And, in spite of stormy and liquid protests, to Germany I went.

From an English tutor to a German schoolmaster! It did not take me many days after my arrival in Germany to find out the abysmal difference that separates the two, and to suffer accordingly.

Talk about the two educational systems—Ye gods! If there is anyone who ought to be able to discourse on them, I think I am the man.

Being at the time—not now—an embryo large landowner, I was first sent to the Agricultural College at Cleve in the Rhine province. My " tenderest " recollections of that institution are connected with the gymnasium and a three-foot bamboo rod.

Already then I showed literary tendencies, but, alas! they were neither appreciated nor encouraged. My first effort was to try and censor one of their patriotic poems. Imagine a self-respecting Dutchman having to stand up in front of the class and recite five verses, each ending with: " I am a Prussian, and a Prussian I will be."

But I was going to tell you about the censoring. Once a term or so they hold in Germany what is called " Öffentliche Prüfung "; in other words, a " public examination." The parents are invited, and those whose offspring are " show specimens " bring their friends (mine did not). The boys wear their best clothes, and, of course, only the smartest amongst them perform.

I suppose just to show that there was no ill-feeling on his part, the Headmaster, Herr Fürstenberg—I can still see him with his mean grey eyes, looking at me over the rim of his glasses, and getting a firm hold on the rod—appointed me to recite the obnoxious poem. Amid dead silence I started. When I came to the end of the verse in which I had eulogized the " old father Rhine " (whose head is with us, anyhow), I yelled:

" And I am a *Dutchman*, and a *Dutchman* I will be."

It is a few years ago, but I can still see the startled audience and the awful pallor of old Fürstenberg. An anarchist's bomb could not have had a greater effect.

Then some of the people tried to smile it away, but the smile was somewhat sickly. I was promptly torn from the stand; somebody tried to turn my ear upside-down, to which I retaliated with a well-directed kick, and then, —well, never mind. There was a vacancy at the Agricultural College.

Cleve was very uncosmopolitan. My fellow-students consisted mostly of the sons of large landowners and gentlemen farmers, and they resented, not always merely passively, the intrusion of a "Verdammte Ausländer" ("damned foreigner") in their Germanic midst. But there was, as there is in most things in life, a price. If you were willing to demonstrate practical socialism—*i.e.*, share your money, your sweets, your pony, your bicycle, or whatever it might be—you were, for such time as your possessions lasted, a "Lieber Kerl" ("dear chap"). Unfortunately I soon discovered that the particular socialistic principle propounded by my fellow-students—*i.e.*, of sharing all you had—was a somewhat one-sided law, as *I* did all the sharing, and *they* all the partaking, without practising the same doctrines as far as their own possessions were concerned. So I resigned. This did not increase my popularity. I had as many fights as any self-respecting boy of fifteen could have in the Fatherland, and that, let me assure you, was sufficient to keep me in practice.

I also had a rooted objection to the bullying of the older boys. One of my earliest rows started about the duties of the "man on the box." On one or two Saturdays in the month a number of the "Primaner" (last term boys) would club together, hire several carriages and pairs, and go on a beer tour in the country. Having a pony of my own, and therefore "knowing all about horses," I was commanded, one Saturday morning, to join one of these affairs. I saw visions of myself (with pardonable pride) driving a carriage full of Primaner, through the narrow, winding and hilly streets of Cleve. I had a rude awakening. I was to sit on the box, certainly, but next to the driver's seat instead of on it.

And many were the odious duties connected with that position, which, though literally and physically a " high " one, turned out to be, in fact, the most menial and lowly of any I had been, as yet, expected to perform. At every halt, and there were many, I was supposed to climb down, rush into the inn, order liquid refreshments and come back with the advance guard of the beer. If a more prolonged stop was made, and the young gentlemen descended, the coachman soon followed suit, paying the customary respects—but little else I think—at the back door. The duty of the " man on the box " was to stand by the horses.

I really could not see where the " honour " of this job came in, and very soon, but not before I had told my kind hosts in very plain, independent, undiplomatic and un-German language, what I thought of the " honour " forced upon me, I struck and went home.

From Cleve I went to Bonn, which was comparatively uneventful, as, of course, I gradually began to grasp the German point of view. My earlier impressions were the most pregnant and vivid.

Often during the last two years they have come back to me, and that is probably the reason why I have not been able to share the feelings of surprise my English friends experience when reading the reports of the German way of fighting. Never, until this war, did I really fully appreciate the advantage those three years in Germany conferred on me.

I apologize to my father. He *was right*—Germany taught me many things; but, best of all,

" I learned about ' Germans ' from her."

# PART I

## *GENERAL IMPRESSIONS*

# Behind the German Veil

## CHAPTER I

### THE VEIL AND THE METHODS

"THERE IS no German Veil; we have nothing to hide." Thus Major Deutelmoser, Chief of the Press Department of the General Staff in Berlin, countered when I jestingly remarked that I had come to Germany, "to have a peep behind the veil." How many a true word is spoken in jest!

I received practically the same reply everywhere whenever I suggested the veil or "behind the scenes."

"We have nothing to hide," thundered Major Herwarth von Bitterfeld, of the Intelligence Service. "The German Veil is only another of the many inventions of our enemies, chiefly the English. You can see everything in Germany; go anywhere, everything is open and above board."

"The German Veil is a myth," said Baron Mumm von Schwarzenstein, of the Foreign Office; "it is as great a myth as the British Fleet in the German Ocean.* It does not exist. It is an illusion."

There you are, dear reader, three opinions thrown at me—nay, I feel inclined to say, *jammed down my throat*—many times a day during the months I spent in Germany.

The ideas that existed in England about Germany

* German for North Sea.

during the early months of the war were simply appalling. Many opinions expressed by the majority of people were preposterous.

And when I say "people," I do not mean that vague individual, "the man in the street," but your educated, well-read and even well-travelled classes: soldiers, parliamentarians, writers (famous strategists!), etc., etc. To read some of your papers, to listen to some of your people, one would have thought that the Russians were going to march through the Brandenburger Thor of Berlin by Christmas, 1914, and that the Belgians would celebrate New Year's Eve in their beloved Brussels. The Kaiser was to be deposed, and Prussia was going to receive a really liberal constitution. Germany could not stand the financial strain. The military correspondent of one of your most important papers wrote in August, 1914: "German financial experts have suggested ways and means for financing a war lasting six months, but no longer, on the present enormous scale"! A well-known Member of Parliament told me in January, 1915, that Germany would sue for peace in three months; a military writer—a colonel—wrote that the last German offensive would take place in September, 1915, and that in the following October the Allied line would run from Ostend, through Maubeuge, Ardennes, Luxembourg, Metz, Strassburg! Germany would soon be short of everything—bread, copper, cotton, rubber, petrol—and, if you read some of the statistics given by your "experts" on German man-power, the German trenches ought to have been manned for the last six months by idiots and cripples.

Even to-day, after twenty-eight months of war, there are still many people in this country who have not the faintest understanding about the German character, the German aims, their cunning and their designs. Here and there I hear whispers about peace; I am asked whether the present peace-talk may lead to anything.

I hope to God it will!

I hope it will lead to a doubled—nay, to a hundredfold —renewed effort of smashing the Germans' war-machine. I should like to see the Germans—in the famous words of Bismarck when he referred to the French—" left with nothing but their eyes to weep with." Alas! that will prove too expensive an order, but they must be beaten, and they can be beaten only by the memory of those that have sacrificed their lives; disabuse yourself of the illusion that it is done already.

Germany is far from beaten yet.

" But they want peace," I have been told so often these last weeks. Perhaps they do; again, perhaps they don't! The Germans are no fools, whatever else they may be, and they are perfectly well aware that the Allies would not, and could not, accept any terms which Germany at present, with both eyes on the map, would propose. I do not believe that there is any peace door " ajar " yet. I think that entrance or exit, whatever you choose to call it, is still barred and locked, and that the deceptive " latchstring " hanging outside is connected with a mine. The Germans are merely looking out of the window—the top-floor one—and I think that whosoever would venture close to that " peace door " would have a somewhat similar experience as some of our men had early in the war, when they rushed towards " surrendering " Germans, showing the white flag and standing with their hands up.

I fear that there is a great deal more than barbed wire and machine-guns behind that German " peace door."

It may not be so evident to those who only look as far as . . . the door; but let me quote part of a conversation I had with one of Hindenburg's staff-officers at Allenstein, East Prussia, last year; it may enlarge their view. Said he:

" We never thought we could do it. We never expected that we should be called upon to fight so many enemies AT THE SAME TIME. We were NOT prepared for that. We were short of ammunition in November,

1914. But if we are able to accomplish all we have up till now, *UNprepared*, then 'Himmel'" (by heaven!), "give us a draw now and see what we can do ten years hence."

Yes, perhaps Germany wants peace now, but only because she wants to have foundations left upon which to build a new organization, a new stupendous war-machine, which in ten years from now would dwarf anything the world has yet seen, heard or imagined.

That is what I should answer to those who are thinking of peace now.

Since the beginning of the war I have had arguments, discussions, remonstrations, and even to a certain extent quarrels, with many friends and acquaintances, sometimes even at the risk of being suspected of pro-German sympathies. Of course, before my recent German visit my arguments were weakened by the fact that I had not been in Germany for six or seven years, and therefore could not speak from fresh personal observation.

So, when after several months at the Belgian front and in France, the London *Daily Telegraph*, in conjunction with several American publications, offered me a special journalistic mission, viz., to go to Germany, I accepted with alacrity.

I thought that by going to Germany as a journalist, by looking round, and seeing what the general feeling of the people was; their mental attitude towards the war, the condition of the country generally, etc., etc., and by telling the British people on my return what I had seen, I would be doing England a service—my share.

It has been suggested—I have even seen it in print—that I undertook my trip on behalf of the British Intelligence Service.

Any such assertion is absolutely and utterly false.

I held no brief, neither for the British nor for any other Government, and I have never received, nor asked, one single penny from any other sources but those in

payment for journalistic and literary material which has been published.

I started on my mission and entered Germany with as far as possible an open mind. I could not honestly say at that time that I hated the Germans; I merely had no use for them. Besides, I have always believed that the spirit of hatred is a great drawback to any journalist. It tends to blind intelligent observation; it makes him see matters distorted. I wanted no secrets, naval, military or otherwise; I wanted news, straight, honest, reliable news, to take back with me to England. My likes or dislikes had nothing to do with my work. I entered upon my mission in exactly the same spirit as I would have had in Paris, Rome, Petrograd, Constantinople, etc. (I exclude London, because after three years abroad one is inclined to have prejudiced views when once more greeting old familiar sights, and one can almost—in fact, I *did*—see something beautiful, something inspiring even in a London fog. How run those lines: "And what should they know of England, who only England know?")

Alas! I soon found that straight, reliable, honest news an elusive fairy in Germany to-day.

"We have nothing to hide." H'm! only you must look at everything with German-coloured glasses. If you happen to try to talk with a private, very soon his superior officer will cut short his answers and reply for him. If for the sake of argument you take the "purely hypothetical" case, "Suppose Germany should be defeated?" you are told at once that unless you wish to make yourself thoroughly unpopular in Germany, and have your entire mission become an utter failure, you must not suggest such "impossible abstract cases"; you must not "put such ideas into people's heads!"

Except in the case of certain show prisoners' camps, every journalist is rigorously excluded from Belgium, Luxembourg and Poland, which have remained *terra incognita* to all journalists, except those who have given abundant proofs that they were willing to read and see

everything with German spectacles. And even *they* are not allowed to roam at large. If you want any interviews you must accept the " made in Germany " variety. In fine, they have " nothing to hide," but you must ask no questions; you must travel round Germany hand in hand with your German guardian angel, who watches and wards you night and day; and except when he tells you to " Stop, look and listen," you must " Move on," deaf, dumb and blind!

Consequently, to be a " successful " journalist in Germany means selling your birthright for a mess of pottage. Let me hasten, though, to add that the sale is so cleverly disguised that the majority of neutral journalists are unaware of it. Why? Ah, that is difficult to explain. It is the German atmosphere.

The German war atmosphere has a most peculiar, strange and indescribable effect upon the mind. I feel that I can state without fear of contradiction that out of every thousand real neutrals that enter Germany, nine hundred and ninety-nine succumb within a few short weeks to German " ideals " and points of view. Indeed, you must carry the strongest pro-Ally or pro-British convictions, in order to be able to withstand the German influence getting hold of you.

It is a most marvellous, a most extraordinary phenomenon; it is something indefinably subtle, and in my heart I cannot blame any colleagues for having become hypnotized by that influence. The German arguments are convincing; they are plausible, logical, final, to the German and the German-prepared mind. I fear I cannot even attempt to describe it within the space of a chapter. It has become something like the spirit of religion.

I have watched and seen its effect upon colleagues who entered Germany in a neutral state of mind, some even with a leaning towards the Allied side. Within a week they were " converted."

And I may as well confess right now that even I, heart, body and soul pro-British as I am and have been

for twelve years, even I realize that at times it was only the strong, impenetrable armour of my motto, "Right or Wrong—England," that kept me unscathed.

This is what a neutral journalist in Germany finds himself pitted against. To collect news and reliable impressions in spite of those influences, which are at work against you day and night, let me assure you, is no easy task.

And with the same assiduity the German cause is preached and served in neutral countries.

There are three different ways open to a journalist in the Fatherland.

The first way—and to some of the fraternity the simplest and easiest—is to throw all self-respect to the winds; to learn to recite Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate," forwards, backwards and sideways; to write daily eulogies on the land that holds the monopoly of "Kultur;" in short, to become a German Press agent.

The second procedure is to remain quietly in Berlin and swallow (or at least pretend to) the periodical items of "news" that the G.G.S. and the F.O. ladle out to you, while at the same time you are gathering your own impressions and drawing your own conclusions.

The third method is the most interesting but, of course, equally the most hazardous. Just take your pen—I almost said "gun"—and prowl about the country and see what you can pot. Of course, wherever your covers look promising you will meet with the notice, that trespassers will be prosecuted; in other words, the sign: "VERBOTEN," but never mind that. Those are the occasions when you do *not* understand German.*

* Except for those who follow the first method, it is absolutely essential to know the German language; if the third method be the one you have chosen, you must be able to speak it fluently. I am drawing attention to this point, because I think that too much importance has been attached to impressions and opinions that have been brought out of Germany by people who were totally unacquainted with the language. I believe that such a drawback at once disqualifies anyone from passing an intelligent judgment on German affairs of to-day.

The German is not an adventurer like the Englishman, the American, the Dutchman. He is too cautious; he must carefully figure out every move, and then, when —theoretically—the project has become a certainty, he will strike. Their lives, their minds, are over-organized. *Emdens, Möwes,* Channel Raiders are rare birds in the German psychology.

I chose the third method of working.

It was not entirely a matter of choice, either. Since I could not, would not, produce convincing proofs of German ideas of neutrality—meaning, of course, pro-Germanism—and since I refused to give assurances—my word of honour—that I would remain in Germany for the duration of the war, I received very little encouragement from German officialdom in my journalistic ambitions.

Let me record here for the special edification of one or two doubting British Thomases (no connection with Thomas Atkins, I am relieved to say) who have questioned my pro-British sympathies, *that I never owned one single German pass or permit, neither from the General Staff nor from the Foreign Office, during the whole period of my German pilgrimage.*

Had it not been for my numerous letters of introduction* my harvest might have been very scanty. My German hosts reckoned without a few items in my journalistic armoury—first, my letter of introduction to General von Hindenburg, from the General's own nephew; second, a fair knowledge of the German character; third, my American journalistic training. As John Buchan, in that most delightful story of his—"Greenmantle"—says: "You cannot fool the Germans, but you can bluff them." And bluff them I did to my heart's content, and that, I assure you, is saying a lot, because it was a greedy journalistic heart that came to Germany. The Hindenburg letter worked like a charm; it proved a veritable golden key that unlocked almost every door, even that of General Staffs in the field. It

* See Chapter II.

acted like a magic carpet that transported me from Lodsz to Lille; from Wilhelmshaven to Kiel; from Hamburg to Munich; in fine, from East to West and from North to South. It was a pass on military trains; it procured me "express" motor-cars in places where it was "Strengstens Verboten" for any civilian to show his nose; it got me out of scrapes that even to-day make me feel hot and cold down my spine, and, finally, it seemed to open every German mouth from Generals down to cooks. Nay, but for the very unfortunate accident which occurred in Fleet Street, the effect of which was reverberated in the Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin, it might even have procured me an invitation to the Palace of Unter den Linden or Potsdam.

I feel that a few words of acknowledgment and appreciation are due to America. During the last ten years I have travelled a good deal in that country, and whatever I know about my interesting and oft-times adventurous profession I owe to America and some of my very able instructors there.

During those months in Germany I reaped the benefit of that American training, for I had learned that greatest American national game—"Bluff."

Though many moons have passed, I can still chuckle with delight at the various and devious ways I was able to bluff the people who are out to bluff the whole world. I can still see the incredulous face of Baron Mumm von Schwarzenstein, when I swaggered into his office one morning and casually mentioned that I had just been to see Hindenburg! It was impossible, he claimed, simply impossible; it was "Verboten." He thought it was just a piece of "bluff." So it was, dear Baron, but not the sort of bluff *you* thought.*

And I can also still see Captain Cämmerer's (one of

* All the same, that very night a police official by the name of Herr Mercier—a namesake of the famous Cardinal—called upon me, and invited me to accompany him to the Alexanderplatz (Berlin Scotland Yard). There I had to make a full statement of how and when and why I had reached Hindenburg's headquarters, etc., etc. Let us hope that it did not get the General into trouble!

Hindenburg's Staff officers) flabbergasted—it's the only term that fits—expression, when hardly twelve hours after he had telephonically informed General Count von Schlieffen that it was " Verboten " for me to come to Hindenburg's Headquarters, I appeared before him, chaperoned by Hindenburg's personal A.D.C. !

By some curious coincidence an old New York colleague of mine, Cyril Brown, of the *New York Times*, had been bitten by the " Wanderlust," or should we call it " American Journalitis," about the same time as I, only he followed a famous American's advice : " Go West, young man, go West."

Brown actually got inside the Crown Prince's Headquarters and nearly " flagged " the Kaiser's car, with the intention of asking the War Lord for an interview. When on our return to Berlin Brown and I compared notes, we decided that our system was by far preferable to the regular, personally-conducted-journalistic-Cook-Tours-de-Luxe, by which our more " fortunate " colleagues were regularly permitted to " see " Germany.

It was American Journalism " as usual," and with a vengeance.

If during my many and my very unofficial, even clandestine peregrinations through the Fatherland, I unearthed information, impressions and knowledge which they will claim is not of a journalistic nature, I disown every and any responsiblity on that score, but blame entirely the German system of spoon-fed, make-believe, sugar-coated journalism. Besides, after a certain incident, which occurred within a month after my arrival in Germany,* I had an additional incentive.

But, apart from all that, they had " nothing to hide ! "

Well—*nous verrons ce que nous verrons !*

* See Chapter III.

## CHAPTER II

### MY "POINT D'APPUI"—ROME

AT the outset I wish to express my most sincere thanks to His Excellency the American Ambassador in Rome, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, to several members of his staff, and to His Excellency the *very* American Ambassador in Berlin, Judge Gerard. All I can say is that their assistance is as deeply appreciated as it has been welcome and valuable.

Mr. Page, whom I have known for several years in America, and whom I interviewed on various occasions, furnished me with warm personal recommendations to the British Ambassador, Sir Rennell Rodd; to the German Envoy, Prince von Bülow, and to Baron Macchio, who was then Austrian Ambassador in Rome.

When I presented my credentials to Judge Gerard in Berlin, he made me feel at home at once by inquiring after the health and welfare of "Bob," my faithful dog-friend of twelve years' standing. Judge Gerard, although not a personal acquaintance of mine, had known of my work in America, and he passed me on to various German officials. I feel almost tempted to include in this preamble of thanks Prince von Bülow, his able private secretary, Dr. Friederich, and Herr von Hindenburg, first secretary of the German Embassy in Rome at the time, for their many valuable letters of introduction to prominent German officials. But perhaps they would not appreciate it!

I spent many an interesting, instructive and enter-

taining hour at the Villa Malte—Prince Bülow's Roman residence; at the Palazzo Gaffarelli, the German Embassy, and in various other German haunts in Rome.

Neutrality these days is frequently, like morality, very much a matter of geography. The saying, "When in Rome do as the Romans do," had in those pre-Italian war days lost its meaning. I must admit that I was often at a loss to know what the Romans themselves were doing.

It goes without saying that frequently extremely delicate and difficult situations developed. I was subjected to many keen cross-examinations; many feelers were thrown out to ascertain on which side of the quarrel my sympathies really lay. But I maintained my neutrality. Often it was a case of out-diplomating the diplomats. I discoursed many a time on the three years I had spent in Germany as a student, saying how "unvergesslich" (unforgettable) they were—which was quite true; I praised their army as one of the greatest and most perfect organizations in the world. I made much of their music, etc.; in fact I assiduously brought in all the subjects on which I could converse with a certain amount of admiration.

I stood the preliminary test! I had proved myself sufficiently neutral, and therefore I should be given all possible assistance to enable me to obtain in Germany material for—"Articles of the right sort!"—as one of my letters of introduction described it. H'm! It hought, our ideas might differ somewhat on the definition of the "right sort."

German-like, they did things thoroughly. Every German I met offered to give me a letter. I had no illusion that this was because they were anxious to help *me*, but because they thought I could help *them*. After three weeks I left Rome with over thirty letters of introduction to many prominent Germans, almost from the Kaiser downwards. It was more than hinted to me that through those letters I might even obtain an audience with the War Lord.

Anyhow, the list was important and interesting, if only on account of its heterogeneous composition.

First, there came several official introductions to the Foreign Office, to Herr von Jagow, to Herr Zimmerman, to Baron Mumm von Schwarzenstein. Then there was a letter to Matthias Erzberger, leader of the Catholic Centrum Party in the Reichstag, chief of the International Press Bureau, and late German Press Agent (manipulator would be a better word) in Italy, and a man closely connected with the Kaiser. There were also letters to General von Hindenburg, von Below and von Beseler, all from personal relatives (of the generals; not mine, please). There was a letter to Herr Arthur von Gwinner, probably Germany's greatest financial genius, Director-Manager of the Deutsche Bank, and the man behind the Bagdad Railroad scheme. To Herr Krupp von Bohlen, and to one of his greatest technical experts, Herr Direktor Doktor Ehrensberger;* to the Secretary of the Colonies, Solf, and to his amusing firebrand A.D.C., Dr. Bücher; to Count von Hertling, the Bavarian Minister of Foreign Affairs; to the Governor of Strassburg, Baron von Stein; to Dr. Walther Rathenau, Germany's raw-material genius; to His Excellency the Lord Mayor of Berlin, Herr Wehrmuth; to Professor Francke, head of the Bureau of Social Economics; to Dr. Michaelis, Dr. Zimmerman and Dr. Mantler, chief editors respectively of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the *Berliner Lokal Anzeiger*, and the notorious "Wolff News Agency"; to General Baron von Nagel, chief of the Bavarian General Staff; to Major Deutelmoser, chief of the Press Bureau of the General Staff; to Capitän-Leutnant Löhlein, of the "Marineamt"; and to a number of lesser lights at the Admiralty, the War Office and the General Staff.

Quite a respectable list, I should think, to serve as a working basis for an ambitious journalist thirsting for knowledge!

* It is interesting to note that this specialist accompanied Herr Krupp on his sight-seeing trip through English shipyards and war-material factories about six weeks before the outbreak of war.

I should like to state that the majority of interviews and opinions I have quoted in the following pages represent the ideas of Germans who were in close touch with actual conditions, with the "powers that be," and, several of them, even with the Emperor himself.

I am of the opinion that most of the ideas they expressed they honestly believed to be true, however absurd this may seem from our point of view. Finally, I must reluctantly admit that several of the predictions that were made to me have come true. Amongst these are the repulse of the Russian armies, the unsuccessful attempt to force the Dardanelles, the failure of the Bagdad advance, the forcing of the road to Constantinople, and several others. On the other hand, many of them proved wrong, such as the capture of Calais, the separate peace with Russia (to be preceded by a revolution); that England would never submit to conscription; that Italy could and would be bought off. Amongst those that are still on the knees of the gods (and also, let us hope, at the point of British bayonets) are the prophecies that: "The Allies will never drive the Germans out of Belgium; that the Russians will never drive the Germans back over the Vistula, and that the Turks will henceforth remain inseparably connected with Germany and Austria."

Already in 1915 many well-informed Germans admitted to me that Germany could not win, but they maintained that, on the other hand, she would not lose either, except of course such losses as naturally fall to the lot of all nations engaged in a war of such magnitude. Among the sayings most frequently and confidently quoted were the Chancellor's words:

"Germany cannot be destroyed."

## CHAPTER III

### "THE ADDER"

"If you see an adder, and you know it *is* an adder, leave it alone, unless you're certain you can kill it."—(MY NURSE.)

I HAVE already stated that I entered Germany with as open a mind as possible, and in that spirit I commenced my mission.

But, alas! it is difficult, in some cases impossible—as in mine—to remain for long in Germany as a purely objective observer.

One incident suddenly changed my whole attitude, my intentions, and the entire object of my mission. It made me forget almost completely that I was a neutral journalist. I only remembered that I was dealing with . . . adders.

But let me record the incident that so affected my future line of action.

One night, during my third week in Berlin, I met at the American Bar of the Adlon Hotel, where I was staying, a certain Baron Hochwächter. In my chapter on "Spies and Spying" I shall have something more to say about this "gentleman." He was a lieutenant in one of the crack Prussian Guard regiments. Until August 4th, 1914, he was would-be director of the Daimler Motor Works (of Stuttgart) in London.

For the last ten years I have seen Hochwächter in various parts of the globe. I saw him regularly during the season at the best London hotels; I have seen him driving in the Bois de Boulogne and found him at the Grand Hotel in Rome. I have seen him in almost every

place on the Riviera that I ever spent a winter in, and I have come across him on Fifth Avenue, New York.

I always put him down as one of those amateur globe-trotters, the kind of man who lives solely to have a good time. I know better now.

The topic—a favourite one at 2 a.m.—was Spies and Spying. Hochwächter was in very convivial spirits, and . . . getting worse.

"Bah!" he sneered, "of all countries England is the easiest and, at the same time, the most pleasant in which to carry on 'military research work.'" (Note the scientific term for spying!)

I thought it good policy to contradict him, and I got my rise. He lifted his champagne glass, winked at me with one sodden eye, and smilingly said: "Cherchez la femme! Prosit. Here's to them."

Then he proceeded to give details. Notwithstanding his condition, he gave us with diabolical cleverness a dissertation on English "Home and Family Life." He described how in England more than in any other country, the wife has the confidence of her husband, and shares the secrets of his affairs, no matter whether they be legal, political, diplomatic, naval and military, or commercial.

"Hah!" he laughed; "it's a matter of 'mobilizing the ladies,' my friend, always the ladies."

It amounted to this, that Englishwomen were often made the innocent dupes and accomplices of the German spy, who enters their homes as an honoured guest or friend.

No, dear reader, I did NOT break the fellow's neck, I did not even knock him down, or call him a damned blackguard and cur.

*But I did better than all three.*

Then and there I took a solemn, silent oath. There, in front of the bar at the Adlon Hotel, Berlin, I swore that I would avenge English womanhood, English "Home and Family Life," if it took me a lifetime to

do it. I vowed that before I was through with Germany —never with the Germans—come what may, I should know a bit more about their despicable, low, dastardly system of espionage. I constituted myself an unofficial investigator of the whole rotten German fabric of spying and lying.

But since there is hardly any German sphere which is not permeated with the espionage canker; since there is hardly any German class that is not doing its share in spying, in one form or another, I naturally found out many interesting and valuable details, which, as a foreign journalist, I had no business to know.

But the responsibility of that rests with the Germans and the German system. Oh, I know that I ran many risks, and my task was often unpleasant; but whenever I weakened in my resolution, or felt certain qualms about some of the things I had to say or do, I merely recalled: "Mobilization of the Ladies," for "Deutschland über Alles," and that never failed to give me strength, courage and determination.

"Well, nurse, I did not leave it alone, neither did I kill it, but I learned the dickens of a lot about adders."

## CHAPTER IV

### GERMAN MIND AND CHARACTER

I HAVE followed with a great deal of interest the various phases of the alien enemy question in this country. Your perfect confidence in gratitude, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of human qualities, seems to me little short of marvellous. The French have a saying: "Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner;" but they soon found out that that was a peace-time motto, not very practical in war-time. They have changed it now (in so far as it applies to Germans) into: "To understand all is to intern all."

But, then, of course the French know a bit more about the Germans than you do.

I have no intention of setting up as a psychological or philosophical expert, but I will endeavour to sketch for your benefit a few of the main traits of the German character, upbringing, teaching, and of ideas of "playing the game."

I will not enter here into the "whys" and the "wherefores," but it is a sad, though true, fact that the majority of people in this country are hopelessly ill-informed about Germany.

The Kaiser is to-day the most popular idol in Germany, not even excepting Hindenburg. The confidence, the trust in him, is so general, so deep and so intense, that if Germany should from now on be steadily pushed back; if she were to lose every battle and be beaten to her knees, it would increase rather than weaken his

popularity and the love his subjects have for him. It takes more than books on Germany, more than the vivid stories of war correspondents and "expert" articles by "famous" strategists, to make you understand the fanatical spirit of patriotism by which the German mind is imbued and obsessed. It is as unfathomable as the spirit of religion. From the moment that it is properly kindled, it is the most intense, the most sincere emotion they possess. According to their creed it is not necessary to live, but the first duty of all is to be ready to lay down your life for the Fatherland. Nothing matters; only the Fatherland counts. You may murder, steal, spy, cheat—it does not matter if it is for the Fatherland. The end sanctifies *all* means.

I have talked, since the war, to hundreds of Germans of all classes, from the highest to the lowest, and one feeling is common to them all, viz.: Confidence, absolute confidence and trust in their leaders. Everyone feels a certain responsibility, feels that he would endanger the interests of the Fatherland by not doing his bit, the particular work he has been assigned to carry out, whatever that may be. While I was with the Belgian army I read a letter found on a dead German private, written by his mother. The concluding sentence was: "But we must not complain. The Fatherland has called, and we must give our all and our best ungrudgingly, and God will give us solace and strength to bear whatever the costs, whatever the sorrows may be. Be brave, my son, and God bless you!"

That spirit of patriotism and of confidence is a mighty factor to reckon with, and should not be overlooked.

This brings me to the question of the German at large in this country. With a few exceptions, as, for instance, those cases in which well-known Britishers, of good standing, would go bail WITHOUT RESERVE for the particular individuals in question, I should say, from personal knowledge of the German character, intern or repatriate them all. Pass an Act of Parliament cancelling all naturalizations from a certain date, if necessary;

but, whatever you decide, show the Germans that you are master in your own house. It seems a tall statement to make, but it is, nevertheless, a fact that several high-placed Germans have told me that the British Government would not dare to interfere with certain Germans (naturalized or otherwise) in this country, because they know so much that they could upset the whole political apple-cart.

I will concede that internment or repatriation would be hard, very hard on many of them; but is it not better to be hard, even unjust, to the enemy than to risk your own countrymen and women? Is it not better to intern ninety-nine innocent Germans and thereby make certain of the hundredth, who is guilty? But even about that injustice you need not feel many qualms. I have always maintained, and I do so now after several months spent in Germany, that every German is a potential spy. It is not IN his character, it IS his character. It lies in the Nietzschian doctrines in which he has been sedulously trained from early childhood. "Win, win, win!" "Work for the Fatherland always!" "Win, no matter by what means, but win!" "It is your duty!" Naturalization is only a means to an end. The terms "Play the game," or "Play fair," at least as we understand them, are foreign to him. Everything is fair play to him, in peace as well as in war, as long as it means the good of the Fatherland.

That is the creed, the spirit which enables Germany to flood every country in peace-time with an army of spies. Her espionage system is a national institution. It is based upon the national character and the national creed.

So when a German is not serving his country, not doing his duty—*i.e.*, while at large in an enemy country, not trying to spy or in other ways working for the Fatherland—do not flatter yourself that it is from a sense of loyalty or of gratitude towards his adopted country, or from his ethical sense of duty as between host and guest. A thousand times NO. It is for two reasons

only that he will neglect his creed, his duty to the Fatherland: 1. Lack of opportunity; 2. Lack of leadership, with its consequent fear for his own skin.

Some wag once said that lack of opportunity was responsible for a great deal of virtue. Substitute "loyalty" for "virtue," and you have the German case. Nothing but lack of opportunity is responsible for this so-called "loyalty" to England.

Let us examine the second reason, viz., personal cowardice. Courage, bravery—in the British sense of the word—is rare, exceedingly rare, in the German. Fanaticism is far from being courage. The German quality is of a very different brand—it is "mass courage"; perhaps "plural courage" would be a better term. Isolate a German, meet him alone, disconnect him from any intercourse with his fellow-countrymen, and I think you will find him meek, quiet, gentle, sentimental; in short, quite easy to manage, whether to lead or to drive. As I point out in another chapter, when he is alone he will sing sentimental love and slumber songs. But put two of them together, no matter WHERE, whether at the North Pole, in Central China, in the Argentine, in free America, or in the heart of England, and there will be plotting and scheming. Two terminals of the German patriotic current meet and combustion follows. The Fatherland calls, the Fatherland comes first. The courage of two Germans is not merely the courage of the one plus the courage of the second; it is a multiplication sum rather than an addition. Deeds which he would have trembled to think of, let alone carry out, while he was a single individual, he will plan with his compatriot, and the fear of being considered by the other a false patriot, a bad German, will overcome a great deal of physical fear. Now he sings: "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles"; or another great favourite: "I am a Prussian; knowest thou my colours." (Pray God you never will!)

Moral: Keep them sequestrated, keep them out of temptation's way, because, as sure as fate, they can,

in Oscar Wilde's words, " resist everything but temptation " when it comes to serving the Fatherland.

You might just as well try to teach a wolf the instincts (mind you, I say " instincts," not manners or tricks) of a pet lamb, than expect by mere surroundings, precept, or example, to imbue a German with the principles and instincts of English life and character.

Not even your famous Dr. Johnson's remark about Scotchmen, with whom—so he says—you can do a lot " if caught young," applies here.

No truer line was ever written or spoken than :

" Once a German, always a German."

## CHAPTER V

### GERMAN PSYCHOLOGY

A GERMAN'S conception of psychology is based too much on the obvious—*i.e.*, what *they* consider obvious. Their everlasting rules and regulations, their "Verboten" at every turn, combined with that respect for the law, and love of authority which is bred in the bone of every good Prussian, have made certain grooves in the Hun brain, certain parallel lines of thought, which, once you have traced them, are easy to follow. The wonderful German system is only perfect and wonderful because it is used and practised by, and created for, Germans. Its value is, I think, greatly over-rated.

If the notice "Verboten" appears on any door, passage, lawn, railway train, church, or anything else, then in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand it is unnecessary to take any further safeguards. Why? Because the German Government, the German authorities, have as much confidence in popular respect for the law as the people have in the authorities being justified in making these restrictions. Not once, but a hundred times, have I been able to test this mental attitude. A good, law-abiding, respectable German citizen will not dream of passing through that door, gate, field, or step into that railroad train.

"Yes, sir," I have been told dozens of times by Germans, "we admit that the authorities think for us, but they have always thought for the best. All this talk about the iron fist is nonsense. You foreigners

notice only the regularity, the number of restrictions placed on our daily life. We Germans are brought up with them, and, what is most important, we believe in them. Our government is a government of experts. In every department we have only the best, the highest experts that can be got, and neither money nor position can save the man if he is inefficient. Confidence, my dear sir, is the great secret of German success." I then asked him:

"And what would the people think of their leaders if the end of this war should bring disaster to Germany, should prove her partial destruction? What would the people do? Would they not come to the conclusion that they had been misled, deceived by their government, their leaders, their newspapers?"

His answer was classic, indeed, typical of the German, I should say, of the Prussian mind, the Prussian creed, the Prussian faith:

"Ah, I know what you are thinking of, the question so prominently discussed in the enemy press, of a revolution in Germany. How little they know the German mind! Let me illustrate my answer by taking a hypothetical case. You are a sportsman—a fencer, I take it. Suppose you have a friend living somewhere in the country who is a crack shot, a great sportsman. He is very popular amongst his friends. One night several ruffians sneak up to his house, to rob it, and steal his hard-earned belongings. Your friend goes out and shoots several of his attackers, but, instead of diminishing, their number grows and grows. He is surrounded on all sides and finally beaten to his knees. Mind you, it is not a fight of man to man, but of many—say, ten against one. Would you lose confidence in his prowess as an expert shot? Would you not still readily choose him to represent you, your club, your regiment at the sporting competitions? Would you turn him out because he was beaten when surrounded and attacked on all sides? That is Germany's case. Do you think the people are going to blame the government if we

should be unable to conquer England, France, Russia, Italy, Serbia, Montenegro, Japan, Belgium, Portugal, Rumania? No, sir! The people know; they are absolutely convinced that our enemies *forced* us to fight, and nothing, no matter what may be the outcome of this terrible struggle, can change that conviction. Ask any man, from the highest to the lowest, ask any woman, be she duchess or charwoman, ask any child at school, all and sundry will tell you that we are only fighting because we *had* to, to protect hearth and home. And a united nation, sir, cannot be destroyed!"

My informant was not trying to throw sand in my eyes; he was not one of the bombastic, overbearing type of German. He spoke carefully and slowly, and I know that he meant every word he said.

Such is the Prussian creed of to-day.

The moment the wheel of fortune goes against Germany (not economically, but strategetically, *i.e.*, on the field of battle), the Government will cry "Enough," and it will say to the German people: "*We have done all we could, and no man can do more.*" And the German people will answer, Yea and Amen, and will whisper: "Es muss sein" ("It has to be").

But I have wandered far from the "Verboten" sign and the convolutions of a German's brain.

If anyone is seen on the other side of that door, in that field, or on that train—why, it never occurs to any official that he is a trespasser, that he has ignored the command, broken the law. "What good German would do that!" "Of course," so he argues, "that man must have excellent authority to be where he is, otherwise he would not be there."

I wonder if you realize of what inestimable advantage it is to a journalist to know that side of the German mind? I have made use of that knowledge in the three months that I spent in Germany again and again, and it has *never* failed me. I have been to Kiel, I have walked along the shores of Kiel Bay. I have travelled

down the Elbe, have talked to the Canal officials. I travelled from Berlin to the German Eastern Headquarters to see Hindenburg, *yet I never owned a single pass or permit, or any other authorization to enter the lines of communication.* Being where I was, they were taken for granted. I have travelled on military trains, I have passed scores of sentries and guards with loaded rifles. I took photographs in all parts of Germany.

I was challenged once by General Count von Schlieffen in Allenstein, who, after he found that I had no permit, sent me back to Berlin—*i.e.*, he TOLD me to go back. He did not think it necessary to SEE that I went. It was "VERBOTEN" to go on; therefore, to his German mind, that was synonymous with going back. I did no such thing, but travelled in exactly the opposite direction!

I should like to see the journalist, no matter whether English, French, or neutral, trying that little game in the British or French lines! Oh! la! la! I could tell many sad tales on that score, several from personal experience.

I remember one melancholy occasion when I tried to get into Ypres without the usual batch of Belgian, British and French permits. I did not get within ten miles of it, and I vowed after that experiment: "Never again!"

# CHAPTER VI

## THE PRESS IN GERMANY

### INTRODUCTION

"This war might have been prevented if Germany, instead of gagging our Press, had allowed it to become the organ of sound public opinion, edited, as in all other modern states, by competent and educated men." —HERR CRASS, Krupp's Representative in Berlin, in an interview.

I CANNOT do better by way of introduction to my article on German Press matters, than to quote here a story which was frequently related to me in Germany as a joke on German Press enterprise.

I must explain first that in international journalistic circles it is no secret that the main impedimenta of a German editor are a pair of scissors and a pot of paste. The story told here goes a long way to prove it.

A sub-editor, who had only recently been put in charge of the editorial department of one of the larger Berlin dailies, was reading up some of the old 1870–71 war dispatches, probably to glean how to write a realistic battle-scene. It was during the fighting near Soissons. The young editor goes out to lunch and leaves one of the old clippings on his desk. Soon after the printer's foreman goes into the editorial offices and finds this cutting.

"It's awful," he exclaims, "how careless these young editors are nowadays. Here is a first-rate story, and he calmly goes out to lunch and lets it wait till after dinner." Whereupon the man sets to work, writes the headlines, edits it, and makes it fit for the press.

Half an hour later Berlin gasps at the latest war news, which announces:

"The Battle of Metz. In the battles already referred to near Metz and the Vosges, the French lost in prisoners alone 173,000 men and 4,000 officers, including three Field-Marshals, one of them being Field-Marshal Bazaine."

Now we know from where those wonderful German figures of enemy losses emanate.

## The Press

The first thing you do after your arrival in Berlin is to ask your Ambassador for an introduction to His Excellency Baron Mumm von Schwarzenstein, of the Foreign Office; the second is to present that introduction, together with your passports, letters, and every possible recommendation you can scrape together. The German, especially the German official, loves pomp and circumstance, and the more big names you can trump up the deeper he bows to you.

Baron Mumm, suave in manner and speaking English perfectly, reminds one very much of Lord Haldane. He examines your credentials and then asks what he can do for you. You state your case, and, if you are lucky, some of the privileges you have asked for will come your way in, say, three or four months' time—*i.e.*, the period it takes to "graduate."

Somebody I know very well followed a different procedure. In answer to Baron Mumm's question of what he could do for him, this young man boldly answered: "Your Excellency, I have come here to offer to do something for you—for Germany. Your papers have been complaining about the false reports with regard to the Germans and Germany, circulating in the European and American Press. I have the honour to present myself to you as the special ambassador, journalistically speaking of course, of the Kingdom of Truth."

It was, indeed, a novel way of asking for privileges, and it actually tickled that very elusive thing—the sense of humour of a German official; nevertheless, our young friend had to wait his appointed place in the queue, till he took the law into his own hands.

As I said, you must "graduate." The course varies from two to four months, unless you become a subscriber to the "Bribery Association (Unlimited)," with head-quarters at the Hotel Adlon.*

During that time you have to prove beyond any doubt on which side of the fence you are. Perhaps you are American or Dutch; therefore "neutral"? Ah, no, my friend; "das gibts nicht." As the farmer said when he saw a giraffe for the first time: "There is no such animal." Neutral, indeed! No, sir; "who is not with us is against us." (Let me state at once that I did *not* graduate.)

In order to graduate you must have trained yourself until you have reached a degree of perfection in the art of "strafing." It is not sufficient to be able to mutter parrot-like: "Gott strafe England," or to recite Lissauer's Hymn of Hate forwards and backwards. No, at all times of the day and night you must be ready to answer the greeting (now *de rigueur* in Germany): "Gott strafe England," with an immediate: "Er strafe es" ("May He punish it"). In the morning when you get up, before you begin to think of bath or breakfast, you say to whoever may be with you: "Gott strafe England!" If you happen to be alone, you can shout it down the telephone, and you will promptly receive the reply, made with great ferocity or sweetness, as the case may be, but always with enthusiasm: "Er strafe es!"

From all one hears and reads these days, one would gain the impression that Germany is a very paradise for neutral journalists.

"You can go anywhere you like, and see all you want to see in Germany," so I was told in neutral countries.

* See Chapter VIII.

## BEHIND THE GERMAN VEIL

We have been reading for months past of the interesting and exclusive material German and neutral journalists are obtaining in the Vaterland: Prominent interviews; graphic battle stories; little pleasure jaunts on big war-ships in the North Sea, etc., etc.

How are all these "newsbeats" obtained, and what is at the bottom of these skilful journalistic enterprises? Let me say at once that it took very little journalistic enterprise or effort to obtain most of the interviews and other important stories emanating from German quarters.

I can best illustrate my point by quoting a conversation which I had one evening at the Hotel Adlon in Berlin, with Professor Stein, associate editor of the *Vossische Zeitung*. It took place during the early part of my visit to Germany. I was trying to sound the Professor about any possible prospective victims to be interviewed. I referred to the prolific harvest American journalists had reaped since the beginning of the war, and expressed the hope that there might still be some virgin ground left for me to till. Here is the Professor's answer, which I quote almost verbatim:

"The interviews with the Crown Prince, the Crown Princess, Admiral von Tirpitz, von Moltke, the German Chancellor, General von Bernhardi, and many others, were merely political moves on the great chess-board of war. They were, every one of them, carefully thought and mapped out beforehand, and in most cases *the finished article, translated and typewritten, was handed over to the 'interviewer'—i.e.*, to the man who represented those papers which would give the 'interview' the greatest publicity. Needless to say, that he must practically guarantee beforehand that it would be printed without alterations or corrections of any kind whatever. I myself arranged the interview with General von Moltke. The American journalist* received his interview, written

* The man who got this "interview" was not a journalist at all, but a photographer and moving-picture operator, representing the Hearst interests. He did not speak a word of German.

out, ready for mail or cable. Now I believe that you will meet with great difficulties, not to say insurmountable obstacles, if you think that you will be able to interview important people in *American style.* When in Berlin you have to do as the Germans do. In other words, to accept their *written* statements, and promise to use them in their original form. If you are willing to accept those conditions, I shall be glad to help you in every way. Other interviews will be distributed now and again when considered timely and judicious. In Germany we do not understand, and, to be honest, do not like the aggressive, independent methods American journalists employ to gain their ends. Their system may be all right in America, but you'll find that it does not work here." So far the Professor.

Among the many incidents which came to my notice, illustrating " how Germany makes interviews," one was related to me by Mr. Gaffney (an Irishman, by the way), at the time American Consul-General in Munich. During January, 1915, when the arrest of Cardinal Mercier was very much *en évidence,* an interview was arranged with the Archbishop of Munich. The American reporter who was sent from Berlin to Munich did not speak a word of German, and the Archbishop felt the same about English. But what matter! The interview was typewritten and ready before the reporter arrived in Munich. An interesting detail about this bit of journalism was that to guard against " mistakes " and doctoring, a copy of the original interview was kept in the archives of the American Consulate at Munich. Whether the duties of Consuls include the supervision of " interviews made in Germany " it is not for me to say; but I do know that Mr. Gaffney took more than a " neutral " interest in German journalism. He bitterly complained that most of the London correspondents of American papers were Englishmen!

" This system of granting interviews," explained Baron Mumm, " has many advantages. Above all,

it excludes the danger of those journalistic pitfalls—misquotations. If Lord Kitchener had followed the *German* system with Mr. Cobb, the American journalist, much trouble and unpleasantness might have been saved to both."

It appears that early in the war one or two over-enterprising American reporters had the disagreeable habit of asking officials embarrassing, nay, often impertinent questions, which were awkward to answer, and would have caused still more embarrassment if left unanswered. With the usual German eye for system a cure was quickly found.

Independent journalists, educated in the American school, have little chance of bagging big game in Germany.

Well, *qui vivra, verra.*

Here is a dictum which a fellow-journalist supplied me with in Berlin, the adoption of which would provide me with a short cut to journalistic success :

" *Write your articles so that every one is suitable for reprint in pamphlet form by the German Government, for the purpose of distribution abroad.*"

I may add that I declined the honour. Knowing that it would be waste of time to write articles for foreign consumption giving my real impressions, I simply refrained from writing any at all, and contented myself with making notes.

My personal experiences of the " made-in-Germany " variety of interviews are limited to two, viz., with the Secretary for the late German Colonies, Dr. Solf, and with the notorious Herr Erzberger, Germany's International Press agent, and member of the Reichstag. But in the latter case I obtained an audience and interview later on, which was NOT of the German brand.

When you present your credentials at the General Staff (Presse Abteilung—*i.e.*, Press Department), the first thing you are told is : " We have nothing to hide. All we ask of you is that you write the truth."

Solemnly you mumble: "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." But wait. The truth? Yes, but you must look at it through spectacles "made in Germany." The WHOLE truth? Ah, no; that's quite a different pair of shoes.

To give an example. I was naturally most anxious to visit Belgium, and especially the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, where I have relations. For a week or two I was put off with promises of "very soon," etc. Then followed excuses. The General Staff was hiding behind the Foreign Office, and *vice versa*. How many times have I travelled the road between 76, Wilhelmstrasse, and the Königsplatz? I do not know. All I can say is that the orderlies at the General Staff began to take me for an attaché, for I was frequently left at large in the building without the usual chaperon of a soldier.

I was told that Luxembourg was on one of the most important lines of communication. That practically all the roads leading there were used exclusively for military transports, and that I would probably have a long and tedious journey of several days' duration, etc. I assured them that I did not in the least mind the discomforts of the trip. My protestations were, however, of no avail.

The most ludicrous of all the excuses was brought forward one afternoon by a captain from the War Office. (I say "afternoon" advisedly. I may add it was tea-time and he was drinking *tea*.) "You see," he explained, "you would come on the lines of communication of the Crown Prince's army. It seems that in that region especially a great deal of American ammunition, which, by the way, is very much more effective than the French article, has been used by the French. Now don't you see that if it becomes known that you are writing for American papers you might arouse very strong antagonism? Of course, we here, and the officers of the higher command, understand that America has a perfect *legal* (great emphasis!) right to supply ammunition to

the Allies, but the common soldier does not see things that way. Suppose you meet some of those whose friends or relations have been killed by American bullets and American shells? Such people do not think when their passions are aroused" (*vide* Belgium), "and thus harm might come to you. That, I believe, is one of the main reasons for not letting you go to Luxembourg."

I knew better! They did not want me to go because I knew too many people there. A few weeks later, when I saw the possibility of obtaining a pass was out of the question, I had my little revenge.

At a certain rather large dinner party, one man, who knew of some of my Luxembourg connections, leaned across the table and said: "Now *your* friends, the Luxembourgers, were more sensible than those stupid, hot-headed Belgians. Look at all the money Luxembourg is making these days!"

I knew better than that, and, what's more, I knew that he did too. It put my back up, and although it was most undiplomatic, I could not resist giving him a piece of true information in exchange for his false one.

"H'm, yes," I replied. "I suppose it was, as you say, 'sensible.' You see, our geographical position is somewhat unfortunate. We have no pass of Thermopylæ."

"Pass of Thermopylæ?" everybody muttered, looking puzzled. I was asked to explain.

"Oh, it's quite simple!" I continued. "You see we, too, have an army one thousand strong, and we could also, I have no doubt, find a Leonidas amongst them; but, as I have said—we lack the Pass."

Tableau! A quick change of subject.

The Press department of the General Staff keeps in close touch with the German newspapers. In a large hall of the Reichstag building the chiefs, always assisted by both military and naval officers, on leave from active service, meet the various editors, sub-editors and correspondents of most of the *German* newspapers. These

assemblies take place three times a week, and their object is to bring the work of the Army and Navy in closest contact with the men that are largely responsible for public opinion. Apparently all the cards are laid on the table, but it is pointed out to the representatives of the Press that certain details are of a confidential nature, and would only serve the enemy if published. Needless to say, that only the most plausible, the most tip-top fakers are employed at these tri-weekly meetings. Foreign correspondents are rigorously excluded from these family gatherings, but I managed to borrow the pass of one of the correspondents of a provincial Bavarian paper, and attended one meeting incognito. I will admit quite frankly that I was on pins and needles at first, but by keeping discreetly in the background I remained undiscovered. I think about two hundred pressmen must have been present.

It was one of the first meetings after the Doggerbank battle, in which the *Blücher* was sunk. I am not surprised that the German papers made so much of the sinking of the *Tiger*. The wonderful, clear, "frank" and plausible way in which a naval officer, *present at the battle*, described it was really extraordinary. He himself had *seen* the *Tiger* go down.

He gave a most lucid and apparently convincing description of the battle. With sketches, diagrams and photographs he illustrated the progress of the fight, and he made much of the circumstance that it was Admiral Beatty who broke off the engagement. Needless to say, he did not mention that their ships, when in retreat, had sown mines indiscriminately in their wake. Neither did he mention that the *Lion* and the *Tiger* were far ahead of the squadron. He made much of the question of armament; he showed that the *Seydlitz* and the *Moltke* carried only ten 28 cm. (11 inch) guns each, while the *Derfflinger* was armed with eight 30 cm. (12 inch) guns. Opposed to them they had three battle cruisers, each armed with eight 34 cm. (13½ inch) guns, and two battle cruisers armed with eight 30 cm. (12 inch) guns. I can

still see him writing down the figures on the big blackboard in the following order:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Wir* (we). | |
| 20 St.* | 28 cm.† |
| 8 St. | 30 cm. |
| 28 | 58 |
| *Engländer.* | |
| 24 St. | 34 cm. |
| 16 St. | 30 cm. |
| 40 | 64 |

Thus he impressed on his audience by a simple sum in arithmetic the wonderful performance of the German gunners in not only holding their own against such numerical superiority, but even having succeeded in sinking a ship of the *Tiger* class. This proved conclusively that in a sea fight no more than in a land battle mere numbers are decisive. What about the *Blücher?* Oh, the poor old *Blücher* did not count; she carried guns of but 21 cm. (about 8 inch), and her speed was barely twenty-four knots. Nevertheless, she gave a splendid account of herself, and in her last moments took two enemy destroyers with her to the bottom.‡ He also explained that they were *not* on a raiding expedition, but merely on their usual round of patrolling the North Sea. As to the sinking of the *Tiger*, they had the sworn evidence of the various officers of the *Moltke*, *Derfflinger* and *Seydlitz*, and of the commander and personnel of the Zeppelin that took part in the battle.

I came away from that meeting with my brain all awhirl. I did not know WHAT to think. If that naval officer, with his diagrams, sketches, photographs, etc.,

* St. = Stück = Piece = Guns.
† Cm. = Centimetre = Approx. ½-inch.
‡ No British destroyers were sunk in the Doggerbank Battle.

was lying—well, I'm hanged if I would ever believe any German statement again, even if given on oath, or *in extremis*. Such duplicity seemed impossible.

Now if that meeting had such an effect upon me, what would be the state of mind of a German newspaper man? Why, ninety-nine out of every hundred, if not the whole hundred, come away from those meetings time after time, solidly convinced that the General Staff has told them all there is to tell; in fact, they begin to feel that they are semi-official members of the great brain of the German war machine. In that spirit they sit down and write their leading articles, and the German reader gets the benefit of it. In his well-ordered mind he is satisfied that the authorities are, in very truth, telling him all that can safely be made known without prejudice to the interests of the Fatherland.

The authorities are fully aware of his state of mind. Of course, in many instances German readers *do* get the truth; but what of the saying: "Half a truth is worse than a lie"?

I had a long and very pleasant talk one evening, during the latter part of March, with General Count von Schlieffen, Commander of the 20th Army Corps, at his headquarters in Allenstein. We were talking about journalism, comparing German and American methods. "Wherein lies the main difference?" the General asked me; adding: "I can see how great it is, but I am unable exactly to define it."

I had gone to Allenstein without the knowledge of the General Staff in Berlin, without any pass and without permission, so I thought I could make the point clear to my host by demonstration:

"One great difference lies in the manner of collecting the news," I said. "A German journalist 'thinks' that he writes what he sees; but, in reality, he only writes what the *authorities* want him to see. An American journalist writes as *he* sees things. Again, a German journalist will wait till he is invited to come and investi-

gate, while an American will go first, and be invited, perhaps, later. You see," I added, smiling, "if I had been schooled in the German system, I would not have the pleasure of this evening with you, but I would be sitting in Berlin waiting for another month or two for my passes."

"Yes," he quickly retorted, "and I would not have the painful duty of sending you back at once to Berlin."

The dear old General did SEND me back—*i.e.*, he told me to go back, but he must have found out by now another little difference between the German and American systems!

To show the world whom Germany is fighting the following list has been drawn up:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Montenegrins | Gonds | Rajputs |
| Russians | Senegalese | Sikhs |
| Servians | Belgians | Australians |
| Turcomans | Fijis | Kyberi |
| Annamites | Welshmen | Tartars |
| English | Zulus | Usbegs |
| French | Canadians | Kalmucks |
| Scotch | Irish | Kerghis |
| Japanese | Portuguese | Baluchi |
| Cossacks | Italians | Burmese |
| Rumanians | Basutos | Yakuts |

Together with the above list is usually sent out a poster entitled, "Brothers of Culture in our Prison Camps."

During Casement's activities in Berlin, the Press Department (Erzberger) distributed weekly diatribes written by Casement and his fellow-renegade Stanhope, to American correspondents.

## CHAPTER VII

### BERLIN IMPRESSIONS

UNLESS you are a deep-dyed Anglo maniac, one who has become used to the "tyrannies of the British Navy," and other English ways of doing things, to venture into Germany these days is tempting Providence. You run grave peril of having your immortal soul, your heart and your mind converted to German ideas of Militarism and "Kultur."

I have seen the effect of the German atmosphere on several of my colleagues within less than two weeks. It takes a strong-minded pro-Ally, to stand up against a continuous procession of "documentary proofs," of "who started the war?" of arguments, lectures, speeches and literature. Weeks and days and hours, permeated with the "Gott mit uns, wir MUSSEN siegen" spirit and conversation!

What I have not heard about the misdeeds, committed for the last three hundred years, of "that little Robber's Island, off the Coast of Europe, populated by a nation of peddlers, whose only code of honour is the £ *s. d.* sign," would be enough to cause anyone to blush for ever having been associated with such a place and such a nation; nay, it would even make a perfectly good Englishman swear eternal vengeance at the absent-minded stork that dropped him on the wrong side of the Channel.

At the office of the American Consul-General in Munich, on the first day of my arrival in Germany, I

met an Englishwoman, a Miss Welch, a teacher of English in some of the schools. Now, I thought, she will no doubt be able to give me some very useful facts; she will tell me where to look for the weak spots in this great German machine. So when she left I accompanied her, and the moment we were alone I said: "Now, Miss Welch, you can talk quite frankly to me. Tell me something about the *real* conditions here." She stared at me with undisguised surprise. "Why," she exclaimed, "what DO you mean? Things are exactly as you see them. I am sure Germany is going to win; nobody can beat this nation. I have nothing to complain of. I must report myself twice a day to the police, but otherwise I go on the same as before the war. I have no trouble at all, and the people are in no way unkind to me. Do you know," she added, with admiration and respect in her voice, "that in all these months I have never seen a drunken soldier in the streets or anywhere else?"

I do not believe that there is one foreign consul in a hundred in Germany to-day who is not absolutely, frankly and openly pro-German. "People don't know what this country is, what it can do," said the American Consul-General in Munich, Mr. St. John Gaffney, to me. "Germany cannot be destroyed because it is the most perfectly ruled country in the world, and the people are absolutely united."

Professor Fullerton, an American Exchange Professor of Pennsylvania University, whom I met in Munich was strongly pro-German. In the most sincere, the most convincing manner, he assured me: "The Germans are a peace-loving people. There is no element in America's population that is more orderly, industrious and law-abiding than the German element. The German at home has the same characteristics. The land is an orderly land, and the population is enlightened, disciplined and educated to respect the law. The rights of even the humblest are jealously guarded. The courts are just. The success of the Germans is obtained as the result of careful preparation and unremitting industry.

No one who lives among them, and learns to know them, can feel that he has to do with an aggressive and predatory people."

Similar eulogies were launched at me day after day by educated neutral people. When even foreigners feel so strongly about Germany, it seems to me that the chances of a revolution against the present regime are very remote, not to say non-existent.

The whole nation is so bound up with the one institution for which they work and live and breathe—the Army—whatever sacrifices, whatever changes are demanded, they will be carried out as naturally and as systematically as the changing of a gear in a motor-car. I almost feel inclined to say that war is a natural state to them, peace merely a holiday. There are few Germans, I believe, who do not look upon the call to arms as a natural occurrence that may come any day. I forget who it was that said or wrote: "The Army is not for Germany, Germany is for the Army." That hits the nail on the head. One sees the proof of it to-day. Confidence in the strength of their army and its leaders is absolute, and their reverence for the Kaiser is nothing less than fanatical. I was present at a reception the Kaiser got on his return to Berlin from a visit to the Eastern front. I was near the Friedrichstrasse Station. Never, except perhaps at American baseball and football matches, have I seen such absolutely frenzied crowds as I found that morning. The cheering seemed to make the very buildings shake. From house to house, from mouth to mouth, rang the "Hochs!" Men threw their hats up in the air, waved their sticks or umbrellas; women fluttered their handkerchiefs, and many of them, who had babies, held them up that they, too, might get a glimpse of their Sovereign. Every seat at the windows and on the roofs was occupied. The Kaiser, dressed in the simple grey field uniform, with the black and white ribbon of the Iron Cross in one of his buttonholes, entered his motor-car with a quick elastic step, at the same time

bowing to left and right. His helmet, like that of every soldier and officer, was covered with the grey material which has become the fashionable colour in Germany.

As I have already tried to describe in previous chapters, the German, more especially the Prussian, is a hard psychological nut to crack. When you are alone with him, he is by no means aggressive; in fact, it is rather the other way about; he seems simple and truthful, as far as his knowledge of truth goes. But lo! the moment he forms part of an organization, however small, be it only a gathering of four or five compatriots, his whole demeanour, his entire character changes. Then it is: "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles!" Collectively they are all, men, women and children, certain of victory. Individually, especially amongst the educated classes, if you have convinced them that what our American friends call "hot air" is unacceptable currency, the German will admit that everything has not gone according to plan and programme; that perhaps the landing of a few army corps in England might, owing to unforeseen difficulties, have to be temporarily postponed; and that the Berlin police force, which was to have been sent to France to "arrest the British Army," might find the job a little too big for them. "But," so he will invariably add, no doubt for his own encouragement as much as anything else, "they can never throw us out of Belgium and Poland." And, as an afterthought: "England? With the swift development of air-craft that country is becoming less and less an island."

The Russian danger is considered to be a thing of the past. According to some English writers on military subjects, Germany was more afraid of her Eastern than her Western front. That is a very erroneous impression. If the exact figures are ever known, it will be proved that Germany had a great many less troops on the Eastern front than is generally supposed. I happen to know

that, in order to mislead the Allies, small units of this or that army corps were sent to the East to convey the impression that the whole of the corps in question had been moved, while in reality the greater part remained in the West.

Hindenburg is, of course, the most popular German hero of the day. He is hailed as East Prussia's, and now Germany's, deliverer. Confidence in him, and in his ability and genius to cope fully with the Russians is absolutely unshakable and supreme. Already last year it was believed in Germany that there was no longer any danger of a real Russian offensive. One of the greatest disappointments the Germans have suffered, next to the failure to take Paris, is that the Russians have held out instead of making a separate peace. Amongst the best-informed circles in Berlin, it was confidently expected that Russia would give in before the end of 1915.

"And then full steam ahead to the West," was significantly added. All eyes have been centred on the West ever since the Battle of the Marne. The Germans know that it is there the decision of this great struggle will be reached. "The hated English must be kept in check at all costs," is what you hear daily. There is not a higher officer who, if he is honest—and I met several who were—will not admit that Germany has greatly under-rated the strength and efficiency of the British Army. But invariably they add that they have over-rated the strength of the British Navy.

## CHAPTER VIII

### BERLIN IMPRESSIONS (CONTINUED)

THE quickest way to ingratiate yourself with Germans these days is to tell hair-raising tales about conditions in London. If you have not been there since the war began (or perhaps at any other time, as was the case with several foreign journalists who had much to say on London affairs), so much the better, because then your flights of fancy will be untrammelled by mere considerations of fact. Tell them, for instance, about the airship panic! "Zeppelins," you explain, "why, they have become a regular bogey in England! Such scares as Dick Turpin, Lloyd George, the Black Prince, etc., are all out of date now. When children are getting too noisy, mother just says: 'Zepps!' and all is quiet. The very dogs in the streets, which, so you explain, are almost the only living things to be seen at night, at the mere noise of a motor-car engine, run howling to cover, with their tails between their legs." The halo of grim satisfaction which spreads over the German visage encourages you to still higher flights.

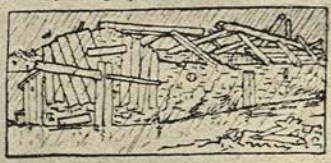
"After nightfall," you continue, "only the most vitally important business can induce a Londoner to leave his cellar. You are surprised? Why, did you not know, then, that the people in London do not live in their houses any more? The excavation companies of England are the only ones that pay any dividends nowadays. London has reverted to prehistoric times; it is a city of cave-dwellers."

No German home is complete without a number of

# Deutsche Gefangene in England

(Nach einem Bericht des Daily Telegraph.) Th. Th. Heine

In einem gewissen Umkreis dürfen sich die Gefangenen nach Belieben bewegen.



Ihre Wohnung ist gut ventiliert und hell.

Die Verpflegung ist vorzüglich; meist können sie nicht alles aufessen.

Die Gefangenen werden zeitweise mit leichten Arbeiten außerhalb des Hauses beschäftigt.

Sie dürfen oft ein Bad nehmen.

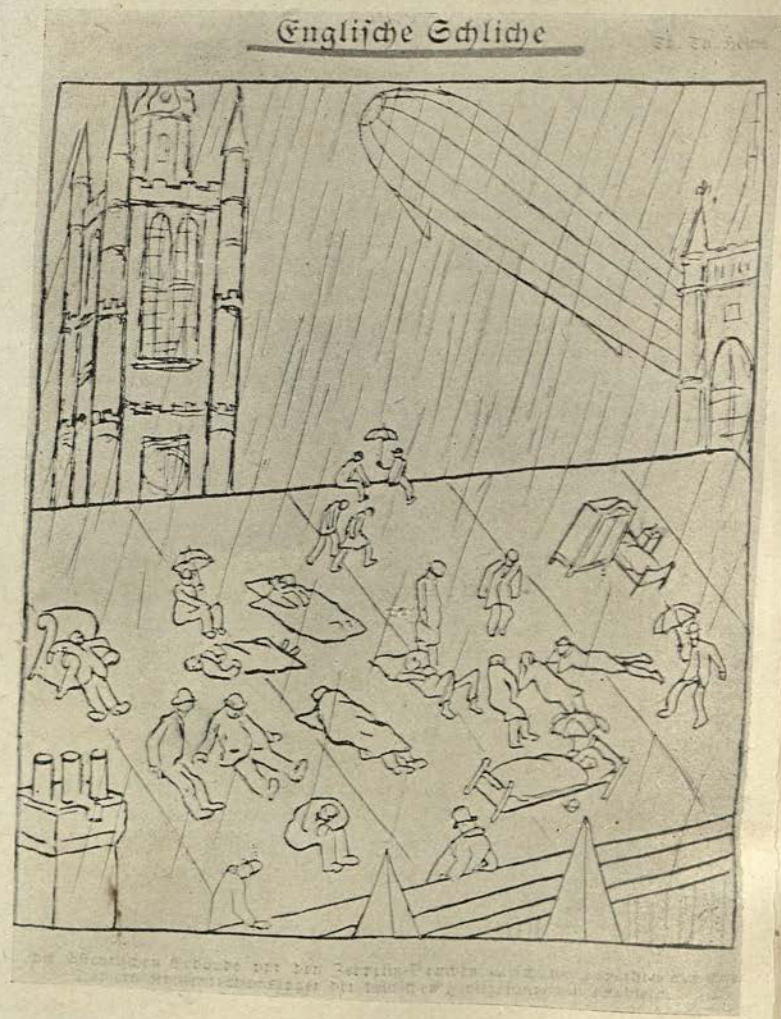
Für Lektüre ist gesorgt.

Die Leichtverwundeten erhalten angemessene ärztliche Behandlung.

GERMAN PRISONERS IN ENGLAND.

How the Press keeps the fires of "strafing" England burning.

[*Facing p.* 46.




ENGLISH TRICKS.

In order to protect public buildings from Zeppelin bombs, the English have placed German prisoners on the roofr.

[*Facing p.* 47.

caricatures of Britain. One of the most popular is called "Family Life in England." It represents a party of women, and about sixteen children of various ages from two upwards, seated round the table, in the middle of which is a large heap of rifle bullets. The family, armed with knives, files, scissors, and all sorts of odd kitchen utensils, are labouring away at the bullets, transforming them into dum-dums. Underneath it you may read: "In England, too, the women at home are making 'love gifts' for their dear ones in the field." The professor whom you are visiting notes the interest you show in the drawing. "Clever, isn't it?" he inquires proudly. "Very clever, very clever, indeed!" you reply with alacrity, but with a certain thoughtfulness in your voice. "It is so very realistic," you continue. "When I was last in London (don't forget to mention this with suitable apologies and regrets), I witnessed many similar scenes."

To show how the authorities and the Press keep the fires of "Gott strafe England!" burning, I have photographed a few of the posters and illustrations which one may see in any German book-store, at newspaper agents, hotels, and in many private houses. The most libellous among them are those that refer to the treatment of German prisoners in England. Illustration facing page 46 shows, in succession, the prisoners' "liberty of movement within a certain circle;" "well-ventilated and light quarters;" "the food;" "they are often permitted to bath;" "false war news;" and, the most scurrilous of all, "the slightly wounded receive careful medical treatment."

That facing page 47 shows German prisoners on the roofs of prominent buildings in London. Under the illustration it reads: "In order to protect public buildings from Zeppelin bombs, the roofs have been made into prisoners' camps."

I shall never forget my arrival at the Hotel Adlon.

It was after dinner, and the first thing I noticed in the palm court was a group of eight officers in khaki. I can assure you it gave me a surprise, but I soon recovered. They were American military attachés, just about to leave for the West. I have heard many funny stories about the curious incidents which took place in various parts of Belgium when those American officers were being shown round. The Belgians, of course, took them for British officers, and, seeing them walk and ride about free, and being treated with respect by the Germans, they naturally concluded that they were the advance guard of the " Great Push." Several times they were surrounded by a Belgian crowd shouting: " Vive l'Angleterre ! " much to their embarrassment, of course. At Louvain a troop of street urchins, headed by a tall lanky fellow, representing the Crown Prince, walked up to the American officer's car, and, with mock ceremony, handed over his wooden sword to them. I heard that the German authorities considerably curtailed the Belgian trip of those American officers. The situation became too annoying and embarrassing.

The posters displayed in the various hotels and other public places in Berlin were almost as numerous as the recruiting appeals in London. Some of the most conspicuous were large yellow announcements about gold, urging everybody not to keep it in his possession, but to take it to the Reichsbank. It impressed upon you that by holding it back you were neglecting your duty to the Fatherland, and indirectly helping the enemy.

An appeal signed by General von Wachs, Military Commandant of the Province of Brandenburg, was quite a little gem. It was directed at manufacturers and other large employers of labour:

" You cannot do without your employees ? " so it ran. " But what if the enemy should invade our Fatherland ? Then you would be the very first to take a forced holiday and close down your works." The General wanted all able-bodied men between the ages of sixteen and fifty,

who were untrained, to come and be instructed in the gentle art of defending their country. "Do not acquiesce in words but in deeds. Do not say 'Yes—but,' say 'Yes—SURE!'"

Maps were displayed everywhere. I cannot remember having been in any shop, office or private house, either in Berlin or in the provinces, where at least one large war map, if not several, was not displayed. I did not fail to notice that the maps, plans and sketches published by English newspapers were very popular. One of the first things that struck me was that most of the London and Paris dailies were for sale in all first-class hotels in the larger German cities I visited.

It was quite amusing to hear an elderly, red-faced and bespectacled German, surrounded by his family, and enjoying his evening quart of beer, murdering the President's French. He read aloud from the *Matin* or the *Figaro*, and translated it with a running fire of vituperative expletives. The London *Times* is the most popular of all foreign papers. The price in Berlin was a shilling, but after Germany started the submarine blockade it rose to one-and-six, "owing to the great difficulty of transport between England and Holland." I often received London papers the day after publication, but as a rule it took about two days.

The Adlon Hotel lounge might safely be called one of the most interesting spots in all the belligerent countries. It was here that men and women of all nationalities, creeds, professions and classes forgathered. There were the hunters and the hunted; the active and the idle; journalists and journeymen; there were types that bore great resemblance to the roast-beef cheeks of merry England; there were Turks in their fez, slim Chinamen and robust Americans. Officers of all ranks and branches in their uniforms, accompanied by ladies, near-ladies and "unfortunate" ladies. All had their serious aims, and none trusted the other.

One of the tables close to the American bar, otherwise

dubbed "American Headquarters," was permanently reserved for "Herr Graf von Hessenstein," a nephew of the late General Moltke. We called him "Whispering Charlie" for short, because he always had something "confidential" to tell you, to whet your appetite for more. The "appetizer" was gratis, but if you wanted more you had to pay for it. "Whispering Charlie" was a source of great amusement to me. His transactions stirred up a very nice little hornet's-nest between the General Staff and the Berlin Foreign Office. It appeared, and was conclusively proved, that "Whispering Charlie" was a dealer in special privileges. If a journalist felt neglected Charlie was the doctor—for a consideration, of course. An American cinema operator, who suddenly grew ambitious to blossom into a journalist, approached Charlie in the proper manner, and lo! five days later American papers published an "interview" by him with General Moltke. It is, of course, a mere matter of detail that the "interview" was a typewritten affair, presented to him by von Moltke—who knew as much English as Mr. Cinema man knew German, *i.e.*, *nil*—with a "How do you do" and "Good-bye" thrown in. It proved what Charlie could do. For an additional £50, plus a commission on the sale of a motor-car, bought by the Cinema man from Captain von Brauwitz, of the Railroad Department of the Berlin General Staff, Charlie furnished the American with a pass for a two weeks' visit to the Eastern front, including a hundred feet of film, which he was able to take of General Hindenburg and his Staff. He also filmed the Kaiser's sister, Prince von Bülow, and various other notabilities —cheap at the price!

Whispering Charlie offered this same man, in my presence, to persuade the Kaiser himself to pose for his cinematograph, for the purely nominal sum of 2,000 marks (£100). He explained that one of the Kaiser's personal A.D.C.'s was a friend and relative of his, who, "for the sake of America's friendship," would be able to manage it. To me he offered, upon payment of a

similar sum (half in advance, the other half on receipt of the necessary permits), a two weeks' trip along the Western battle-front. I agreed to this arrangement purely with the object of showing the Berlin authorities that " money talked " even in the German organization. I paid the preliminary 1,000 marks (£50), and awaited proceedings. Alas! it was once more demonstrated that a secret shared by two is no secret at all. My American cinema man, during one of his many very hilarious dinners—German champagne was a bit too strong for him—let the cat out of the bag to Professor Stein, associate editor of the *Vossische Zeitung*. Much perturbed, Stein insisted on further facts and details. Seeing that my little plan was spoiled, there was nothing else to do but to expose the whole system there and then. I reported the matter to the Foreign Office, who at first seemed rather to enjoy the joke.

You see, Foreign Office and General Staff are not on the best of terms with one another. On investigation, however, they found out that an official from the Foreign Office was implicated in this journalistic clearing-house, so they tried to pigeon-hole the matter by returning to me the 1,000 marks I had paid. But I thought that it would interest the Press Department of the General Staff. I went there and for the second time exploded the bomb. " Impossible! absolutely impossible! " I was assured, until I produced one or two receipts signed by Count von Hessenstein for various sums received from the cinema man. Then they began to look serious and proceeded to take action.

The outcome of the affair was that the cinema man was first urged to withdraw, or, rather, repudiate all his statements about the help received from Count Hessenstein. If he would do that, he would be given a universal pass to travel anywhere in Germany and take all the photographs and cinema pictures he liked. I happen to know that he felt much inclined to accept such a generous offer, but the difficulty was that I was in possession of all his receipts for money paid to Hessen-

stein. The upshot was that his filming career was cut short, and that he withdrew to the neutral territory of Holland. It had been a lucky day for me when I got hold of those receipts, because but for these I would have had no evidence at all after the American had left the country. I made several affidavits, and Whispering Charlie and his partner, Dr. Marx, or Marks, disappeared for the time being from the Adlon field of operations.

The Adlon Bar ("American Headquarters") was a most lively and interesting place after 1 a.m. The writer had a narrow escape of being "Zaberned" (*i.e.*, cut up with a sabre, like the lame cobbler of Zabern fame) by a Prussian officer, who had looked too deep into several bottles. I was talking to an American, and, of course, spoke English. The officer, when he heard us, drew his sword, and running towards me shouted:

"Hier wird Deutsch gesprochen" ("German must be spoken here"); adding that those people who do not know German have no business to be in Germany at all. He was quickly disarmed by several colleagues, who winked an eye at us and, later, came to offer their abject apologies.

There are few articles for sale in the shops that are not decorated with a facsimile iron cross. You may buy postcards with the iron cross—natural size—on it to send to your friend at the front, or you can buy a cigarette-case with a miniature cross in one of the corners. There are pipes, pocket-books, mugs, walking-sticks, handkerchiefs, brooches, rings—nay, I even saw a pair of black and white silk garters with wee iron crosses in the centre of the rosette. It is a bit overdone and does not tend to make that decoration more exclusive. I heard that up to October, 1915, 900,000 iron crosses had been awarded.

One afternoon while sipping my tea and enjoying the

sights, in the Adlon Hotel palm court, I noticed a tall, good-looking German officer in cavalry uniform. I stared at him and he stared back and smiled. He came over to my table. " I am not surprised," he said, " that you are somewhat puzzled. We crossed together on the S.S. *Rotterdam* last year, from New York to Plymouth ! " Then of course I remembered at once. I had noticed him the first evening on board, during dinner, and recall saying to my neighbour at table that there would be small chance of his escape on account of his very Teutonic appearance, if we should be held up by an English warship. He was always alone, but one day he confided to the ship's gossip that he was a Finn and on his way to join the Russian Army. It struck none of us at the time—nor evidently the British Colonel who examined our papers at Plymouth—that it was rather a strange route to go from America to Russia via Holland. He passed the eagle eyes of the inquisitive British Colonel, who cross-examined everyone of us, inquiring into our antecedents, whether we had any German relations; whether we intended going to Germany, and I even heard the dear old Colonel inquire of one of the passengers whether he " spoke " German ! But our would-be Finn merely showed his Finnish papers (belonging to his brother-in-law in New York). He did not speak English but knew French fluently. He passed without any difficulties whatsoever. He assured me that during those twelve days on board he had lived through many anxious waking hours, and that it was an immense relief when the good ship finally landed him safely on Dutch soil.

I should like to place on record two of my earliest and most frequent impressions gained in various parts of Germany:

1. It was freely admitted by those who knew that the English powers of organization had been grossly underrated.

2. That the war would probably last about four years, before the Allies would be convinced that "Germany cannot be destroyed."

New troops proceeding towards the front rarely know before several hours after starting, whether they are going to the Eastern or the Western theatre of war. Frequently not even the commanding officers know until two hours after departure, when they are permitted to open their sealed orders.

Of course I did not fail to meet Berlin's Lord Mayor, an elderly, very simple, homely German of the middle classes. His attitude was, as he expressed it, one of "quiet, hopeful confidence in the ultimate outcome." He seemed to have been pleasantly surprised by the conduct of the Berlin Social Democrats, who, in pre-war days, had been his veritable *bête noire*. "They have come up to the scratch like real men and true Germans," he told me. "When we were somewhat puzzled about the organization and distribution of our bread tickets, the Berlin trades'-union headquarters placed four thousand of their members voluntarily at our disposal. They worked for many hours a day, and that, mind you, in the majority of cases, after their own working hours. He spoke of the allowances made to the wives and children of the men under arms. In Berlin this came to 10 marks (10 shillings) a week for the wives and 3 marks (3 shillings) a week for each child. The yearly pension for the widow of a private is 400 marks (£20); of a sergeant, £25; of a sergeant-major, £30; of a lieutenant or captain, £60; of a major, lieutenant-colonel or colonel, £80; and of a general, £100.

The children of N.C.O.'s and privates, fallen in the war, receive £8 per annum till they have reached their eighteenth birthday. For the children of fallen officers the allowance varies between £10 and £15 per annum. Little enough to buy "Kultur" with, it would seem!

I also paid several visits, by urgent invitation I should

add, to the "Alexanderplatz," which is the German synonym for Scotland Yard. At the Alexanderplatz stands the majestic "Polizei Präsidium." From what I was able to see of their methods there, they were somewhat antiquated compared to English and American systems. A long statement of mine, for instance (in connection with "Whispering Charlie's" activities), was taken down in LONG hand.

Baroness von Below, the American wife of the well-known General of that name, tells an interesting story about her husband's sudden return to Berlin. Madame von Below was at Aix-les-Bains. On the 25th of July, 1914, her husband joined her there. He was at the time in command of a regiment of the Guards in Berlin. On the 30th, his second in command, a Colonel Lyncker, well known through his various military publications, telegraphed to him, but instead of signing his name, wired: "Return at once.—AUGUSTA." The Baroness happened to open that telegram herself. She assured me that her husband had a bad quarter of an hour arguing that "Augusta" could only refer to the name of the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria Guards Regiment, under his command. He escaped from France by the last train crossing the frontier. The Baroness proceeded to Italy, where she waited until certain funds, for which she had cabled to America, had arrived. On her way to Berlin she learned at Jena that Namur had fallen, but little realized that it had been captured by her husband's regiment.

There is a General von Below and also a General von Bülow in Berlin. Curiously enough, both families not only live in the same street and in the same mansion, but on the same floor as well.

Always an interesting spot in Berlin is the corner of the Wilhelms and Dorothean Strasse, where the Staff College stands. It is now used for the administration of the casualty lists. Every new issue is pasted on the

walls outside, and there you may find hundreds of people, too poor to pay the nominal sum charged for the latest copy of the casualty list, poring over them, searching for the name of son, father, husband, lover, or friend. If you remain there a little while you will usually witness some of those minor human tragedies which go to make up this stupendous one, when some old lady or man is led out of the crowd murmuring a beloved name, coupled to the final, hopeless word: "Tot, tot, tot" ("Dead, dead, dead").

Early during the war a large map-publishing company issued what was called a "World War Map." It showed the five continents, and, to illustrate Germany's naval power, all the various stations of the Fleet were indicated by small black ships, with their names printed underneath. Of course, those details were taken from the "peace" naval stations. Off the coast of Japan lay the proud *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau;* the *Emden* was stationed off Bombay; the *Dresden* and *Magdeburg* off the coast of South America, and the super-Dreadnought *Deutschland,* with smoking funnels (in token of preparedness, no doubt), proudly figured on the map just west of Ireland. The North Sea, of course, was peppered with various German warships. I must emphasize here that it was not a map printed in peacetime, but published *after* the outbreak of the war. I am sure it was one of the naval league propaganda exhibits, illustrating, for the benefit of the German people, how well the money which they had subscribed for the building of their Navy had been spent!

Alas! before long, owing to the activities of the British Navy, the map began to look very much out of date. The shadow ships became too symbolic, and, when, one after the other, the German naval "peace" stations were denuded of their proud guardians, and when one night some wag changed the title of the map hanging in the Hotel Adlon by erasing from the German motto: "Unsere Zukunft liegt auf dem Wasser" the

word " auf " and changed it into " unter," the German Press Department thought it was time to suppress further exhibition of the map, which gradually began to illustrate Great Britain's " Britannia rules the Waves " far more than that Germany's future lay on the water.

The sale and exhibition of that map was henceforth strictly prohibited under a penalty of heavy fines. Exportation also was forbidden. I was fortunate enough to obtain a copy, and succeeded in smuggling it out of Germany. It is now at Whitehall, where on my return to England I took it, and, together with some other documents, placed it at the disposal of the authorities. I have recently had considerable correspondence about these papers, as I was anxious to reproduce some of them with these notes. But the powers that be at the War Office evidently consider that that would be indiscreet, as they refuse to return them. (I might incidentally add that they refused to recognize my claim for compensation on account of depreciation of my literary material. However, this is merely in parenthesis.)

A very interesting and popular photographic poster is one showing the German Emperor, in flowing cloak and admiral's cocked hat, standing in the centre of the map of Germany with both his hands on the steering-wheel of an imaginary ship. Underneath it read :

" Lieb Vaterland kannst ruhig sein,
Du brauchst niemals verzagen ;
Du hast den rechten Steuermann,
In diesen schweren Tagen."

Freely translated, it means that the Fatherland can be of good courage, and need not despair as long as they have the right pilot at the helm.

## CHAPTER IX

### MUNICH

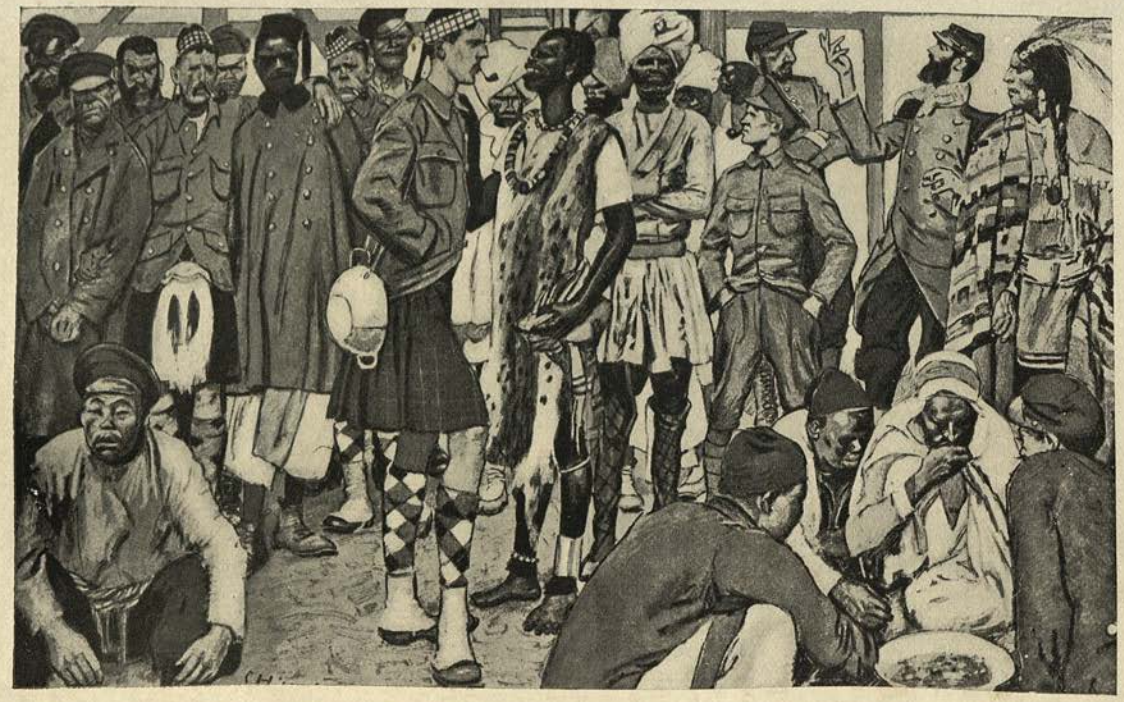
AT the Bavarian "Kriegsacademie" (Staff College), in Munich, which has been turned into a large hospital, I came across the first Allied prisoners of war. There were a large number of French and some English prisoners there. I talked to several of them—to one J. Featherstone, belonging to the Rifle Brigade, and to Private G. Kelly, of the King's Royal Rifles. I spoke to them alone, out of earshot of any of the warders or other hospital employees. Both assured me that they were being well treated and had nothing whatever to complain of. It was the same with a number of Frenchmen I questioned. There was a man of the 79th Regiment present, a certain Perouff, and another of the 76th Regiment, by name of Henri Gassies. I had lengthy conversations with both, and they stated most emphatically that the treatment they received was excellent. In one of the halls about sixteen of them were sitting round a long table, playing cards. From the numbers on their tunics they represented the following regiments: the 37th, 46th, 55th, 56th, 76th, 77th, 79th, 89th, 153rd, 160th and 172nd. Perouff told me that several of his friends, who had left the previous week, almost cried. There were about forty men to each ward, the rooms were high and well ventilated, and each ward had a bath-room with two baths, a shower-bath and W.C.

The meals were as follows (I am giving here the information obtained from Perouff and Featherstone):

The King of Bavaria in the Gardens of the American Hospital in Munich.

1. The Queen of Bavaria. 2. Mr. Doyle, of the American State Department. 3. The King. 4. Princess Helmtrud. 5. Mr. St. John Gaffney, late American Consul-General in Munich. 6. Mrs. St. John Gaffney. 7. Princess Adelgonde, the wife of the Prince of Hohenzollern, brother of the King of Roumania.

[*Facing p.* 58.



A very popular poster distributed by the German Press Department, especially for Neutral consumption. It is entitled: "Brothers of Culture in our Prisoners' Camps."

[*Facing p.* 59.

7 a.m.—Coffee and bread.
11 a.m.—Beer (those that are allowed to have it).
1.30 p.m.—Soup, meat and vegetables.
4.30 p.m.—Coffee.
6 p.m.—Soup and meat.

One Frenchman, with a leg wound, who was still in bed, was drawing a German soldier carrying a wounded Frenchman—his own experience!

The real marvel of Munich is the Custom Warehouse Hospital. It is a large, very commodious building, and is arranged with true German method. The wounded are brought to its very doors by through trains from the front, and are placed in a large hall, where the different cases are sorted out. Spacious elevators take them upstairs to four different floors. There was one large ward with about one hundred, perhaps more, beds. Usually each ward contains about thirty to fifty. To each is attached a spacious bath-room with six baths and shower-baths, and two movable ones on wheels, which can be placed alongside the man's bed.

The operating theatre was a wonderful affair, large and light, with windows on practically every side. The perfect cleanliness of every nook and corner of the building struck me. The longer I looked round, the more I was impressed with the enormous work it must have entailed to change a warehouse into a modern hospital. To build all these bath-rooms, operating theatres and kitchens, to lay on central heating, etc., and, remarking on this, I suggested that it would have been almost as easy to erect an entirely new building.

Then I learned the most interesting detail of all from the assistant superintendent who was showing me round. His answer fairly made me gasp and then smile: "Oh, no; it was not as difficult as you think!" he said, smiling deprecatingly. "You see, we Germans always try to think ahead. This building was only meant to be a

customs warehouse in PEACE time, and it was built on such lines and plans that, when the need should arise, it could practically at once be transformed into a first-class modern hospital."

I think we may safely let that statement speak for itself.

Major Sonnenberg, of the Bavarian War Office, the walls of whose room were, by the way, covered with the *Times* war maps, said, during a conversation I had with him: "Do you remember Napoleon's saying: 'A NATION cannot be conquered'? Germany has never been beaten while she remained united."

Nevertheless, the dear old Major, who was not at all a typical "Bavarian lion" and fire-eater, when I left suddenly asked: "Cannot America stop this wholesale murder?"

I also met the Lord Mayor of Munich, and had a long talk with him. His topic was the "Allied starvation scheme!" He gave chapter and verse, or I should say pounds and ounces, together with all the details of bread-making. He enumerated the amount of grain, water and potato flour used per pound of bread. He put all the figures down, brought forth the old faithful "Statistical Yearbook," showed the number of bushels the yearly harvest amounted to, divided it by the number of inhabitants, and thus proved by "incontrovertible" figures the utter futility of the Allies attempting to starve Germany into submission. Though I did not try to follow his figures, I think he is right. To explain *why* I think so would lead me far beyond the scope of this chapter, or even of this book; but, let me say here, as I have said in several other places in these notes, there is only one way of bringing Germany to her knees, and that is by brute force, by successful military operations; in other words, by winning decisive battles.

Captain von Lahmezahn, one of the few regular officers left in Munich, insisted upon personally showing me

over the Prince Arnoff Barracks (Bavarian Guards). The new drafts (1916) had then been in training for about six weeks, and, with pardonable pride, he showed their condition. Only a born soldier could so thoroughly assimilate the atmosphere of barracks, discipline and efficiency in as short a time as those men evidently had. But one thing struck me, there was a sameness in every movement, a mechanical precision in all their actions. (I am not merely referring to the time when they were on parade, but also to their subsequent behaviour.) When we entered one of the kitchens a voice from nowhere bawled at the top of its lungs: "Stillgestanden!" and every one present jumped into a stiffly erect position. Then someone rushed towards the captain at a pace that I thought must inevitably bring them into collision. But three paces away he stopped, and again he began to bawl out something, only this time it was a whole string of words. I was able to gather that it was the kitchen of the 3rd Battalion; that they were cooking that day for six hundred and fifty men, and that the food was soup and meat.

I tasted them, and found both excellent.

Whenever the captain stopped a man and asked him a question, that same method of speaking, or rather shouting, was used in answer. They spoke as if they had been addressed by a man standing half a mile off. I asked the captain what the object of this method was. His explanation was that it teaches them to keep always on the alert. "Many of the recruits," he said, "when they arrive at their depots, are 'mother's darlings,' speak softly and slowly, and are startled when you address them. After two weeks' training their whole attitude to life, their manner of acting and thinking, has been changed. Having to answer at the top of their voices makes them keen and alert."

The commandant of the battalion and of the barracks was a Major von Calcker, a member of the Reichstag, and a Professor at the University of Munich. He was an extremely pleasant, courteous and gentle man. Not

at all the German officer type. He explained at once that he was what in England is called a "dug-out." Though long past the age-limit, he had at once offered his services to the Vaterland. In him, as, indeed, in most Bavarians of the upper classes, I noticed an entire absence of that intense spirit of hatred so prominent amongst the Prussians. If I may venture a prophecy, I think that it will not be as difficult as some people imagine (and as the Prussians would like us all to believe), to separate once more the various German States, and make them independent kingdoms and principalities. I may be mistaken, but reading between the lines, and at the bottom of many expressions of patriotism, etc., one could discover the secret thought: "What else could we do but fight; we are tied to Prussia, and practically under her thumb."

If those smaller States can be given reasonable guarantees that they will not be exposed to internecine warfare, or to an attack from Prussia, the majority of them will be only too happy to cut loose from their arrogant masters. The Prussians think themselves the super-race of Germans, and look down upon the "zu gemüthliche" (*i.e.*, too kind, too jovial) "Sachsen, Bayern and Würtembergers." And the Bavarians, Sachsen and Würtembergers know this.

The Bavarians might be called the Irishmen of the German Empire. In the first place, they are primarily fighting for Bavaria as the Irish are primarily fighting for Ireland. Then the Bavarian dearly loves a fight, and I think the young fellow who expressed himself about the war one evening at the "Hofbräuhaus" in Munich, voiced the opinion of a great many of his compatriots:

Said he: "Hah! what luck to be able to 'sich raufen'" (*i.e.*, indulge in a rough and tumble fight) "without the chance of some policeman coming to interfere, just when the real fun begins!"

I am glad to notice that the British Army has now adopted steel helmets. The Germans started making

and using them in October, 1914, but without altering the familiar appearance of the " Pickelhaube."

During my stay in Munich I made a short week-end trip into the Bavarian Alps, and there came, quite unexpectedly, on one of those pathetic scenes that are so poignantly human. I had wandered far out of my way. After a long afternoon's walk I stopped for tea—I should say " coffee "—at a little wayside " Gasthaus " (inn), of which many are to be found in the Alps. That morning the order had come for the son of the house, belonging to the 1916 class, to join his depot. The call had been expected for several weeks, so the boy was quite ready, and to judge from his lively and happy demeanour, delighted to go. But the old mother, a little grey-haired lady, could not share his enthusiasm, and when the hour of parting drew near, she placed her hands in front of her face and sobbed. The Bavarian guide, a gaunt, strapping old fellow, nervously pulling at his long pipe, and with a suspicion of tears lurking in the corners of his eyes, patted her on the back and said: " Come, come, mother, buck up. Think of all the others who are sending their boys to fight for King and Country."

And the old lady looked up through her tears and slowly replied: " A mother does not think of others."

But when voices outside announced the arrival of some of the other boys from the village, bound for the same destination, she pulled herself together, and calling the boy to her side, said in a mock-serious voice: " Now don't feel that you must always be the first everywhere." Then followed a little ceremony as impressive as it was simple. " Give me your blessing, mother," said the boy. And taking off his little round hat decorated with flowers, he knelt down at the old lady's feet. She stretched out two thin, withered old hands, and murmured a prayer and a blessing. One more embrace, and then he had gone. Gradually the music and singing died down in the distance.

By the window stood the little mother, and, as I paid my bill, and quietly left the room, I heard her whisper: "And so you work and suffer to bring up your child, and then, one day he is taken away. You don't know why, and you don't know whither."

## CHAPTER X

### ZEPPELINS

"It's our Kaiser, and no one else, that the English have to thank, that half of their London is not laid in ashes."

THIS cheerful statement was made to me by Major Herwarth von Bitterfeld, of the General Staff, at a dinner given by Baron Mumm von Schwarzenstein, of the Foreign Office, to various neutral journalists, including myself, at the time stationed in Berlin.

My informant was perfectly serious when he made the statement quoted at the head of this chapter, and I am convinced that he believed every word he said. I know that he has many influential connections in the Kaiser's immediate entourage, and I am indebted to him for many bits of gossip and real information. Especially after having finished a bottle or two of "Pommery Sec," his favourite vintage, Bitterfeld could be relied upon to do his duty by any enterprising journalist. In the Major's case conviviality bred loquacity.

I heard a great deal in those months about Zeppelin raids on England. A great deal was expected of them.

In those days the favourite shape for menu cards was a pasteboard Zeppelin or aeroplane. Naturally, not infrequently they formed an easy introduction to aeronautical subjects, and, of course, from Zeppelins to a raid over London is only an after-dinner flight.

I must admit that many things I learned at that dinner have subsequently come true; many others, again, have not and never will.

The Germans are poor psychologists. A mass Zeppelin

attack on London was looked upon as the greatest trump card Germany had up her sleeve. They fondly imagined that a few serious raids over London would make the British public squeal and clamour for peace!

"Air defences! Ha, my dear fellow," so I was assured again and again, "there is absolutely no adequate defence against our Zeppelins. They can fly ten thousand feet high, which is totally out of reach of any air-gun yet invented. Let them make their London dark; they cannot cover up the Thames, they cannot hide St. Paul's and the Tower. As to attacks by aeroplanes, our machine-guns will take care of those."

"Just what can a Zeppelin do, or not do?" was one of my pet questions, and many and varied were the replies I received in answer. More about them anon. Let us return to the soft-hearted Kaiser and Major Bitterfeld.

"Ever since the beginning of the war," the Major assured me, "various Chiefs of the 'Marineamt'" (Admiralty) "and of the Great General Staff have been trying to persuade the Emperor to sign the edict ordering periodical air raids on London. Alas!" (with a deep sigh) "until now without success." I was told—by various informants—that the Kaiser refused on the grounds that London was an undefended town, and that he could not allow an attack from the air on his own relations! . . . "I know," sadly concluded the Major, "how very hard some of our leaders have pleaded and argued with him."

"London is the heart and brain of this terrible war, and it should be given a taste of what war really is. A raid with some ten or fifteen of our latest Zeppelins would accomplish this thoroughly."

I was told that in February, 1915, twenty Zeppelins had been ready for a preliminary raid over London; but absolutely at the eleventh hour the plan had to be abandoned as the Kaiser refused his sanction.

"It was the same old story with our submarines," my informant continued; "it took us several months

to persuade the Emperor that we had to meet force with force. The Bill was only signed about six weeks before it took effect. I suppose we must have patience a little longer with our Zeppelins. Anyhow, we have been over to leave our cards."

Everybody was agreed on the one cardinal point, viz., their absolute confidence in the power of Zeppelins; but the ideas of their greatest usefulness differed widely.

"Our Zeppelins may not entirely revolutionize warfare, but they will play a very important part in it. Up till now the need of them has not been so urgent, as we have been fighting mainly on land; but when 'The Day' arrives, and the British Fleet comes out of its hiding-place in the Irish Sea, then, my friends, the world will learn what a Zeppelin can do."

The speaker was a man in the early thirties, and I feel sure that he was sincere.

"Oh," he added passionately, "if they would only come out!" I could not help asking with a perfectly blank expression on my face: "Who—the British or the Germans?"

"You see," another went on to explain to me, "everybody who knows anything at all about naval warfare and British naval strategy is aware that they have always proclaimed the theory that 'the enemy's coast is the first line of defence.' What has become of that axiom? Where are their ships?"

I inquired whether an air raid over London would not be an extremely hazardous and expensive undertaking. How many of the twenty Zeppelins would return? What would become of the manageability of an airship when heavy loads were suddenly dropped from it? Had the damage they did to Paris been worth the risk? But nothing could shake their confidence.

"In the first place," so I was told for the tenth time, "we have not yet begun to use our reserve surprises. We must hold something back for emergencies. Suppose—mind you, I say only suppose—that we should suffer some serious set-back in France and Belgium,

and deem it advisable to retire to our own frontier. Then would come the time to bring our Zeppelins into play. How long, do you think, would the English population stand continual night raids on their cities? Who do you think would soonest cry 'Enough'?"

"Now as to the risks. From what you have seen of the spirit, the enthusiasm of our people, do you doubt for one moment but that you could find a thousand volunteers a day for any Zeppelin trip across the North Sea?" (By the way, I noticed during the last weeks of my stay in Germany that they referred more to the crossing of the North Sea than—as was usually the case heretofore—exclusively to "Flying across the Channel.") "We Germans do not think of our lives when the good of the Fatherland is at stake."

As an interesting little side-light on this man's character, I learned later that he was originally an artillery officer; was wounded before Verdun, and for some months unable to walk without a stick. During that time he managed, through influence, to obtain a second-in-command commission on a submarine.

"I do not know a single compatriot of mine," he continued, "who would hesitate to volunteer for such a journey. Then, as to material costs. Suppose we did lose half our airships? The great mistake our enemies make is to think that we are weakening as the war goes on. Our great system is only the basis of our army and navy.

"We are building up, creating as the war continues. Germany's motto has changed once more; it is no longer 'Our future lies on the water,' but, 'Our future lies in the air.' The longer the war lasts, the stronger our air power will be, the less England will remain an island. Our visit to Paris, like our trip to England, was nothing more than a trial spin. As on the occasion of our raid on England the fuses of most of the bombs we dropped were turned off so that they should not explode. If necessary, we can build an airship in a month, and an aeroplane in just half that time.

" Just as likely as not, this war may not be definitely decided; but, in that case, it will soon be followed by another war with England, and then our airships will play the greatest part."

I inquired what England was going to do in the meantime, whether she was going to lag behind in the building of an air fleet? Perhaps Albion would say: " For every German airship we'll build two! " What then?

I was anxious to see what the answer would be. Truth to tell, I thought I had him " on the hip." The speaker looked at me for a second or two before answering. If I had wanted to be very critical I might have discovered a trace of sincere pity in his look. Such ignorance! Then he smiled good-humouredly.

" What, then, you ask? England has not the armies which it can transport—by air—to Germany, to deliver a decisive battle, and to follow up the advantage of her air fleet. The Britisher, in his conceited ignorance, his boastfulness, will never agree to conscription, and no one will ever be able to make him see his danger. Therein lies his ultimate ruin. I say once more, and most emphatically, England's greatest strength, the fact of its being an island, is disappearing fast. The huge size of its Empire, its millions of inhabitants, its fleet, none of those factors will count. *It's the twenty-five miles between Dover and Calais which will ultimately seal her fate, and make her cede her place, as the first world-power, to Germany.*"

" Wilhelmshaven, the nearest German naval harbour, is nearly three hundred miles from London, and, as far as Berlin is concerned, that town is entirely beyond English reach. But London is less than one hundred miles from Calais, near enough to organize an aerial invasion. I do not say that is going to happen in *this* war, but it will come."

We returned then to the subject of Zeppelins as an auxiliary to the fleet. Here is the formula which was sketched for me on the back of a menu-card: " The cost of a Zeppelin is about £125,000." (I have seen in

England figures that state double this amount, but I am quite sure they are exaggerated. The first naval Zeppelins cost a million marks (£50,000). Recent improvements have not increased the cost of construction by more than 150 per cent.) " One British Dreadnought costs £2,000,000. Suppose we spend a little over half the money a Dreadnought costs on airships, that would give us ten Zeppelins to place against every British Dreadnought. A Dreadnought needs about 1,000 men; ten airships about 200. A Dreadnought can do about 25 miles an hour, an airship at least 40 to 50. How is a battleship going to escape its ten pursuers?

" Give each airship only ten torpedoes, each the average weight of a man, say, about 75 kilogrammes. Now, my friend, will you tell me what chance a British battleship would have under such circumstances? A hundred air torpedoes raining from the sky, any one of which can destroy her."

The dimensions of the latest Super-Zeppelins are approximately:

| | |
|---|---|
| Length | 800 feet. |
| Diameter | 75 feet. |
| Speed | 50 to 60 miles. |
| Navigable height | 15,000 feet. |
| Gas-capacity approx. | 2,000,000 cubic feet. |

The subject of the number of Zeppelins Germany has has always been a matter of speculation, in Germany itself as well as abroad. The figures I learned in Germany ranged between 50 and 120. The rule of the happy medium may apply here, too. Official figures are difficult, if not entirely impossible to obtain. The Zeppelins now are mostly under the jurisdiction of the German " Marineamt," and it would be easier to make the Sphinx talk than to squeeze an interview of any importance or value out of that institution. I am speaking from personal experience.

What I did come across, though—how, when and

where are of no interest at present—was an official list of Zeppelin sheds in Germany. I was indiscreet enough to feast my hungry journalistic eyes on it, and even succeeded in making a hasty copy. From this list it is possible to construct a fairly accurate estimate of the number of Zeppelins Germany has, or at least had, last year.

On the Eastern frontier there are seven different Zeppelin stations, viz.:

Thorn,
Allenstein,
Schneidemühl,
Posen,
Liegnitz (near Breslau),
Königsberg,
Graudenz.

Near the Western frontier fifteen different stations were enumerated, viz., at:

Metz,
Aix la Chapelle,
Strassburg,
Cologne (at Nippes and at Bickendorf),
Frankfurt-am-Main,
Friedrichshafen,
Manzell (near Friedrichshafen),
Oos (Baden, Black Forest),
Mannheim,
Trêves,
Lahr (Baden),
Leichlingen (near Essen),
Wanne.

Berlin is practically surrounded by Zeppelin sheds. They are at:

Johannisthal (General Aerodrome),
Tegel,
Biesdorf,
Potsdam.

In Central Germany the following places were recorded as having Zeppelin sheds :

Dresden,
Leipzig,
Bitterfeld (twenty-five miles north of Leipzig),
Gotha,
Hanover.

Near the coast (North Sea) are :

Wilhelmshaven,
Cuxhaven,
Heligoland,
Fuhlsbüttel (Hamburg),
Tondern,
Tonning,
Kiel.

In Belgium :

Brussels,
Ghent,
Dinant,
Bruges.

In addition to these there are said to be twenty-two portable Zeppelin sheds.

Together with the above list, and a map showing Zeppelin sheds in Germany, I obtained plans and drawings of a Zeppelin, giving much interesting information. I cannot reproduce them here as they are still at Whitehall.

I give you these views for what they are worth. I must add that they are not the opinions of civilians, but all of them were expressed to me either by military or naval officers, some of them members of flying squadrons.

One of the main reasons why they thought their Zeppelins invincible was explained to me again and again, and at great length.

" You see, our latest Super-Zeppelins are filled with

The Kaiser's sons, daughter, daughters and son-in-law.

1. Crown Prince Wilhelm, born 1882. 2. Prince Eitel Friedrich, born 1883. 3. Prince Adalbert, born 1884. 4. Prince August Wilhelm, born 1887. 5. Prince Oskar, born 1888. 6. Prince Joachim, born 1890. 7. Princess Viktoria Luise, born 1892. 8. Crown Princess, Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg. Princess Eitel, Duchess Sophie Charlotte of Oldenburg (five years older than her husband). 10. Princess August Wilhelm (formerly Princess Alexandra of Schleswig-Holstein). 11. Duke of Brunswick, husband of the Kaiser's daughter.

[*Facing p. 72.*

Zeppelin über London
Das Ende der englischen Seeherrschaft. Lord Nelson klettert von seiner Säule herab und flüchtet in die Untergrundbahn.
Zeppelinitis

ZEPPELIN OVER LONDON.

Lord Nelson descending from his Column to hide in the Underground Railway

[*Facing p. 73.*

absolutely uninflammable gas," so I was told. " They can punch as many holes in that great gas bag as they like, but as long as two of the twenty odd compartments remain whole, the Zeppelin will be able to return home ! "

I wonder what they are thinking about that " uninflammable gas " now !

Several posters and caricatures have, of course, been drawn playing on Zeppelin raids over England. Illustration facing this page is called " Zeppelinitis," and shows Nelson descending from his column to hide in the Underground Railway. Sub-title is, " The End of England's Sea-Power."

## CHAPTER XI

### SPIES AND SPYING—I

EIGHTY MILLION MARKS (FOUR MILLION STERLING) was Germany's annual budget for her spy system before the war. What it amounts to now it is impossible to estimate.

"ONE GOOD SPY IS WORTH A DOZEN DIPLOMATS." Thus Herr Matthias Erzberger, leader of the powerful Centrum Party, chief spy and press manipulator in Italy before it entered the war, and personal crony of the Kaiser, one evening in Berlin while we were discussing German diplomats.

In these two statements you have the German espionage principle in a nutshell.

Let me first give you a few names and details of some of the main characters in the story of the German spy system. They are all real names, not fictitious ones. The majority can be found in the German equivalents of *Who's Who*, and the Army and Civil Lists.

#### LEUTNANT BARON MAX HOCHWÄCHTER

As I have mentioned already, he was for several years (up to August, 1914) so-called manager and director of the Stuttgart Daimler Motor Works branch in London. His age is about thirty-five. He is quite handsome. His English and French are perfect. He expects to return to London the moment peace is declared. As he foresees some difficulties for Germans "the first six months after the war," he will be a "Frenchman."

## SPIES AND SPYING—I

### Major Freiherr Herwarth von Bitterfeld

Berlin Great General Staff. Son of the well-known General of that name. Formerly military attaché at the German Embassy in Washington (succeeded by the notorious von Papen). Ostensibly he is connected with the "Presse Abteilung" of the Great General Staff, but in reality he is a member of the Intelligence service. His mission is to make himself popular with foreign journalists. To what purpose I shall show later.

### Matthias Erzberger

Leader of the Catholic Centrum Party in the Reichstag. Ten years ago he was a village schoolmaster in Bavaria; to-day he is one of the men in closest contact with the German Emperor. He is frequently in conflict with the Chancellor. *Persona grata* at the Holy See. Made frantic efforts to keep Italy out of the war. Engineered Wiegand's "interview" with the Pope. Also arranged an interview for his protégé (Wiegand) and the Kaiser, but the Chancellor intervened at the eleventh hour.

One of the master brains of Germany's espionage system.

### Hauptmann von Brauchitsch

Berlin General Staff. Man of mystery. Some say that he is the notorious Steinhauer, chief of the German spy system. His father lived in France before the war of 1870 as Monsieur "de" Brauchitsch. He was an intimate friend of the great Stieber, who founded Germany's espionage system. When in September, 1870, Bismarck wanted a "good Prussian" as Prefect of the Seine-et-Oise district, Stieber told him that he had the very man he wanted—Monsieur de Brauchitsch. Captain von Brauchitsch accompanied the Kaiser on his visit to London in 1911.

### Mr. Aubrey Stanhope

A renegade Britisher. Editor of a sheet called the *Continental Times*, in which he makes bi- and tri-weekly attacks on his mother country. In his free time he works for the German anti-espionage department. A despicable traitor, and I had the great satisfaction of telling him so. He calls himself "neutral." Was an intimate friend of the late Roger Casement.

### Frank Paswell

Supposed to be an American. He is in the service of Erzberger. (*I saw his pass signed by the latter.*) German propagandist in Russia. Address: Hotel Astoria, Petrograd.

### Major (or Captain) Egon von Kapher

Member of the Intelligence Department, and an expert in the trade. He has written several treatises on the subject of spying, and from what I learned in many long conversations with him, especially *after* dinner, an expert in practice as well as in theory.

### Herr Rader, or Räder

Secretary to Herr Zimmermann, Permanent Under Secretary of the Foreign Office. "Räder" probably his *nom de guerre*.

### Fräulein L——

A French-Austrian, playing both parts. I met her four years ago in New York. She was then "French." In Berlin she was "Austrian." A charming, most vivacious, clever and attractive young person. I do not know whether she was a French or an Austrian spy. That she was either the one or the other is certain.

## SPIES AND SPYING—I

In the *embarras de richesse* of spy data it is difficult to know where to begin.

One of the most phenomenal parts of this organization is their card index system. From what I learned about it, it would seem that there are few officers in any Army or Navy, few politicians or diplomats, etc., of any country, who are not listed in Berlin.

The most minute details are recorded—character, age, financial position, efficiency, hobbies, friends and associates. If married, similar details are given about the man's wife; whether she is faithful, and, if not, who her lover is; her friends, etc., etc.

Every country has its chief inspectors, inspectors, sub-inspectors and ordinary agents. Woe betide the man who is responsible if at the yearly audit some of the details prove missing or incorrect. Many Englishmen of a certain position will no doubt recall having received little typewritten notices informing them that if at any time they should be in need of a loan (whether small or large), they can always be accommodated on their note of hand alone, etc., etc. Usually they bear as signature a good old English name. But the money behind it is more often than not German capital. Close observation is kept on any officer or N.C.O. who for some reason or other is cashiered or discharged. Those who are still more unfortunate, viz., those that happen to land in gaol, are never lost sight of. British gaols have supplied the German Intelligence Department with many a recruit.

Special registers are kept of every foreigner living in Germany, and you may be certain that in a country where half the population is employed in spying on the other half, what the Intelligence Department does not know about the foreigner is not worth knowing. They are all part and parcel (the foreign element I mean) of Germany's spy system. They are the "raw material," so to speak.

One does not like to write about women, but a dis-

cussion of their system would, indeed, be very incomplete if the fair sex were left out. To enumerate the various types employed would need a separate chapter, if not a whole book. They are as varied as, shall we say, the sex itself.

As a rule, they are employed in " team work "—*i.e.*, they work together with a man. Many of them have the air and the manners of the *grande dame;* others, again, are charming *ingénues.* Every one of them is fiendishly clever, and they prove every day the fallacy of the old theory that a woman cannot keep a secret. I have met several of these " ladies " in Berlin; but whereas I had many an interesting conversation with the male, the female of the species proved too much for me. I never got anything worth writing about out of them.

Another member of the German Spy Staff operating in London was a certain Miss Smyth (I do not know whether that was her London name).

She was a charming American girl, chaperoned by her British aunt (by advertisement). But after Miss Smyth had made many social conquests and connections, suddenly all her entertainments ceased. Poor Miss Smyth! Her unscrupulous brother, whom she had trusted implicitly, had speculated and lost his and her whole fortune. She did not care to return to America on account of the disgrace her brother had fallen into. Did people think she could find a position as governess, companion, or " just anything." Many offers were received, and as in the household of a certain well-known statesman, the children's governess had opportunely left, Miss Smyth obtained the position. She stayed with them for two years, and amply earned her salary from the German Intelligence Department.

The German Intelligence Department claims exclusive knowledge of the preparation of a certain kind of sensitized paper for copying and photographing plans, maps, letters and other documents *without a camera.*

Two pieces of glass are all that is needed. The sensitized paper and the document to be copied are placed between the glass, and at night, or in a darkened room, are exposed to candlelight for a matter of a few minutes. The preparation can also be used for sensitizing the pages of an ordinary book, novels preferably, or newspapers. The impression only appears after development in a certain fluid (somewhat on the principle of gas-light developing paper).

I was told that in this manner long reports containing valuable information are being brought out of England to this day.

One of the cleverest schemes, though, of taking written material out of this country is in the lining of clothes. No, I do not mean having thin paper sewn inside the lining. That is an old, discarded trick. The new dodge is to typewrite the reports on ordinary lining material with what are called book-keepers' typewriters. Then the stuff is treated with a certain preparation, whereupon the writing disappears. A friendly tailor does the rest.

And they defy any British detective to discover such reports, which, needless to say, can be quite extensive.

## CHAPTER XII

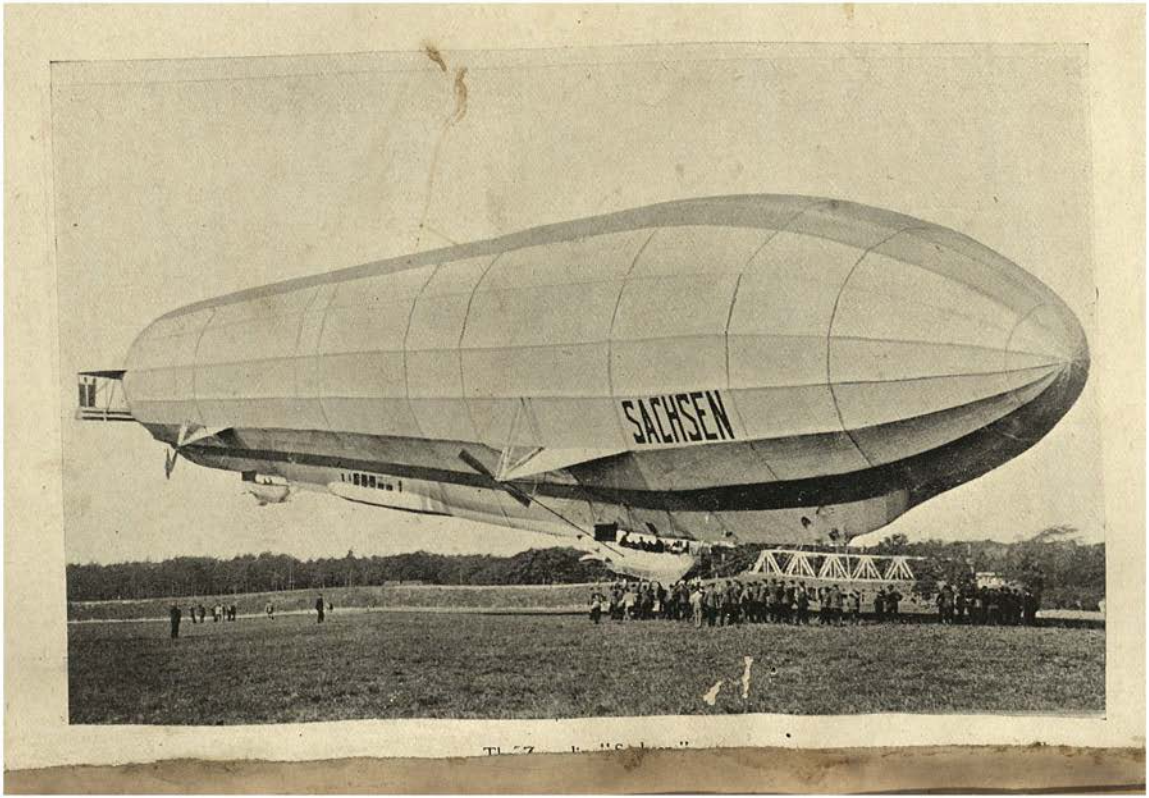
### SPIES AND SPYING—II

BARON HOCHWÄCHTER boasted that in England you could buy anything if you had the price. "To any foreigner who comes to London with a well-filled purse, and who is willing to spend handsomely, all doors are open, no matter of what race or nationality he may be—German, Jew, Turk, or Negro. He is asked to English entertainments, English country houses, where he meets everybody he wants to meet from Royalty downwards."

They call this in Berlin, "Mobilization of the Drawing-room." From what I subsequently learned, it was often also a case of mobilizing the "back-stairs" regions.

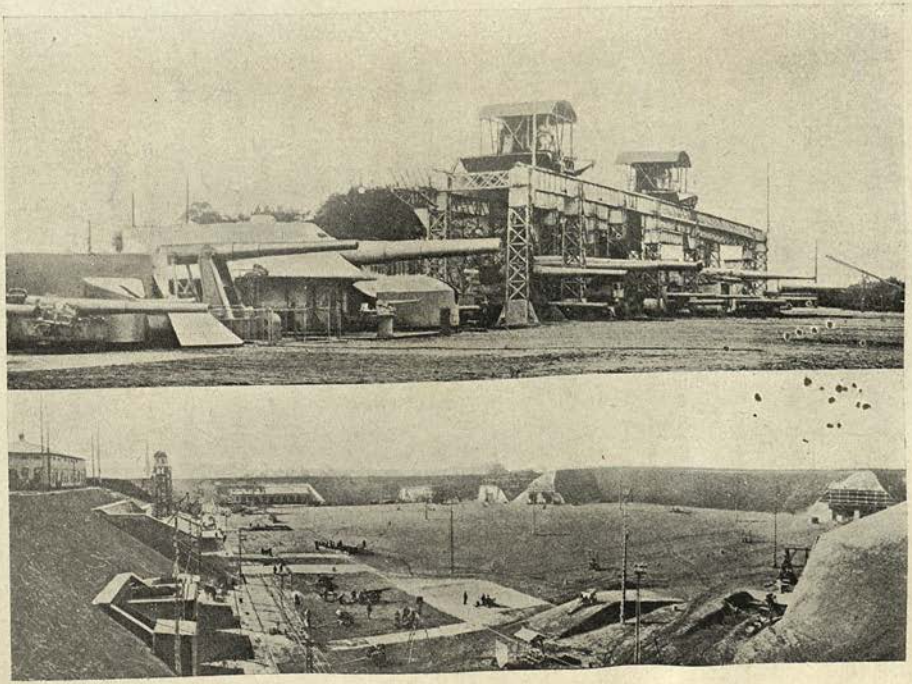
Before leaving Hochwächter, I must mention that he is quite convinced that shortly after peace has been signed he will return to his old haunts in London. He turned over the contents of his luxurious flat in Mayfair to an English friend who takes care of it for him till after the war. "That's more sensible, eh," he grinned at me, "than the way in which that fool Münster (referring to Prince Münster, of Twickenham) arranged his affairs. If he had done the same, then the Government would never have been able to touch his estate."

Germany's Intelligence Department overlooks few points. They know, as President Lincoln said, that you can fool all people some of the time, and some people all the time, but that you cannot fool all the people all the time. They suspected that even England would some day wake up to the German danger in her midst. And then . . . "what about our Intelligence Department?"


SACHSEN

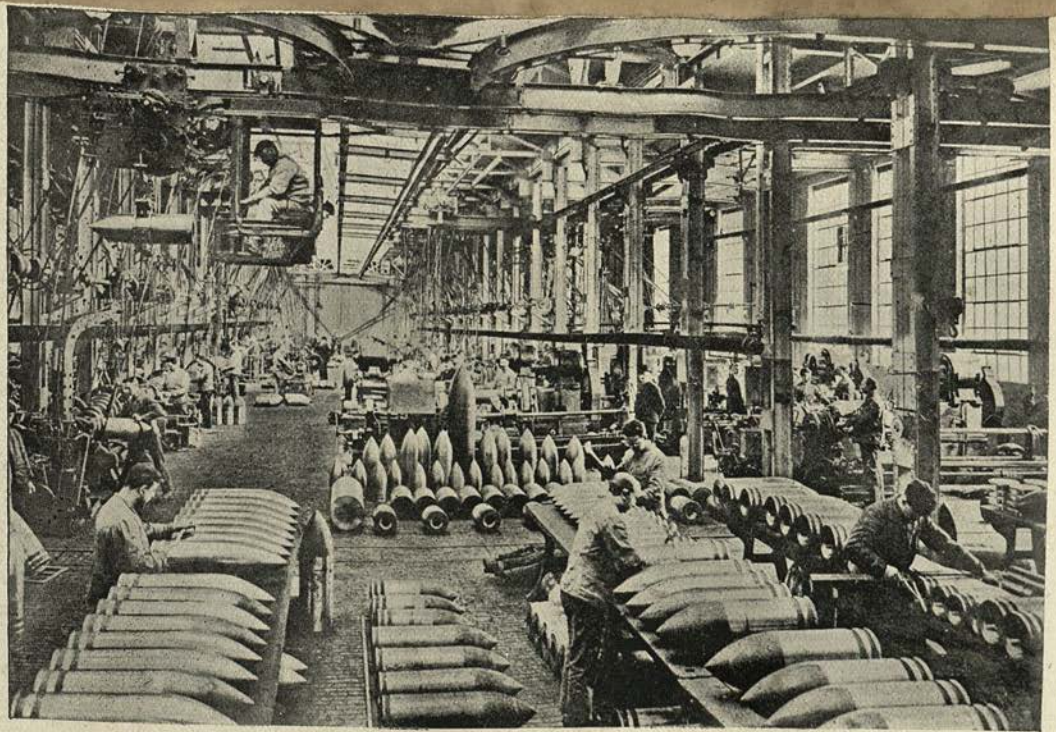
A German Krupp field-gun in "action."

[*Facing p.* 110.



Krupp's shooting ranges at Meppen, where all guns are tested.

[*Facing p.* 331.



Krupp interior.

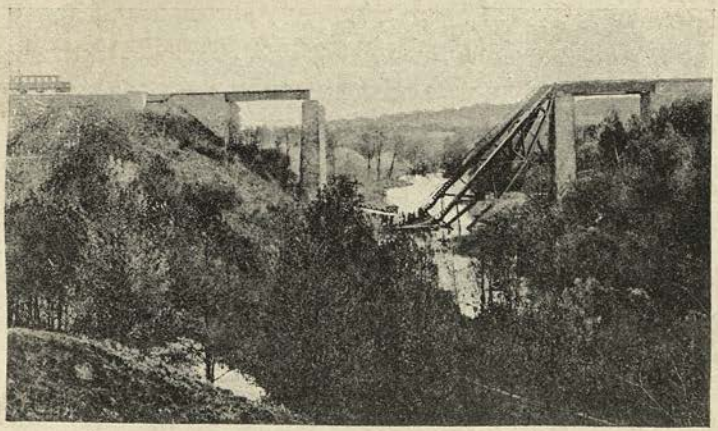
[*Facing p.* 330.

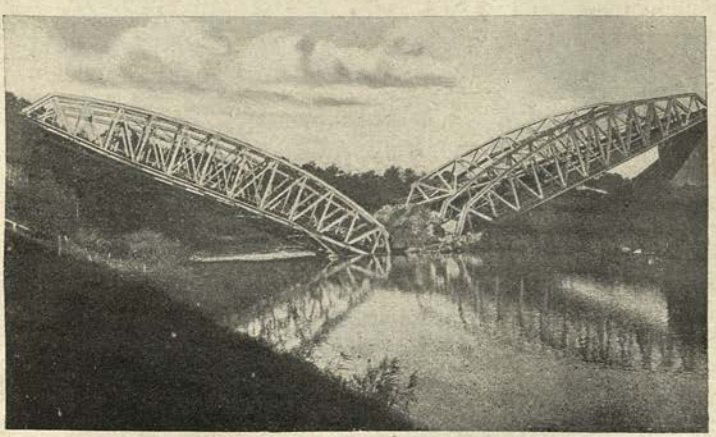
The Kaiser and the Crown Prince reviewing a number of regiments returning from the firing lines.

[*Facing p.* 148.

Serenading Field-Marshal Count von Haeseler on his 80th birthday.

[*Facing p.* 149.





Destroyed bridges in the Eastern war zone.

[*Facing p.* 206.

The fighting near and in the woods of Augustowo.

In the Polish fighting zones. (Man on left of picture was shot at the moment of re-loading.).

[*Facing p. 2*

## SPIES AND SPYING—II

The German Intelligence Department is built on such sound foundations (this seems rather an ironical adjective to use for an institution that is ethically and morally so utterly rotten, but the reader will know what I mean), that it can change personnel and working-method in an instant and without interrupting the smooth running of the great machine.

I will try to describe some of the new ways employed since the war, and let me hasten to add that my knowledge was gained from a thorough personal investigation.

First, I will deal with the procedure in Germany itself. As I have mentioned elsewhere in these notes, every foreigner in Germany is registered. This is not a regulation inaugurated since the beginning of the war, it has existed for many years. He must notify the police whenever he moves from one place to another, or when he intends leaving the country. I think it is no exaggeration to say that the authorities know to a few pfennigs how much their guests have in the bank, what their income is, how much their yearly expenditure is, etc., etc. You see, *they* know the game of espionage by harmless shopkeepers, traders, small business men, etc., who are to be found in every European country. If only the people would take the trouble to investigate the matter, they would find that many of these "harmless" little shopkeepers spend double and treble the amount of money their businesses earn.

The foreign population of Germany is recorded on separate registers and divided into different classes, not only according to their social status, income and position, but also according to their intelligence, sentiments and so on. When war broke out all foreigners in Germany were "mobilized." The list and card-indexes were carefully gone over and suitable persons selected. American, Dutch and Swiss ranked amongst the "favourite" (?) nationalities. German friends of the foreigner would be approached. They, in turn,

threw out feelers towards the "neutral." If it was a case of "Barkis is willing," and the man had the necessary intelligence, he was at once taken in hand and tutored into a naval, military, or political spy (sometimes into all three).

Foreign subjects, if unsuitable for intelligence work, were frequently persuaded to part with their passports. Only in very rare cases, I think, have whole passports been forged. Why should they be when plenty of authentic ones can so easily be bought?

All this work comes under the supervision of Section 11 of the Intelligence Department of the Great General Staff in Berlin.

One of the most interesting and illuminating interviews I had in Berlin was with Herr Rader (or Räder), Secretary to Herr Zimmermann, Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. The interview was arranged by an alleged American—Frank Paswell by name. Let me say a few words about him first.

Paswell, in a weak after-dinner moment, having somewhat over-estimated his capacity, confided to me the nature of his work in Petrograd. Before the war he advertised American soap; now he advertised the German cause in Petrograd. Extremes meet! An extensive traveller, he knew Petrograd inside and out, and had many valuable connections there amongst newspaper men. A friend of his had approached him in October, 1914, and had asked him whether he would fancy doing some interesting "newspaper-work." He said he would be delighted. After having made several interesting trips to both fronts, especially the Eastern, he was plentifully supplied with money and packed off to Petrograd with a suit-case full of articles, written in English. He is of a pushing, go-ahead disposition, a very plausible talker, and so he succeeded in placing a fair number of those German-made articles in various Russian papers, headed: "By a Neutral." For every article published he received from 500–1,000 marks

(shillings), according to the importance of the paper —from the Intelligence Department.

I saw some of these articles. They were cleverly written, well disguised, and to the uninitiated might appear as bona-fide neutral articles, written in a friendly spirit, and presumably with the intention of showing Russia the error of her ways, and that she was taking the chestnuts out of the fire for Albion.

He had two passports, one to travel with from Russia to Sweden, another solely for the German trip. Consequently there were no German *visées* on his Russian passport. When I met him last year, he was in Berlin to get a fresh supply of "ammunition"! He was on the most excellent and intimate terms with the notorious Erzberger, the arch-Press manipulator, and had a pass that would carry him anywhere in Germany. Several times he offered to introduce me to Erzberger, but as I had an introduction from one of his superiors, I preferred to meet Erzberger through that channel rather than through Paswell. He was looked upon by us other correspondents as a man with a great deal of "pull." I hope that I stopped Mr. Paswell's activities in Petrograd. I placed my information in the hands of Mr. Parke Goff, Senior King's Messenger, and frequent visitor to Petrograd.

Paswell told me that similar work was being organized in other belligerent countries, and that there were many "fine" openings in England and France. So I suggested that he should let me in on this, and bring me in touch with the organizers of such an interesting journalistic venture. He said he would, and he kept his word. He arranged a little dinner to which Rader, Major Herwarth von Bitterfeld and myself were invited. Of course, I was not supposed to know the object of the meeting. I was merely trotted out for inspection!

At the conclusion of the dinner Paswell made some excuse to leave us. Rader lost little time coming to the point. I think that I cannot do better than to record the conversation here. I give it practically verbatim.

*Rader:* Your profession must be intensely interesting, Herr Beaufort. I hear you have visited practically all the different theatres of war?

——*:* Hm, yes, rather! Most interesting, I can assure you. It broadens one's point of view, you know, to be able to see different sides of a question.

*Rader:* Hm, yes, quite so, ahem! quite so! But, eh, well, I do not wish to seem impertinent, but do you find it is work that pays? From what I know about these newspaper proprietors, they are not very liberal with their salaries.

——*:* Oh, well, as far as that goes, yes, I think you are right. Now I come to think of it, they do rather underpay us. We ought to have a journalistic trades' union—what?"

*Rader:* Yes, I often wonder when I talk to you chaps, and, of course, I come in contact with a great many journalists in my official capacity (that was a lie; he had little or nothing to do with bona-fide journalists), it strikes me that, considering the amount of energy you expend on your work, the amount of brains it takes to be a good journalist, you are the worst paid profession in the world. Take your own case. A man of your accomplishments (I bow), of your linguistic abilities (I blush with modesty! . . . mentally), your address and your intelligence (I rise and bow and blush . . . mentally)—well, do not think, pray, that I am exaggerating, but you should be earning at least 5,000 marks (£250) a month, which I am sure you do not.

——*:* (You "register," as they say in cinematography, incredulity, surprise, wonder, etc.) Then: Really, you know, Herr Rader, I am afraid that you are trying what your friend the enemy across the Channel, I believe, describes as "Pulling me by the legs." Five thousand marks a month? (with expression), why, "lead me *to* it," as they would say in New York.

*Rader:* I *can* "lead you to it," and perhaps even to a great deal more. There are some splendid opportunities these days for "Neutrals," for men of your ability. I

will give you a rough idea about the work. Strange as it will seem to you, even to this day the majority of people in France, Russia and England, are still absolutely ignorant of the real state of affairs, not only in Germany, but also of the military situation in general. They are deliberately deluded by their governments and their Press. We feel convinced that if Germany's cause, Germany's invincibility, Germany's sound and strong condition, were better known abroad this war would soon be ended by public pressure. What can be the object of continuing this dreadful process of murder, bloodshed and destruction? As our Chancellor said: "GERMANY CANNOT BE DESTROYED." Now, some of our best brains, military, political and economic, have written clear and popular articles on the present situation. Not, mind you, entirely from the German point of view, but in a manner in which any intelligent and reasonable neutral observer would record them if he had the opportunity to see and judge things. There are still PLENTY OF INFLUENTIAL AND REASONABLE PEOPLE IN FRANCE, RUSSIA AND ENGLAND who would assist us in bringing the true facts before their misinformed countrymen. Think this over. If, in principle, you feel inclined to carry out some really interesting, but, above all, some very remunerative work, I will submit the matter to my chief. Of course, this work would in nowise interfere with your present occupation, as the articles are supplied to you, translated and ready for publication.

I inquired whether the "influential" and "reasonable people" in France, Russia and England would assist me *personally* in placing the articles, and I was assured they would. From this I concluded that I would be supplied with a list of those "reasonable people" who were willing to assist Germany. Needless to say, I told them that I did not require any time for thinking the matter over, that I had quite made up my mind to accept the proposal. (I hoped that they would continue their revelations, but in this I was disappointed.)

"Very well," said Rader; "Bitterfeld, will you see

that he meets von Stein" (whoever that might be), and addressing himself again to me: "I will take the matter up at once, and you will hear from us in a week or so."

But, alas! before the end of the week an unforeseen calamity brought my German voyage of discovery to an untimely end.

Shortly after my return to London I saw at one of the night clubs—a favourite rendezvous for those gentry—a "neutral" who I knew for a fact was in the service of the German Government. I reported him to the authorities, but never heard anything further about it.

It is unnecessary to add that when these travelling "neutral" journalists receive their final instructions, they are not confined to merely trying to place the German-made articles. On their periodical return to Berlin they are expected to be able to write and give interesting reports on what they saw in the countries they visited. These reports are strictly for the information of the General Staff. They are not circulated in the Press, thus advertising the fact to the enemy that German investigators have been at work in their country.*

The manner of procedure in neutral countries is probably better known. German agents who live there, have their own private lists of "Friends of the Fatherland," very useful in war-time. They know that they cannot travel in the belligerent countries themselves, but of course their hosts can. These men are, as a rule, business men connected with a well-known firm, and are extremely difficult to catch.

You should have at every port of embarkation in the United Kingdom officials of every nationality, men who know their own language thoroughly. I have met many

* It is only quite recently that the first articles giving a neutral's impressions of London and England have appeared in the German Press.

Englishmen who speak foreign languages, but mighty few that know enough about them to discover the nationality of the man they converse with.

Then there are your Consuls. I returned from Germany via a neutral country. I presented my passport *issued in Berlin* (my old one did not conform to certain German regulations, so I had to change it) to the British Consul. I paid my two or three shillings, I forget how much. He hardly looked at the photograph, stamped and signed the back of my passport, and that was all. I think the whole formality took about three minutes.

Now that is simply asking for trouble. You must have BRITISHERS, I MEAN BORN BRITISHERS, as Consuls wherever they have the authority to *visé* passports for embarkation to England. You cannot expect a neutral Consul to take the same care and interest in investigating the bona-fides of alien travellers as an Englishman would.* Don't be so afraid of stepping on the toes of neutrals or even of a neutral government. They will get over it. To them it is not a matter of life and death.

If you are too considerate of other people's feelings, it may have disastrous results. It may be a matter of life and death to many of your countrymen. Is it not better to suspect, to inconvenience a hundred innocent neutrals and so-called "Britishers," persons of German descent, than that ONE British Tommy, ONE British woman or child should suffer or die?

If I have a house and my guests do not like my servants, my meals, or the way I run it, well, let them depart. The same applies to England. Those who do not like the conditions of entry or of living here, who grumble at any little sacrifices or inconveniences, well . . . let them stay away. During the first year of the war the regulations and restrictions with regard to the landing and embarkation of aliens at your ports were so lax, that for all one knew England might have been *in statu quo*.

* This was written before the Holzapfel episode.

## CHAPTER XIII

### SPIES AND SPYING—III

THE Hotel Adlon, Berlin's principal hotel, is a regular clearing-house for spies, spy-hunters, amateur spies, and amateur spy-hunters. I do not think that I have ever, since the war, spent so many interesting hours anywhere as at the Adlon Hotel, after 4 p.m., watching the various cliques, sometimes *par distance*, sometimes at very close quarters.

A large sprinkling of officers is nearly always present. Their tables occupy " strategic positions " in the Court. Many of them belong to the Intelligence Department of the General Staff. The broad red braid on their trousers inspires, of course, confidence and respect. The natural conclusion would be, at least with neutrals, that a General Staff Officer is above any description of spying.

But beware !

With few exceptions every foreign journalist, business man, etc., is an amateur spy-hunter. In order to make a capture he will draw every possible cover, and it will not be the fault of himself or of his imagination if it is a blank.

Everybody suspects everybody else, and, under the guise of neutrality, or even by shamming anti-German sentiments, they try to draw you out.

The valet of your floor knows, of course, every scrap of paper, book, map, note, you have in your possession. So do the various other secret agents, detectives, or

whatever they may be called, who rummage through your luggage and open your letters, both coming and going. Police-sergeants who want to "inspect your passports" are always very early birds. Their visits are unannounced and unexpected, and, if you have the careless habit of sleeping with your door unlocked (and have no dog), you may see them sometimes at the foot of your bed when you wake up. "They catch many that way," the manager of the hotel told me, when I complained about one of these nocturnal visits, as unwelcome as it was unexpected.

Be careful of female acquaintances in Berlin. If you are seen more than once with the same member of the other sex, ten to one she will receive a visit from a member of the "Criminal Polizei," and it takes a strong-kneed woman in Germany to be proof against it. A friend of mine had made the acquaintance of a very charming young German woman, the wife of an officer. They met on various occasions, and, sure enough, one morning, the "Frau Hauptmann" (Mrs. Captain) received a visit from the police-sergeant. His clumsy attempts to hide the real object of his call failed lamentably with the quick-witted lady. When the detective tried to make her promise secrecy she told him that she would do nothing of the kind; in fact, she told him that she could hardly wait to tell her friend about it, and actually went to the telephone while the sergeant was still in the house. She asked our mutual friend to come and see her at once, which he did. Her attempts to make Mr. Policeman wait were unsuccessful. They do not work that way in Germany. They first try to intimidate their witness, if that proves necessary. The average German is scared to death of the "Criminal Polizei." In my friend's case the lady was told that her foreign acquaintance was suspected of being a spy. "Did she know anything about him?" he asked. "Why, of course she did. They used to play together at school," etc. "Well, did he ever ask her leading

questions as to where her husband was and in what regiment? Did he never ask to read any of the letters that came from the front? Did he seem interested in the German Navy? Did she know whether he visited the railway stations? What was his *real* business? Had he very much money and how did he spend it? In short, could she think of anything that might in any way be regarded as suspicious?" But she could *not*.

Not every visit is as meagre in results as the one described above. If your girl friend happens to be in a position where she is less independent than the wife of an officer, for example, if she is an actress, or, perhaps, a dancer, that is better for the police. In that case it is easy to enrol her, or, shall we say, "press" her, into the services of the Vaterland. Under dire menaces, nay, vile threats, such as being placed under police supervision—the most dreaded thing in Germany—the girl is cross-examined, and at the same time ordered "Maul halten" ("to keep her mouth shut") to the "Ausländer" (foreigner). I am writing here, in both cases, of actual occurrences.

Such an incident came to my knowledge quite accidentally. One afternoon in Unter den Linden, I ran into a young German actress, whom I had met a few days previously. In full daylight she was crying, the tears streaming down her face. I thought she had had bad news from the front, so I stopped her and offered whatever comfort I might be able to give.

It was a case of "mobilization," but it had nothing to do with the front. She had just left the police-station, where for the last three hours she had had to undergo the third degree from A to Z. She was absolutely exhausted, physically and mentally, and before she knew it, she had confided the whole story to me. The police had called her up the night before, and told her servant over the 'phone that the "Police Headquarters Criminal Department" was on the wire.

Thereupon the servant promptly got scared, packed her trunk and went off. The next morning the girl was asked to come down to the police-station. She thought, on her way, that she would drop in at the hotel where her friend lived, and tell him about it. At the hotel one of the " friends " or colleagues of the man saw her, and evidently knowing a bit more about the investigation on foot, promptly telephoned to the police-station. Ten minutes later a police-sergeant came to the hotel, and without much ceremony ordered the girl to come with him to the station. There she was given the third degree unmercifully, bullied and coerced, and, finally, after three hours set at liberty, but given to understand that she was " mobilized " for Germany.

A few months in such an atmosphere, and you will find yourself unconsciously looking into the mirror and beginning to wonder who you really are. You almost doubt whether the declaration on your passport that " the above photograph and signature are those of the bearer," is stating the truth.

The effect can best be described in the words of my dear old English tutor, who for two years tried to teach me to pronounce your " th," and then gave it up in despair. Said he: " Certain days with you have an effect upon my brain like a kick in an ant-hill." That's about the effect Germany had upon my mind.

## CHAPTER XIV

IN this chapter the title, like the moral, will come at the end.

It is the translation of a German pamphlet, very widely distributed, especially in neutral countries.

Once upon a time there was a very large forest, wherein lived all sorts of animals, both of the earth and of the

air. Although there were many different kinds and breeds, they lived in peace and harmony. This story will only deal with a few of them, viz., the Great Cock, the Little Cock, the Bear, the Double-headed Eagle, the Lion, and one other, but about him anon.

As the Lion, owing to his great strength, was looked upon as the King of Beasts, he reigned supreme over all

the animals. The others did not submit to this arrangement from choice, but merely because they were afraid of him.

One fine day, when the Lion was meditating as to whether the Bear was not becoming too powerful, the Great Cock appeared in his den. He looked very dishevelled and knocked about. Several of his feathers had been pulled out, and he was bleeding badly.

"What has happened to you?" grunted the King, who hated being disturbed. "I have just had a fight with a Young Eagle," replied the Big Cock feebly, "and he almost killed me. If you want to retain your kingship, you had better watch him, because verily I believe that before long he will be as strong, if not stronger, than you are."

"Impossible!" howled the Lion. "I have never even noticed the Young Eagle . . ."

"Neither had I until to-day," retorted the Big Cock, as he slowly and sadly limped off.

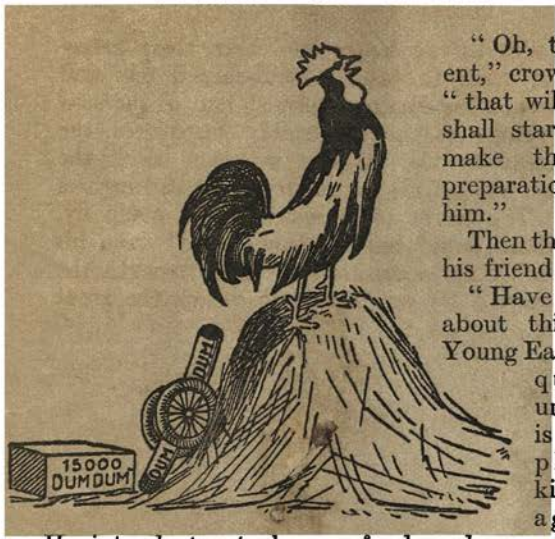
The Lion returned to his meditations and swore a speedy revenge. But, strange to say, since that very day, the Young Eagle seemed to cross his path wherever he went. When he visited his favourite feeding-grounds,

he found that the Young Eagle had been there before him. When he tried to take a well-earned rest and enjoy a sun-bath, a big shadow robbed him of the sunlight, and, looking up, he invariably discovered the Eagle. It seemed to the mighty monarch as if the Eagle had found out all his favourite nooks and corners of the forest. The worst of it was that he could fly, while the fat Lion could hardly drag himself from his couch. In spite of his enormous size and strength the Lion was a coward; he was afraid to attack the great

bird single-handed. So he began to plot. He decided that all the inhabitants of the forest should unite to kill the interloper and usurper.

He carefully worked out his plans and then addressed the Big Cock: "The Eagle has done you a great wrong, therefore you must revenge yourself." "But," objected the Cock, "he beat me before, he'll probably beat me again."

"No, he will not, not this time," replied the Lion, "because *I* am going to help you, and between the two of us we will soon finish him off."




"Oh, that is different," crowed the Cock "that will be fine. I shall start at once to make the necessary preparations to attack him."

Then the Lion visited his friend (?) the Bear. "Have you heard about this disgusting Young Eagle?" he inquired. "I understand he is stirring and plotting all kinds of crimes against you. He intends to steal your food and your best lairs in different parts of the forest."

"You don't say so," growled the Bear. "I have not noticed anything, but, of course, if *you* say so, it must be true. But how can I stop him?"

"By fighting him," counselled the Lion.

"Single-handed?" inquired the Bear.

"Of course not," sniffed the Monarch. "*I* shall be with you, and the Big Cock will help, too."

"But how are we going to entice him on to solid earth?" queried the Bear, somewhat confused.

"That is quite simple. I have arranged all that," explained the Lion. "You must attack the Double-headed Eagle, and, as the Young Eagle loves him, he will at once come to his assistance."

"Good!" exclaimed the Bear enthusiastically; but after a few moments' reflection he asked: "But what are the other animals of the forest going to think when the three of us fall upon the Young Eagle?"

"Hm, that is true," acquiesced the Lion. "We must try and find some excuse." And, rising, he angrily

shook his mane and beat his tail. "I have it," he suddenly growled. "The Big Cock will challenge the Young Eagle. He knows I am going to help him. Well, the Young Eagle cannot reach the Cock without flying over the establishment of the Cockerel. That will give us sufficient excuse to fall upon the Young Eagle."

"How clever, how very clever you are!" growled the Bear. "I shall of course do as you advise."

The Lion left quite satisfied. "One more call," he reflected, "and then I can go to sleep again." His last visit was to the Cockerel.

"I have just had some dreadful news," he cried out on meeting the Cockerel. "Before you are many days older, the Young Eagle will try to fly into your little kingdom and take possession of it. You must oppose with all your power this sinful act."

"But how," the Little Cock wanted to know, "am I going to stop the flight of an Eagle?"

"*I* shall be there to help you," said the Lion magnanimously.

"Very good," said the Cockerel; "then of course I shall do as you advise." And he hopped away to prepare for the fray.

When, shortly afterwards, the Lion, from his safe hiding-place, noticed a large black spot in the sky, coming nearer and nearer to the forest kingdoms, he smiled contentedly, curled himself up, and went to sleep.

In the meantime the Bear attacked the Double-headed Eagle, and the Big Cock crowed about the "insults" it had suffered from the Young Eagle. The latter, to silence him, went to call on the Cock. But to be able to reach him, he had to fly over the State of the Cockerel. The little fellow bravely resisted the Eagle's advance, but with one stroke of his big wings the King of Birds smashed him to earth. Then the Cockerel began to shout for the Lion.

The Lion murmured something like: "I declare war on the Eagle," then turned round and prepared to go to sleep again.

"But I need your help at once," moaned the Cockerel.

"The Big Cock and the Bear will help you. The Eagle will soon be annihilated," comforted the Lion.

The next message that disturbed his slumbers came from the Big Cock: "I need your help," it said; "the Cockerel has been killed, and the Bear has a very sore head."

"I'll soon be with you," replied the Lion. "What a lot of idiots you are, after all my good advice, not to be able to kill that Young Eagle." But when he was entirely awake he was much taken aback at the turn of affairs, and prepared to hide himself in the depths of the forest. Then came the third message, from the Bear this time.

"I am so knocked about and bleeding that I cannot

continue the fight," he said. "You must protect your own camp."

Then the Lion called on all the animals of the forest: "The Eagle is attacking us all and will steal the property of every animal on earth and in the air. Come, every one

of you, and fight for your forest. Come and let us kill the Eagle."

But only the deadly silence of the forest answered him. Shaking with fear, the Lion ran, and dived deep into the woods. But he could not escape the Young Eagle, who pursued and killed him.

Then all the other animals of the forest reappeared and shouted:

"The King is dead! Long live the King!"

In the market-place of a certain town are offered for sale a lion-skin, a bear-skin, a handful of cock-feathers and a dead cockerel.

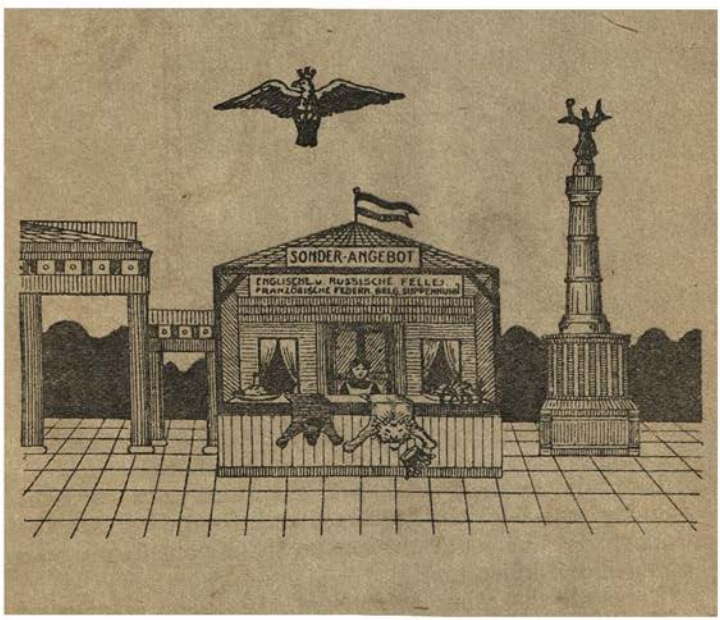
## BEHIND THE GERMAN VEIL

The tyranny of the Lion is no more.

Free over hill and dale, over town and country, in the blue ether of the Universe, the Great Eagle now flies and reigns supreme.

And the name of the story: " Eine Fabel " (" A Fairy Tale "—a fable).

One would almost give the author credit for a sense of humour. Only this is of the peculiar kind that acts like a boomerang.



## CHAPTER XV

### GERMAN WOMEN

"MOBILIZATION of the kitchen." Since the Crown Princess coined this expression the term has become a regular German watchword. Woe betide the woman who has not answered the call to the kitchen or to the hospital, as the case may be.

One of the first things I noticed in Berlin was the entire absence of ladies—using the term here in its narrower social sense—in public places. Every afternoon Berlin used to take tea at the various large hotels —the "Kaiserhof," the "Adlon," the "Esplanade," etc. To-day these places are crowded with officers, both in uniform and in mufti, and many of them are accompanied by women of another kind. In days before the war no officer ventured to appear in public with a lady who was not what is called "Gesellschaftsfähig" (which may be translated, "fit for society"); but now the barriers are down. I was having tea one afternoon at the "Kaiserhof" with a captain of the War Office Staff, and I asked him, "Will you tell me where all your ladies are? I mean, where is Society?" He looked at me with surprise. "Why," he answered, "don't you know that all our women, our real German women, are mobilized as well as our men? These are the days when the girls who have had a practical 'Hausfrau' education are having their innings. We need the housekeeper and the nurse nowadays, not the Fräulein professor, doctor, advocate, or what not."

He was absolutely right, as I found out later. At the outbreak of war a great many women and girls with university degrees, stenographers, book-keepers, etc., working in offices, thought that at last their chance had come. They were going to show that they could replace the men at the heads of departments, or at whatever responsible duty might have to be performed. Most of them were sadly disappointed. In the larger offices the heads of firms—if they were not called to the colours—replaced their own managers, working double time; the staffs were cut down to half, and so were the salaries. The "modern" German girl, who used to turn up her nose at the "mother's-help" sort of education, is the one who finds herself in dire straits now.

The local administrative authorities are everywhere calling on the women for advice in matters in which women are—or should be—experts: house-keeping, catering for the wounded, nursing, the running of large kitchens for the poor, the opening of canteens at stations along the main lines where the troop trains pass. They are asked to direct sewing classes, to supervise the mending of uniforms and other wearing apparel. They are expected to help by exercising economy in the use and distribution of food. Professors of chemistry give special lectures all over the country to teach women the food value of every article of diet. In short, the demand for "Hausfrauen" is well-nigh as large as that for soldiers.

A number of women's clubs have been organized for the purpose of helping those employed in the musical profession, which is suffering greatly through the war. A large hall in the Reichstag building has been placed at the disposal of these clubs, and there they meet, sometimes two or three of them in the day. The women members pay a contribution of something like ten shillings a month, and, of course, donations are gladly accepted. Out of these funds the artists are paid. I have forgotten the figures shown me, but there are thousands of women in Berlin who have joined these clubs.

Some of the concerts take place at private houses, and

the rule has been made that absolutely no refreshments shall be served on such occasions except to the artists! The women sit from three to six, knitting, talking, or listening to the music. For anyone who knows Germany and the German woman's love for her "Kaffeeklatsch," which used to be unthinkable without cake, coffee and whipped cream, this is one of the most remarkable effects of the war. I never thought that anything in the world could keep a German woman separated from "Kaffee und Kuchen" at four o'clock.

At whatever small entertainments are given, war poetry and "Feldpost-Briefe" (letters from the front) are the most popular items on the programme. The war has hatched an entire new brood of poets and writers, and the professors are having the time of their lives. I have never seen such a mass of topical literature, pamphlets, war novels, etc., of every sort and description anywhere.

I had a long talk one day with Baroness von Below, the American wife of the well-known German General. She is taking cooking lessons now, so that she may be able to do her share. "Germany was morally on the decline before the war," she told me. "The hunt after pleasure and novelty was beginning to resemble what you find in the American multi-millionaire class. The good old German family life was fast becoming out of date among the younger generation. Now see what a change! The little housekeeper, whose horizon never extended beyond her kitchen and larder, has now become —wonder of wonders!—one of the most important members of this great organization. The much-ridiculed 'Hausfrau' has been victorious all along the line; she is the strongest ally of her husband in the field. Another thing this war is teaching us, though, is that a political education is quite as necessary for women as for men. This war is going to revolutionize the position of women in this country, if not throughout the world."

So said the General's wife; and every German-born

woman with whom I spoke voiced the same opinions. I went to dinner one night at the house of Professor Archenhold, the director of the Treptow Observatory, near Berlin. His wife had organized cinema lectures in one of the halls of the building for wounded soldiers, and for the women and children of the neighbourhood. The particular quarter in which the Observatory stands has a large Socialist element, and the Frau Professor fraternizes with them many hours a day. I met some of the women and talked to them. One of them said to me: "I have had a letter from my husband (in France) telling me not to send him so many things, as they are so well taken care of. Every two weeks he sends me some of his pay, and I am happy to say that I can now write back to him in the same way, telling him that he need not send us any money, as the people here are taking such splendid care of us."

Frau Professor Archenhold impresses it upon them that they should write nothing but cheerful, pleasant letters to their husbands in the field, and not bother them with tiresome details of difficulties at home. Whether such lectures or advice are inspired from "higher up," I cannot say; but I know that many of the better-class women talk to the working classes in that strain.

The big shops do a tremendous business in "field-post parcels." Anything up to fifty grammes can be sent post *free*, up to five hundred grammes (about one pound) a parcel costs ten pfennigs (one-tenth of a shilling). He must be a very friendless soul, indeed, in the trenches who does not receive his weekly share of such packages. In every family where I have been I found everybody, young and old, packing, addressing and sending all sorts of things to the front. And it was not Christmas-time, either! During my tour through the Eastern part of Germany we passed trainload after trainload, all marked "Liebesgaben" ("love-gifts"), and one of Hindenburg's adjutants told me that the gifts of woollen

things had been so numerous that the soldiers were simply swamped with them. It was a standing joke in Hindenburg's army that nobody could get a bar of chocolate without agreeing to take a pair of socks as well.

As regards the efficiency of the "Field-post," a good story is being told against the Postmaster-General, or whatever his title is. When the Kaiser returned from the front—last February—he met that eminent official, and exclaimed with great surprise: "But Herr ——, where is your Iron Cross?" The official seemed as much surprised as the Kaiser, and explained that he never had one. "Well, probably it was delayed," remarked the Kaiser. "I sent it to you, by parcel post, from the front—as a Christmas present."

Running all through the life of those remaining at home, both men and women, is the constant anxiety "to keep up appearances." It seems to me to be the keynote of German life to-day, and one of its weaknesses. It makes it extremely difficult to obtain any real insight into conditions. One has to be very circumspect when making inquiries. I heard one man say to an American journalist, who seemed to him to be getting too inquisitive: "Well, if you want to learn secrets, you had better go to the General Staff. I am sure they will be delighted to show and tell you everything." To refer you to the War Office or the General Staff is an easy habit many people have acquired; as a rule, it means that they are not going to satisfy vulgar foreign curiosity.

Most of the theatres are open in Berlin, but that also is more to keep up appearances than for business purposes. The salary of every actor and actress has been cut down to a half, sometimes to one-third. Dancers and members of the chorus receive an average of three pounds a month. At the department stores conditions are worse. Most of the girls in the stores of Wertheimer and Tietz, and in the "Kaufhaus des Westens," earn

from ten to twelve shillings a week. The inadequate pay of so many women workers has had its inevitable effect on morals. The combined influences of poverty, temptation, and the nervous strain of war-time, have proved too much for many an unhappy girl.

To find out the spirit of the women of the middle classes, I jestingly asked some of them whether the Government had made any arrangements as to their conduct in case of invasion. "We don't need the Government to tell us what to do," was the reply. "If any Englishman tried to get into Berlin, or, for that matter, into any other German city, we'd scratch his eyes out." "And what about the French?" I inquired. "Oh!" came the answer, with a shrug of the shoulders, "they are harmless little fellows."

One evening, about eleven, the wife of a higher German officer called me up on the telephone; she seemed to be in a great state of mind. "I am in awful trouble," she explained, "I don't know where my husband is, or rather I do know, but I can't find the place on the map. Do tell me where it is!" And then she began to spell some name that sounded like a combination of Przemysl, and some of your Welsh names. I could not make it out. The only thing was to taxi up to her house and help in the search, which I did. After half an hour we found it. The name of the place was "Mntereczerem" (spelling guaranteed); it is situated about ten miles north-west of Nicolaiken, in East Prussia. She was greatly relieved (and so was I). The same lady some time ago travelled a day and a night, in slow trains, in order to catch a glimpse of her husband at one of the stations where he had to change. She saw him there for about half an hour. I know that a great many women are doing—or rather did—the same. The Government soon stopped this practice, as it gave an indication of the place to which troops were going, and the information might reach the enemy.

In every public place all over the country notices are

posted warning every German, whether soldier or civilian, man or woman, against discussing their relatives' whereabouts, their letters, plans, etc., because—so it runs—" spies of both sexes mingle freely amongst the public, and the most innocent remark, the merest suggestion, which might seem quite harmless to any of you, may cause the death of thousands of our soldiers."

It struck me very forcibly how almost fanatically pro-German English and American women, married to Germans, have become. All are thorough converts to the German cause. I am aware of several instances from personal knowledge.

There is, for example, the American Baroness von Below mentioned above. (Her husband, General von Below, successfully conducted several important operations in Poland.) Her outgoing mail every week runs into hundreds of letters, mostly to America. The majority of them are written by her personally.

" I try to write ten letters every day, explaining the German cause to my friends at home," she told me. " It is the least we women can do, while our husbands are daily risking their lives."

At Munich I met an old friend, also an American lady, who a few years ago married General Baron von Nagel, now chief of the Bavarian General Staff. For hours and hours we argued, and it was not her fault that I did not entirely change my mind about Germany's position in this war, and her share in its origin. She and her mother, also American by birth, but married to the Bavarian Count Frohberg, conducted a regular private Press bureau, employing something like ten girl stenographers and typewriters. I was inundated with their typewritten articles. One of them begins: " Has England hypnotized America ? " Another one starts with the query : " Is Germany a greater menace to the world's peace than England, this lost tribe of Israel, whose hatred of the whole world is proverbial ? " And again, in another one I read : " England hates America.

She despises France. The English occupation of Egypt and the Fashoda affair were not calculated to draw England closer to France. Russia is the *bête noire* of England." One of the articles, for American consumption of course, speaks of a cable sent by England to Japan, thanking her for her aid in sinking the German ships off the Falkland Islands. "Forty-three ships against five! And they rang their bells and hung out their flags, for it was a famous victory!"

The conclusion, though, of most of such diatribes lets the cat out of the bag:

"To starve Germany, to make her a PARIAH among nations, what a crime against civilization! America can stop this terrible war by refusing to sell arms to the belligerents, and by not assisting England to paralyse the world's commerce. Is there no Great Physician who can heal this malady of nations, and stop the depopulation of Germany, England and France?"

I have quoted from a few of these writings to show how thoroughly the German atmosphere does its work, and with what eager enthusiasm foreign-born women in Germany have taken up her cause. These examples are by no means the exception, they are the rule.

At the house of a well-known German official, I met a lady who had recently lost her son. With great pride she passed round, for general perusal, a letter received from his captain. I wanted, discreetly, to pass it on when it reached me, but was urged to read it. It was an interesting epistle, and the conclusion was very characteristic of the curiously mixed German temperament.

The captain's letter ended with:

"I laid the photograph of his fiancée and some flowers on his heart before we closed the grave."

It was what she described as a "divine" and glorious account, and I am sure it afforded much comfort to the otherwise heart-broken mother.

I think "complex" is a very mild description of the German character.

Speaking about letters reminds me of a very grim story about a certain epistle, alleged to have been written by a German nurse to the mother of a French wounded soldier. The copy that was shown me read :

"*Berlin*. . . .

"MADAME,

"Your son is seriously wounded, and is in a critical condition. His life depends entirely on my care.

"While attending him my mind runs back to a battle-field somewhere in France. My own son, slightly wounded, was lying there, but instead of being nursed and cared for as your son is at present, he was killed by a revolver bullet from one of your cowardly compatriots, perhaps even by the very man now under my care. I am not a saint, I am only human. I want to revenge my dead son. It is easy. To-night an over-dose of morphia will do justice for the death of my boy. I am sending you enclosed your son's last good-bye.

"M. W.

"Red Cross Nurse.

"P.S.—Madame, your son is safe. He will be well within two weeks. I have merely wanted to make you live for a minute the long hours of inconsolable mourning which will now be my life."

## CHAPTER XVI

### HUNTING WITH THE CAMERA

IT will seem strange, but it is a fact, that the man with a camera in the German lines is not treated half as badly as he is on allied territory. In France he is looked on as a dangerous criminal, and degenerates into a hunted pariah. (I am speaking from personal knowledge on both fronts.)

In Germany, if you have a permit, which is not at all difficult to obtain if you represent a neutral paper, you can practically photograph anyone or anything—with two notable exceptions. Anything connected with the Navy or with Zeppelins is taboo. You must not show a camera anywhere near the North Sea coast, the naval bases, or the Kiel Canal. If you have NO permit, as was my sad case, the best thing is to act as if you had one, and it is a hundred to one that nobody will bother you.

From the oldest General—not even excepting Hindenburg—to the youngest recruit, all soldiers dearly love to have their pictures taken. If the photographer happens to be a neutral, so much the better. In that case they combine duty and patriotism with pleasure. Because surely any photograph of the German Army must impress neutral countries with Germany's invincibility.

My harvest of snapshots was prolific. It would have needed a wagon-load of films to take all the scenes I was invited to immortalize. Everyone you came in contact with had something "sehr interessant," a

" priceless " study to show you. Of course, nine times out of ten his own effigy was included.

I soon found that I would have to husband my reserve of films, so, for every real photograph I took, I " snapshotted " at least ten others—in theory! I got quite expert in going through the feint of focussing, setting, snapping the camera and turning the film. The plains of Poland are strewn with cards and addresses of soldiers and officers, who think they have been photographed, and are still waiting (and, I fear, will continue to do so) for the " proofs."

But I will say they were a most obliging lot. Prisoners or transports were halted; guns were placed in position; travelling field-kitchens or bakeries were laboriously turned to the right side of the sun (if any); market-places were cleared of uninteresting civilians; shells were taken from their baskets; and one most obliging officer even went so far as to fire a few rounds of the field-gun (77), so as to enable me to photograph it " in action." Curiously enough, the pose he assumed betokened a greater affection for the camera than for the gun!

I photographed a spy, a Polish Jew, who had been caught cutting the telephone wires to headquarters. I did not mean to, but, absent-mindedly, I went through the real manipulations instead of the sham ones. They suggested I should photograph him while being shot; but I drew the line at that, I am sure greatly to the disappointment of the officer commanding the firing-squad.

Then there was the meeting between the German Emperor and the Crown Prince near Longwy. I photographed them both, a somewhat foolhardy thing to do, considering that I had no permit! Father and son were standing together watching some French prisoners march past. From where I stood I had quite a good view of my royal quarry, but I was anxious to get the Crown Prince's very intellectual profile. I flatter myself I succeeded very fairly well. But, as the shutter clicked,

the Crown Prince started, and, pointing his riding-whip at me, shouted: "Who is that?" My escort, a Colonel, who, of course, took it for granted that I had a permit, sprang to attention, and explained that I was a distinguished neutral journalist, and a personal acquaintance of General Baron von Nagel.*

Though I knew I was perfectly safe—the Colonel was responsible for my being there, and, naturally, he was not going to minimize my importance—I will admit that I had that peculiar feeling down my spine which makes you wonder "what is going to happen next."

It was by no means always plain sailing. It is an old but tried truism that if you don't have a set-back now and again, you begin to think that the world was built for your private amusement. I very nearly landed in prison for photographing a couple of Zeppelins. All my films were confiscated except one, an unexposed roll. But I managed, after the rolls had been counted, to substitute that one for an exposed film, and in that way saved a few Zeppelin pictures.

All persons who have taken photographs or moving pictures anywhere within the war zones must have three sets printed, and submit these to the Photograph Censor Department of the Great General Staff in Berlin. There they are inspected and stamped, and either passed for publication or refused. An interesting item of this department is that the head of it is also the senior partner of one of the largest cinema companies in Berlin, Messrs. Messter & Co. On the official instructions you receive, that firm is recommended for developing your films and plates. Herr Messter, through his position on the General Staff, is able to obtain free of charge for his firm—and makes a point of doing so—copies of all photographs and films obtained by neutral photographers.

* General von Nagel was at that time chief of the Bavarian General Staff. Some eight years ago I used to know his wife, an American lady, very well, and she kindly gave me a letter of introduction to her husband. I had not met him at the time; in fact, some hitches in my progress, which necessitated a sudden change of climate, prevented me from presenting that letter, and, alas! a great many others.

Just to annoy Herr Messter, I took this matter up, acting on behalf of an American cinema operator. I claimed that that man ought to receive a certain percentage of the proceeds derived by Messrs. Messter & Co. from the sale of his films to German users. The answer was that the films taken by neutral photographers are only passed for use in neutral countries, and that the privilege of exhibiting those pictures in Germany was a German prerogative! Moreover that he had had his films developed free of charge.

Some of my films were submitted to the General Staff Censor, and, let me get it off my mind at once, it was most galling to see many of my hard-earned snapshots reproduced in, and *paid for by*, German periodicals. I made a point of finding out whether they had been gratuitously distributed through the censor's office. This was *not* the case. They were *sold* by the firm of Messter & Co. to the trade.

Business is business—even at such a high-class institution as the General Staff.

But why should I grumble? It is a source of the greatest satisfaction to me that neither the General Staff nor Herr Messter ever laid eyes on the majority of my films! They were developed after my return to London by my very able agents, *The Sport and General Press Agency.*

To anyone looking for excitement, I can thoroughly recommend "hunting" with a camera in the war-zones.

## CHAPTER XVII

### "SPIRITUAL HUMOUR" (GERMAN VARIETY).

I MUST record a few examples of German war humour and sentiment. Wherever I went in Germany, be it to the Eastern front, Berlin, Kiel, Hamburg, etc., I was regaled with "proofs of Germany's unquenchable spirit."

Two Berliners are discussing the war. One has heard a rumour that China is going to join the Allies. "Heavens!" exclaims his friend, "is the whole world anxious to become German?"

Any railroad station.—Fritz has spent all his money and wants to touch Hans for half a mark to buy some beer and sandwiches. "Can't be done," said Hans. "All I have got left is a five-mark note, and I am saving that till I get to London."

In front of a book-store, Unter den Linden: In the window is exhibited a photograph of the Kaiser and the Czar embracing each other. Says a cobbler's assistant: "*Wouldn't* I like to be in Wilhelm's place now!"

In another book-store photographs of the Kaiser and King George are displayed, surmounted by the legend: "Cousins."

"Well, well, Wilhelm," says a little red-faced woman, "I must say, you have got some fine relations. *I'd* be ashamed of them."

Of course, the most popular stories are those about

Hindenburg. When the General returned to his headquarters at Lötzen, after the Battle of the Masurian Lakes, a large crowd of soldiers and civilians acclaimed him as their deliverer, and clamoured for a few words.

The General stood up in his car, and, pointing his finger upwards, gravely said:

"Thank HIM. He did it."

One day Hindenburg issued an Army Order stating that anyone who brought him a Russian flag would receive a thousand marks. A few days later a Jewish soldier appeared before the General, and delivered a Russian standard. "Well done, my son," said the General, as he pinned the Iron Cross on the brave private, "and here are your thousand marks."

The Jew looked at the thousand-mark note, and then timidly asked whether the General would please give it him in smaller change. The General wanted to know why, as he could not spend it in the trenches. "Ah!" replied the Jew, "you see, Excellency, the Russian who sold me the flag is waiting downstairs for his hundred marks."

When the Russian Generals heard about Hindenburg's promise of prize money for captured flags, they did the same. While Rennenkampf was in East Prussia, a large number of German flags were brought to him. They were beautiful affairs of black, blue or white plush, with gold lettering and gold and silver tassels. One day a Russian officer, who knew German, noticed these flags, and, when he read the inscriptions, burst into fits of uncontrollable laughter.

The German "regimental standards," for which Rennenkampf had been paying his thousand roubles a piece, turned out to be emblems of various East Prussian "Gesang Verein" ("choral societies"), such as one may find in every little village, every hamlet, all over the Fatherland.

At Insterburg, in East Prussia, where I risked a shave,

the barber had decorated one of the chairs with a placard' "In this chair General von Hindenburg sat and had his hair cut." I sat in the same chair, but all I can say is, that if the General's hair was cut as atrociously as I was shaved, I think he will wait till after his "triumphal march" into London for the next.

There is another Hindenburg Jew story which is very popular. A Jew was recommended for the Iron Cross. Hindenburg thought he would have his little joke with the man, and, incidentally, test the strength of his commercial instincts as compared with his patriotism. "Now tell me, comrade," asked Hindenburg, "which would you rather have—the Iron Cross or one hundred marks?"

The Jew pondered for a second or two, and then inquired what the intrinsic value of the Iron Cross might be. "Oh, about eight marks, I think," replied Hindenburg.

"Well, Excellency," said the Jew seriously, "then I'll have the Iron Cross and ninety-two marks, if you please."

Of course, there are the usual stories which are international. At any rate, I have heard the two following ones in both camps. One of the commonest relates to the scale of payment for snipers. For every private they kill they receive one mark, for a subaltern two marks, for a captain three marks, a colonel five marks.

"And how much for a General?" you perhaps innocently inquire. The answer is: "Two weeks C.B.!" ("confined to barracks").

Then there is the "grateful prisoner" story.

Two men have been taken prisoner. Impressed by, and full of gratitude for, the splendid treatment they have received (instead of being tortured to death as they had been led to expect), they beg their ——* captors

* Fill in nationality according as to which side you are on.

to allow them to return. They promise to come back at night with at least a hundred others. The officer in charge, of course, trusts them, and at nightfall the two grateful prisoners promptly return with their hundred compatriots.

A few days after England had declared war, a letter addressed to John Bull, London, was returned by the German postal authorities with the legend: "Firm dissolved."

At every railroad station in Germany you can always find a large number of officious female helpers. One of these, a young woman anxious to do her bit for the Fatherland, goes up to a wounded soldier, and asks him whether there is anything she can do for him. Would he like another pillow, would he like a sandwich, would he like some coffee, tea, milk, water? But our wounded keeps on shaking his head. Finally, the Fräulein asks whether she may sponge his face with vinegar. In exasperation the offer is accepted. When she has finished he says: "Now, Fräulein, I did not want to spoil your pleasure, but you are exactly the seventeenth that has been washing my face during the last hour."

The night England declared war on Germany, several very excited Englishmen rushed to the Friedrichstrasse Station, and asked the stationmaster the quickest way to get to London. "Well, gentlemen," said that suave official, "if I were you I would go and inquire at the General Staff. They are sure to know."

Says Thomas Atkins to a few of his brothers-in-arms: "Come, lads, let's go and starve the Germans out. We'll let them take us prisoner."

A German N.C.O. has been taken prisoner by a Russian N.C.O. He tries to regain his liberty by bribery. He offers one mark. The Russian shakes his head. No. Two marks? No. Three marks? The Russian remains adamant. Five marks? Then the Russian says: "No;

but I'll let you go and give you five roubles into the bargain, if you'll take me with you."

Two Berliners are sitting in Unter den Linden at night. "For heaven's sake, Hans, don't talk so much; people will take you for a foreigner."

An old proverb has been changed, or rather amended, as follows:

"Speech is silver; silence is golden, but lying is British."

The inscriptions on some of the railroad cars are often quite amusing, and . . . telling.

On a Bavarian troop train near Nuremberg was written:

"Young Lions! Do not rouse." ("Feeding is permitted.")

Same:

"Be careful! Bavarians!"

There is hardly a car or compartment that is without some inscription or other. Usually: "Nach Paris," "Nach London," or "Nach Petersburg."

On a car at Allenstein Station was announced:

"Next month great public auction. The skin of the Czar." (A case of dividing the bear's skin before it is caught.)

One inscription announced: "Change of Name. Formerly 'William Peaceful & Co.,' now 'Ironeater & Son.'"

A very popular joke is the one about German diplomats. The story goes that George and William had finally come to terms.

"All right," says William, "you give me back my Colonies, pay me so much war indemnity, and I'll withdraw my armies from Belgium and France."

"Right-o!" says George, and sits down to write out the agreement. As he is about to append his signature to the document, the Kaiser suddenly exclaims:

" Hold on a minute. There is one little clause I forgot. Of course, England must agree to take over all our diplomats."

Thereupon George in great anger throws down his pen and replies :

" Nothing doing ! What do you take me for ? "—adding that, if William wants those terms, he prefers to go on fighting. (And so they did.)*

An amusing story is told about a Turco, who was taken prisoner early in the war. When he came to the prison camp, evidently never having seen, let alone slept in, a bed, he refused to lie down. It was only with the greatest difficulty, accompanied by physical persuasion, that they finally got him under the blankets.

The next morning, long after all the other prisoners had risen, our friend the Turco was still in bed, and he positively refused to get up. The only answer he made (with a broad smile of satisfaction on his face) to the different expostulations of his fellow-prisoners and guards was the ejaculation : " Paradiso, Paradiso ! "

I came across a most typical example of that curious mixture of morbid sentiment and humour in one of the hospitals in Berlin.

Passing through one of the wards I noticed on the shelf above one of the wounded the photograph of a French private. Thinking that he was a Frenchman, I stopped and spoke to him. But he shook his head, and the doctor explained that he was a German.

" What about that French photograph ? " I inquired.

The explanation was to be found on the back. After the French private's name was written :

" He died a hero's death on 18.12.14 *through me.*" (The italics are mine.)

And that is what Germans call " Geistiger Humor "—*i.e.*, " Spiritual humour ! "

* The author of " J'accuse " tells this story, too, in his book. I hope he will take my word for it that I am not plagiarizing. I heard the anecdote in Germany long before his book came out.

# PART II

## *MY TRIP TO THE EASTERN FRONT AND VISIT TO HINDENBURG*

## CHAPTER XVIII

### PRELIMINARIES

### MY TRIP TO THE EASTERN FRONT AND VISIT TO HINDENBURG

"THIS is all you will need in Germany," said young Hindenburg, nephew of the great General, as he gave me a letter of introduction to his illustrious uncle. And he was right. That letter proved an Open Sesame wherever I went in Germany. It would be interesting to know how many people read it (it was open, of course) before I finally presented it to Hindenburg himself.

The only difficulties I met with occurred in Berlin. There, what with the bickerings and jealousies between the Foreign Office and the General Staff, I was kept waiting while the weeks slipped by. At the General Staff, as soon as they had seen my letter to Hindenburg they were quite agreeable, but the Foreign Office was not. They wanted me to serve the usual term of three months' apprenticeship, customary for all neutral journalists. They wanted to make certain that I was really "neutral" (read: pro-German).

As Baron Mumm, of the Foreign Office, put it: "We want to know you a little bit better, and, ahem! see something of your work."

When my permits for the Eastern front remained elusive I called on those two ever-valiant allies of all intrepid and adventurous journalists—"Cheek and

Chance "—and decided that, pass or no pass, I would go and present my letter to General Hindenburg, or . . . land in gaol in the attempt!

I must explain here that the whereabouts of Hindenburg's headquarters were by no means as common knowledge in Germany, as British or French headquarters are in England and France. It is a carefully-guarded secret, and I am sure that not one German in ten thousand knew in those days where Hindenburg really was. To go off in search of Hindenburg along an eight-hundred-mile-front would be like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack, and be, to say the least, a somewhat dangerous wild-goose chase. I was up against a difficult proposition.

To ask anyone in the know outright would have been very unwise, not to say downright foolhardy; and, anyhow, would not have had the desired effect. Newspaper correspondents, whether German or neutral, were just as ignorant of Hindenburg's whereabouts as the great majority of people. With the exception of von Wiegand, I doubt whether any neutral journalist has ever been to Hindenburg's headquarters, or at least had, at that time.

I had to resort to strategy, and I regret to say that it took the shape of French champagne, which, as I soon discovered, was the most popular beverage amongst the officers of the Berlin General Staff.

You could propose to an officer from the War Office or from one of the line regiments a bottle of Rhine wine, a cocktail, a whisky and soda, or even beer; but "Generalstäbler" and "Die Garde" would look askance at such common drinks. Nothing but French vintage would do for them. But it was money well spent. Some of the most interesting and, let me quickly add, some of the most truthful information I obtained was over a bottle of Perrier-Jouet, Pol Roger, Pommery, and other French wines. If ever it needed proof, I found it in Germany that: "*In vino veritas.*"

## PRELIMINARIES

The fates were kind to me. I think Dame Fortune must have a sneaking regard for journalism. Maybe it is a sign of the times—" It pays to advertise."

After a week of night sittings—some of them all-night affairs—one of my many esteemed guides and advisers, Major Herwarth von Bitterfeld, of the General Staff, revealed to me one night in the small hours the magic name of Hindenburg's headquarters.

True, it was not until we had drained the third bottle of Pol Roger; but, then, what are three bottles amongst . . . enemies!

I knew that Hindenburg had been at the Fortress of Posen for some time, so in the course of conversation I mentioned the magnificent old castle there as such a fit and appropriate place for Hindenburg.

" Why, man," roared the now genial Major, forgetting that my rooms were flanked by occupied bedrooms, and that the hour was 3.30 a.m., " I think you m-m-must be d-d-drunk, or are you a-ssleep? You're a fine sort of wide-awake journalist. Hindenburg left Posen months ago. At present he is at Fortress Boyen, near that dirty little hole, Lötzen. No castle there, I can tell you."

The Major was in that happy condition, the borderland between sober and drunk. Perhaps it was a good thing, because otherwise he might have seen me catch my breath and noticed the sudden gleam in my eye. It may not strike you as affording cause for so much satisfaction, but, all I can say is, that if you had tried for six weeks to learn the name of a certain place, and especially one of extreme importance, well . . . I was satisfied.

" They DO keep changing about," I remarked in an offhand way.

" Rather," acquiesced the Major. " They have to. The whole Eastern front is simply honeycombed with spies. We learnt from several sources that the Russians would rather see Hindenburg shot than take a hundred thousand prisoners. They believe that he is the key-

stone, the very heart and brains of our Eastern campaign."

"And isn't he?" I inquired. (This last remark suggested hidden possibilities.) The Major looked wise—that is, as wise as it was possible for him to look in his condition. He lifted his glass to me, tried to wink one eye, but could not make up his mind which, so winked both, and slowly said: "Eh, speaking about our friend the enemy, the Russians, here is our daily toast to them, 'Long life to Grand Duke Nicholas,' or, as our Irish friends would say, 'May his shadow never grow less.'"

After having drained his glass, he wiped his mouth and moustache with the back of his hand, and then settled down a bit deeper into my best arm-chair. "Hindenburg is a great General, but Ludendorff is—his Chief of Staff," he pronounced cryptically. "If the truth were known, you would find that Ludendorff is the real brains of our Eastern campaign." Alas! at this juncture the Major crossed the borderline, and not many minutes later was snoring merrily. I wanted to get rid of him now, as I had to plan MY Eastern campaign. I telephoned downstairs to the "American Bar," and when I heard that some of the Major's cronies were still down there, asked that someone should be sent up to fetch him. Two of them came, but another "brimful" hour elapsed before I got rid of them. I learnt the next morning that they continued the session downstairs in the bar till nearly 7 a.m.

And now to work. "Feste Boyen," "Lötzen," "Feste Boyen," "Lötzen," where the devil may they be? Truth to tell, I had never heard of either of them, but the excellent German General Staff maps soon helped me out. Boyen is a small fortress in the Masurian Lake district, near the town of Lötzen, and in close proximity to the Polish frontier. They lay at quite a respectable distance from Berlin. I discovered that if I could board one of the special Eastern trains, running nightly from Berlin to Allenstein—a ten hours' trip—I would then be

within about seventy miles of the Eastern headquarters. Once at Allenstein, I would have to trust to luck once more and either hire a motor, persuade someone to give me a lift, or manage to steal on board one of the military trains.

Then I went to bed and slept the sleep of the successful, the sweetest sleep of all.

## CHAPTER XIX

### BERLIN—ALLENSTEIN

MEETING WITH YOUNG VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG—ARREST IN THE FORTRESS OF POSEN . . . IN PYJAMAS

IN the afternoon I went shopping. I bought all that was necessary for a winter trip into Poland. True, I already had a fair outfit, but, of course, I could not be seen leaving the hotel with any luggage. I would not have gone far! I placed my purchases in a suit-case and drove to the Friedrichstrasse Station, where I deposited it in the cloak-room. At night I dined at the hotel, not omitting to dress as usual, went to the hotel office and engaged a seat for one of the theatres and proceeded thither.

The Eastern Express was scheduled to leave at 11 p.m. At 10.40 I telephoned from a public call-office to the hotel that I had met an old friend and was going to spend a few days with him.

The Friedrichstrasse Station is the Charing Cross and Victoria combined of Berlin, only still more important. There are few military trains that do not either start from there or pass through. That is the reason why it is one of the best guarded stations in Germany and one of the hardest to get into.

When I alighted from my taxi at the Friedrichstrasse Station, there were a number of soldiers standing close to the entrance. They all jumped into position and saluted. That gave me a sudden inspiration. Though

I was not wearing a uniform, of course, I had the next best thing to it. I wore my long British-made automobile coat, buttoned high *à la militaire,* a green peakless cap with a chin strap (quickly lowered), and on it the large badge of a neutral coat-of-arms.

" Here, you ! " I bawled at them in my best imitation of a German lieutenant's tone of voice. The effect was dynamic. All five ran towards me, saluted, clicked their heels, and shouted in chorus: " Zu Befehl ! " I don't know to this day why I did not burst out in a fit of convulsive laughter. The situation appealed to my sense of humour. I took out my cloak-room ticket, gave it to the nearest one, placed a mark on top of it (one shilling; the charge is ten pfennigs—*i.e.,* a fraction of a penny), and, still acting my part, said: " Go to the cloak-room and get my bag, pay for it, keep the change, but be damned quick about it." " Zu Befehl ! " shouted the man again, and there was something triumphant in the tone of his voice. There was envy in the eyes of his less fortunate comrades. He saluted scientifically, turned right about in a manner that showed his perfect training, and then went off at the double for my bag. Though I saw at least a dozen other passengers near the luggage office, " my man " was back in the twinkling of an eye, and, saluting again, asked what my orders were. I discovered suddenly that I had forgotten to send an important dispatch, so I went to the telegraph office, leaving a hundred-mark note in the hands of my overawed private (by the banknote, of course), after having shouted to him " Erster Allenstein " (" First class, Allenstein "). Five minutes later he met me with the ticket. I could have hugged him, German or no German, and almost felt like telling him to keep the change. I soon discovered that my ticket was what is called a " Militärbillet." Of course, I was much surprised at that, because I never told the man to ask for a *military* ticket; but it was too late to change now, so we passed through the gate, taking the salutes of ticket-puncher, two policemen and various soldiers.

The soldier deposited my bag in a first-class sleeping compartment, saluted, and wanted to be off. But not so hasty, my friend. I liked the look of that guardsman; it gave me an appearance of authority, not to say respectability, to have him standing there so straight and respectful. I thought it might be a good plan to keep him in attendance till my train left. That was supposed to be in less than ten minutes, but one never knows in war-time. So I told him that I had one or two letters to write which I wanted him to post for me. I kept him there for nearly twenty minutes while I wrote letters to imaginary people, and also gave myself several opportunities of hearing that short, crisp, businesslike, and very welcome: "Zu Befehl, Herr Offizier!"

Shortly after 11 p.m., on a cold March night, I left Berlin on my way to see Hindenburg. "How far would I get?" was a question which frequently entered my mind. Dame Fortune still seemed to favour me.

At the next station (Berlin—Exchange) several officers boarded the train. One of them, a very young "Fähnrich" (*i.e.*, Ensign), entered my compartment. Of course, he noticed at once my evening clothes, my military-looking great-coat, and the badge on my cap, and—like a German—was not going to take any chances. (The German reasoning in rendering military salutes is somewhat on the following lines: "When in doubt, presume he's a General; you may be wrong, but it's better to treat a Captain as a General, than a General as a Captain.") So he saluted, clicked his heels, bowed and begged my thousand pardons for having to disturb me; but, "if I would graciously permit it," his sleeping-car ticket assigned to him the upper berth of my compartment. Of course, I did graciously permit it, and soon put him at his ease. But though he was soon reassured that I was not a General, I made a point of showing him my letter of introduction to von Hindenburg, which had almost the same effect. He jumped up again, apologized, clicked his heels, etc., and inquired whether

At Allenstein Station. Von Bethmann-Hollweg, nephew of the Chancellor, left, Lieutenant von Flewe, right.

[*Facing p.* 128.

The author in his "uniform," somewhere in Poland.

[*Facing p.* 129.

I was *sure* I did not mind his remaining there, etc., etc.

He left me, evidently to tell his friends about it, and a little later there came a procession of seven of them to the door of my compartment, to pay—please don't laugh—their respects. One after another they stood in the narrow opening, saluted, clicked their heels so as to make their spurs ring, and, in short, snappy words said: "Erlaube die Ehre mich vorzustellen, von Plewe" ("I have the honour to present myself, von Plewe"), and off he marched to make room for the next, who repeated to a word the same formula. In that way I met young von Bethmann-Hollweg, cousin of the German Chancellor. Be it said right here, I found him a very decent fellow. There was no dining or restaurant car on that train (most of them had been transformed into ambulance cars), but, nevertheless, we found conviviality in spirits. Purely as a matter of precaution against the cold, I had amongst my provisions a large bottle of old French cognac. I little thought when I bought it in the morning that scarcely twelve hours later it would begin its career of usefulness. We sat up till after two a.m.—Plewe, von Bethmann, young Freiherr von ——, and another officer whose name I have forgotten. My bottle was soon emptied, but was replaced by one from a parcel—a "Liebesgabe" ("love-gift") which a pretty admirer had sent to von Plewe. They had been on four days' leave, and were now rejoining their regiment.

I asked them whether they were by any chance passing through "Lötzen," and it is a good thing that my voice did not reveal all the anxiety that was in my heart. Alas! no; they were only going as far as Allenstein, and from there were continuing by car to Ortelsburg. Lötzen was in the opposite direction. What a pity! It would have been so pleasant to travel all the way in such congenial company. They assured me that I would have no difficulty at Allenstein in finding suitable transport to Lötzen, as there were always numerous cars passing up and down to headquarters; and if none of

these could take me, there were also frequent military trains. "Of course," von Bethmann concluded, "anyone in your position" (I could not help smiling at this—mentally, of course) "won't have the slightest difficulty in obtaining permission to travel by any conveyance that is available."

Needless to say, I did not sleep much that night. First, because of the excitement of the adventure; secondly, because I wanted to see as much as I could of the places we passed through; thirdly, because—well, never mind the third reason.

We arrived at the fortress of Posen at 4 a.m. As we had half an hour to wait, I thought a little walk might be interesting and beneficial! I slipped my great-coat over my pyjamas, thrust my bare feet in my pumps, and a minute later was out on the platform.

Posen was at the time, and for that matter still is, one of the most important points in the German lines of communication. It is a formidable fortress and the railhead of a number of strategic railroads from east, west, north and south.

All communications with the Eastern front pass through Posen. Lines from Breslau (and through Breslau to Galicia), from Berlin, Frankfurt, Stettin, Thorn, Danzig and Königsberg meet here. It is, so to speak, the point of distribution for men and material for the Eastern front. Now that Germany has penetrated further into Russia, and is able to use several other *points d'appui*, Posen is not as vital a spot as in those earlier days. Needless to say that it was most zealously guarded against spies and "accidents" of any kind.

The Germans believe in the old axiom that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Foreigners were rarely permitted to visit Posen. The few who did had to furnish themselves with numerous permits and passes.

Every track of the large station was occupied by military trains, mostly filled with troops. One train of nearly forty trucks was loaded exclusively with auto-

mobiles. What an eloquent story the different freight-cars told. There were very few German ones amongst them. Most of them bore French and Belgian names—Lille, Maubeuge, Brussels, Dinant, Liége, Anvers—all bearing the usual legend of so many " Hommes " and so many " Chevaux." All appearances pointed to the fact that Hindenburg was once more shuffling his armies about the chess-board Poland.

That is the place I found myself at one March morning about 4 a.m.

I had felt somewhat tempted to invite my fellow-traveller, the young ensign, to accompany me. (It is always well to be properly chaperoned in such places as Posen when short of permits.) But considering that it was his last night in bed, I had not the heart to wake him up and drag him out. I thought of borrowing his helmet, and tried it on; but, alas! it was about three sizes too small, and stuck on the back of my head like the familiar monkey cap.

About a hundred yards from the platform I noticed a large electric sign: " RESTAURATION." I thought that a cup of hot coffee might be an excellent " chaser " of my train-sickness, and before long I was blowing over a cup of the welcome brew.

It came near to being the most expensive cup of coffee I had ever touched.

The waiting-room was filled with soldiers and presented a picture worthy of the brush of a De Neuville or a Detaille. The scene was interesting: Soldiers of all ranks, ages and branches filled the large hall. Every one of them was in full field kit, and the majority still wore small nosegays on their helmets, in their button-holes, and sometimes even in the muzzle of their rifles. I did not omit to look at their shoulder-straps, just for the sake of curiosity, and discovered that they belonged to the 21st, 22nd and 25th Infantry Brigades and the 63rd and the 157th Cavalry Brigades.

They seemed quite cheerful, and several of them were

singing in quartette or quintette a song telling of the future meeting in the Vaterland! A strange thing I noticed was the entire absence of beer. The strongest drink any grizzled paterfamilias was drinking was lemonade or soda-water. Naturally I at once jumped to the conclusion: "Aha! shortage." But I was wrong. When in an offhand manner I ordered a glass of "Münchener," the waiter promptly carried out my order. I was near a group of sergeants and saw them casting envious eyes at the frothing mug. Calling one of them over, I inquired about this curious phenomenon of Germans drinking lemonade. He soon explained it to me. Except at the front—that is, anywhere in the firing-line—soldiers cannot buy a drop of alcohol of any kind. "Do you know," he said, "that I have not had a drop of beer for nearly a month? You see, in Poland we can only get it by buying a whole barrel. Sometimes we club together, but we have to pay six marks (six shillings) for the cask alone. This money is refunded if the barrel is returned in good condition to the brewery. You can imagine what chance there is of that when all available space for transport is required for the wounded, or for goods that need repairing."

Of course, he had an ulterior motive in telling me all this, and it soon came out. Smacking his lips for the hundredth time, he continued: "Ahem! might I ask a favour? WOULD you be so kind as to order another glass of beer for yourself, and—ahem!—permit me to drink it?" And at this he tried to slip a small coin (ten pfennigs) into my hand, explaining that of course he would pay for the beer himself.

The situation tickled my sense of humour. Here was I in Posen, one of Germany's most important fortresses and a symbol of Prussian militarism, innocent of any permit, in my English pyjamas under my English great-coat, representing an English publication, and being politely asked by a German sergeant, who, if he had had the slightest inkling of my identity would have torn me

limb from limb, or at least arrested me, to buy a glass of beer for him which he himself could not obtain. If this situation does not upset all the laws of probability, I don't know what does.

I ordered that glass of beer, and nine more, and paid for them with greater pleasure than I ever did for a drink before.

The sergeant and his two friends who had joined him thanked me most profusely, and warmly shook hands. The waiter winked an eye at our group every time I ordered another "Münchener," and pretended admiration for my speed and capacity.

But when I wanted to leave the waiting-room and return to my train, the fun started. I had left the platform and entered the restaurant without being waylaid at all. But twenty minutes later I found at all the doors, beside the usual ticket collector, a policeman and a soldier. Shades of Napoleon! No ticket, no permit, no identification paper of any kind, not even a visiting card. I had been a fool.

The policeman looked searchingly at me and seemed to compare me with some sort of a description he held in his hand. Conscience stricken, I of course jumped immediately to the conclusion that my departure from Berlin had already been discovered. And after having played Lady, or rather "Sir," Bountiful to those sergeants. What beastly luck!

It goes without saying that they made all the fuss they possibly could and strenuously interlarded their dissertation with the word "Verboten." Of course, I offered to take them to my compartment and show them all the permits in Germany. I explained that I had had a sudden attack of some kind or another, cold, thirst, anything. I was asked to open my great-coat, so as to show that I was unarmed and undisguised. I did. The three of them, joined by a group of soldiers, stared at my purple-striped pyjamas with deep interest, when suddenly a voice exclaimed "Engländer." I can

assure you that never did a word affect me so. It seemed to start in my brain and slowly trickle down my spine, oozing out at my toe and returning through another one, and going the same way back. "Engländer" and "Posen." Brr! The whole audience was electrified. Curses! Why didn't I do in Germany as the Germans do and wear a respectable nightshirt.

And my train was due to leave in about eight minutes!

"Ja, ja!" growled a policeman in reply to my protests, "Aber Sie sind kein Deutscher." ("Yes, that's all very well, but you are not German.") It was finally decided to send for the stationmaster and the officer in charge of the station guard. When they came we adjourned to my compartment to verify my statements. Off we marched. I was in the centre, flanked by a policeman on one side and a soldier with a loaded rifle on the other. Half a hundred men, mostly military, followed us, and I heard many an ominous whisper of "Spion" and "Engländer." At first I intended to take them to my own compartment and try the old trick of showing them Hindenburg's letter. But on second thoughts I feared that after all this fuss, and being without a permit, the letter might prove insufficient for once. When we boarded the sleeping car, I went straight to von Bethmann-Hollweg's berth, woke him up, and privately explained the situation. I did not omit to mention that the officer of the station guard was a mere infantry subaltern. Bethmann-Hollweg was out of his berth in half a second, clapped on his helmet and put on his tunic. He wore what the authoress of "Elisabeth and her German Garden" describes as "the night attire that is still, thank Heaven, characteristic of every honest German gentleman." The effect was startling. He looked like a military Amazon. Thus clothed, he rushed out into the narrow corridor, and faced my would-be gaolers.

I wish I could reproduce here verbatim Bethmann-Hollweg's homily. It was so beautifully, utterly and characteristically German. It was magnificent. It was

a classic. Oh! such language. His words made the very carriage shake; at least, they had that effect upon the luckless young lieutenant, the fat policeman and the private.

In a voice that would have wakened the dead, Hollweg demanded to know how they dared have the impertinence to molest his distinguished foreign friend? Did they realize who I was? Did they know that I was a personal friend of General von Hindenburg and on my way to join his Staff? Did they know who *he* (himself) was? His name was von Bethmann-Hollweg, Captain in the 3rd Dragoons. How did they dare have the impertinence to enter this private carriage, how did they dare to arouse a car of officers—officers, sir—this to the young lieutenant—who are in the fighting line, NOT a hundred and fifty miles behind it, growing fat and lazy! Perhaps they would like to see *his* pass? Would they?

Well, by all the "pigs' snouts" in Germany, if they did not get out of his car in two shakes, he would have them kicked out by his servant.

That, as far as it is fit for reproduction here, is about the substance of this nocturnal oration, call it curtain lecture, if you like (in view of Hollweg's attire), which once again made me a free man.

During the entire harangue the three had stood at attention, literally shaking in their boots. They needed no second "Raus" ("Get out") to make them run. They disappeared as fast as ever they could pick their way over topboots and other military paraphernalia in the dark corridor.

That is how I escaped Posen gaol, and who knows what else.

Even to-day I can raise a laugh at the memory of Bethmann-Hollweg in his peculiar get-up, the torrential flow of abuse and sarcasm that fell from his lips, and the terrified officials who took to their heels as soon as ever they could. The whole situation was ludicrous in the extreme.

## CHAPTER XX

### ALLENSTEIN

WE arrived at Allenstein about 9.30 a.m., only ten minutes over scheduled time, which, considering the fact that troop and ambulance trains had been running all night, was very good work. We went to the hotel " Deutsches Haus " and had an excellent breakfast. In order to procure a bread ticket we all had to take a room. I saw not the least sign there, although within comparatively short distance of the Polish frontier and of the Russians, of any shortage of food. The bread ticket seemed merely a matter of form, because we received a great deal more than the small coupon marked " 25 gram " entitled us to.

Early in the war the Russians visited Allenstein and were there for four days. I have talked to scores of Germans, inhabitants of the town, and did not find a single one amongst them who had the least complaint to make concerning the conduct of the " Russian hordes and barbarians," as the Huns call them. The Mayor of Allenstein was decorated by the Kaiser with the Iron Cross, and, if ever there was a man who deserved it, it was that mayor. He should be made ambassador.

The story of how he earned it will bear re-telling, especially as it has the additional merit of being true.

When the Russians came within ten miles of Allenstein, Mayor Zuelch, accompanied by several of the city fathers, met them.

Mayor Zuelch, when he was brought in the presence of the General in command, handed over the gold keys of the city, and begged him to consider the place his. The Russian General—evidently knowing his German—invited the Mayor and his city councillors to remain with him until they reached Allenstein. Incidentally, he warned them that if any tricks should be played the most severe counter-measures would be taken; and that, if the Russian troops should meet with any treachery on the part of the townspeople, Allenstein would be burnt. The Mayor protested his goodwill, assuring him that there were no German soldiers left at Allenstein, and that the citizens would not commit any act of war. "Therefore, my dear General," pleaded the diplomatic mayor, "since Allenstein from to-day on to all intents and purposes becomes as much Russian as Petersburg is, why should you destroy it? You would be destroying your own property!"

I obtained some very interesting information at Allenstein throwing further light on the German character. When I was making inquiries among the natives about the conduct of the Russians, and asked whether there had been any plundering, the answer was startling:

"Yes, there had been a good deal of ransacking of shops and restaurants, but *not* by the Russians. The day before they occupied Allenstein—that is, on August 25th (1914)—the population absolutely lost its head. The majority of them, with their beds, trunks and all belongings that were transportable, left by road and rail, and at nightfall the number of inhabitants had shrunk from forty thousand to five thousand. The remainder thereupon ran riot, plundered the shops, restaurants, the station buffet, and even private houses. The mob was absolutely past control. I WAS ASSURED BY SEVERAL WELL-KNOWN CITIZENS THAT THEY HAD NOT EVEN THE EXCUSE OF HUNGER. When a sober, though panic-stricken, population starts plundering its *own* city, what can one expect from soldiers, drunk with the lust of

battle, intoxicated by wine and rum, and in the enemy's country?

Only after the arrival of the Russians was order restored. Before the main body of Russian troops entered the city, sentries with loaded rifles were placed in front of every shop, hotel and restaurant. They had instructions to fire at any one, friend or foe, who tried to enter those premises except on legitimate business.

Russian sentries protecting a German city from its own rabble! Indeed, here was a pretty story.

I have been through every part of Allenstein, but not a house, not a tree, had been damaged or destroyed. When I wandered through the streets and parks and listened to the stories of the late Russian invasion, my mind flew back to Belgium; I thought of Namur, Louvain, Termonde, Nieuport, Dixmude, Ypres. . . .

And the Germans speak of "Russian hordes!"

At night, during dinner, while talking with one of the garrison officers, I compared the condition of Allenstein and East Prussia in general with that of Belgium, as I had seen it in the early days of 1915.

"Ah! that was quite a different matter," he told me. "You see, the Allensteiners were polite to the enemy; they simply bowed their heads to the inevitable, and bid the conquerors welcome. What would you? This was war, and one has to swallow one's pride sometimes. But Belgium—why, those people had offered resistance, had actually fired at the German troops. Think of that, sir, civilians firing at German soldiers!"

I have learnt the value of silence these last two years, so I did not enter into an argument by asking the officer by what right the Germans had invaded a peaceful country with which they had no quarrel.

There is one criticism, though, that I must make about the Russian command at Allenstein, viz., the shortsightedness of not having blown up the two prominent railway bridges.

Allenstein is a point where six railroads, from as

German trench telescope.

[*Facing p.* 138.

Allenstein : Headquarters of the 20th Army Corps.

The twin bridges at Allenstein.

[*Facing p.* 139.

many different directions, meet. It was at that time the most important centre for the movement and distribution of troops in that part of the war zone. It is my opinion that it should have been the first care of the Russian command to have had everything in readiness to blow up those two bridges. That would have disorganized for a considerable time the German lines of communication. The Germans suddenly returned, and in large numbers. The Russian troops in Allenstein had to withdraw in great haste. At the eleventh hour two men tried to destroy the bridges, but both were shot before they were able to carry out their object. Those two bridges stand to-day as they did before the war.

Here, again, the genius of the mayor worsted the Russians. The day after their arrival at Allenstein the Russian General informed the mayor that he was going to blow up the two railway bridges on the southern side of the town. The mayor remonstrated with him, and pointed out that this would be not only useless, but actually prejudicial to their own interests. German trains would never utilize them again; but, on the other hand, it was more than likely that ere long the Russians themselves would need them for military transport en route for Berlin ! ! !

How it was possible that the Russians had no information of the German army corps that was advancing on their right flank is a riddle to me, and to all who have followed this part of the campaign. Where were the Russian aviators ?

The porter of the hotel " Deutsches Haus " was also decorated. As it appeared that he had been in his present job since long before the war, I wondered how he had earned his Iron Cross. He told me. It was a clever story, and I made a point of verifying it. After the main body of Russians had left Allenstein, four Russian Staff officers, who had been on an automobile reconnaissance, returned to the hotel. There they learnt that all their colleagues had left, and that the

Germans were at hand. It seems that they had some important documents in their rooms which they were anxious to save. They rushed to the elevator, ordered the attendant to take them upstairs, to the third floor, and told him to wait. A few minutes later, when they descended, the lift stopped half-way between the second and the third floor. They smashed the roof and tried to climb out, but they could not reach the next floor. Their shouts for help met, of course, with no response. They remained imprisoned in that lift for over an hour. When the Germans arrived, strange to say, the mechanism suddenly started working once more. The German Uhlan officers "liberated" the captives, but only to make them prisoners in another form.

That porter knows a thing or two about elevators and electrical engineering.

I think this is one of the greatest hard-luck stories I have come across during the war.

My train acquaintances left me in the afternoon for their ultimate destination, the small town of Ortelsburg, some fifteen miles south of Allenstein, and in a district that has seen much fighting.

Before they left we all wrote a number of picture post-cards, and, of course, according to German custom, everybody signed his name to everybody else's message. Bethmann sent a card to a mutual acquaintance at the Foreign Office in Berlin, which he asked me to sign. I took great care that my signature was an unreadable hieroglyphic. Still, after all, it was perfectly safe, because I was entrusted with the posting of the cards. I thought it wiser not to set the official mind wondering who the "charming journalist" was that Bethmann mentioned. (I posted it a month later from Stettin on the day I bid farewell to the Fatherland.)

Before I left, Bethmann had taken me to the head-quarters of the 20th Army Corps, commanded by General Count von Schlieffen. In the absence of the General, he presented me to Major von der Goltz, nephew of the

late Field-Marshal. General von Schlieffen was expected back about 6 p.m. When I returned at that hour, von der Goltz introduced me to his chief. I must frankly admit that German or no, I found him a most delightful, genial and courteous man. I produced—I wonder how many times I had done so before—the precious letter of introduction to General von Hindenburg.

He read it, and then inquired what he could do for me. I told him that I was anxious to get over to Lötzen and present my letter.

"Oh, we will soon arrange that. I am going on an inspection trip to-morrow morning to Nicolaiken, which is only about twenty miles from Headquarters. If I cannot take you there myself I will get you a car."

"I hope you have not brought too much luggage," he added, smilingly, and then warned me: "But remember, 6.30 a.m., my friend."

I would not have minded if it had been 4.30.

Really, I began to get worried; such is the perversity of human nature. Everything was running as smoothly as if it had been mapped out for me beforehand, and I—I distrusted my good fortune. It just seemed *too* easy. Where was this much vaunted German thoroughness? where was that German carefulness, shrewdness and system? Here I was without a permit, without any military document whatsoever, only my letter to Hindenburg, which, for all they knew of its authenticity, I might have written myself. Here was I in the German lines hobnobbing with officers of all ranks and planning motor trips with the General commanding an army corps. It really seemed ludicrous. My belief in the infallibility of the German system had received another rude shock.

But I was punished for my ingratitude and distrust of Dame Fortune.

I spent a most interesting half-hour with General von Schlieffen. He showed me a number of magnificent German Staff maps of Poland, pointed out to me the various Russian and German positions, and told me a

great deal of Hindenburg's plans for the future. When I bid him good-bye I had to promise him that we would meet at dinner later in the evening. I was almost outside the door of the map room when he suddenly called out: "Of course, Herr Beaufort, you have all your passes and permits from the Berlin General Staff in order?"

Well, that dished me. Wasn't this disgusting, wasn't this absolutely heart-breaking? After having bluffed my way from Berlin to close on the Polish frontier, almost within earshot of the Russian guns, after . . . What was the use, what did anything matter now? I felt like turning round and telling the General to go ahead and do his worst.

Re-entering the room, I feigned great surprise at his question. Why, of course, I had my passport, and then that letter to Hindenburg, also an introduction to General von Below—yes, most assuredly, all my papers were in order.

Yes, yes, he knew all that; but what he meant was a permit to visit the front and the official pass issued by the General Staff in Berlin, necessary in order to be able to enter the "Etappenlinie" ("Lines of Communication").

Again I looked surprised. "Oh, really! Well, no; you see, I only want to go and shake hands with the famous General. I do not wish to go to the front at all. Oh, dear no! all that would come later on, when the journalists go in nice little batches of six, on personally-conducted tours of the battle-field. No, this was merely a preliminary journey to go and present a letter of introduction." My God! how I talked, and how I tried to side-track him on to another subject.

But it was no use. He would insist on getting back to his subject—the Berlin permit. I had acted absolutely against all precedent. How did I know where Hindenburg was? Who had told me? It was a great secret. How had I got to Allenstein? How had I got into the Friedrichstrasse Station and the train without a permit?

and a dozen similar questions. It was a complicated business.

He called Major von der Goltz into the room and told him the situation. Von der Goltz was a sport. He observed that since I had got this far, it might be just as well to let me finish my trip, and suggested telephoning to Lötzen. In that way they could shift the responsibility on to Headquarters. "I would be only too delighted to take you without all this fuss," explained von Schlieffen; "but we must obey orders, and I might get into awful trouble myself. You are in the lines of communication, where no civilians except those that live in the district are permitted without a special pass."

I suppose I should have been thankful that I was not locked up at once. He promised to telephone to Lötzen and ask whether he might bring me over the next morning. He would let me know the answer when we met at dinner.

Huh! I could have told him the answer right there and then. You see, it is a rule that has no exception, that when it comes to asking a favour over the telephone, especially when there is a doubtful element in the case—and a war correspondent these days always is a doubtful element—the surest and simplest answer is invariably "No." This rule is international, it applies to all countries and to all languages. I assure I speak from bitter and manifold experience.

I walked back to the hotel, less chirpy than I had left it an hour or so ago. At eight o'clock his Excellency appeared, and with many assurances of regret reported, as they say in Parliament: "The answer is in the negative." He was very sorry that he would have to miss my charming society on the morrow; but one of General Hindenburg's Staff Officers had told him that I could not possibly continue my journey under the circumstances, and would either have to return to Berlin and arrange the matter there, or telegraph to the Berlin General Staff to forward a permit at once. Oh,

yes, I could see them in Berlin breaking their necks to send me a permit " at once " !

I decided that the best thing would be to return to Berlin and " arrange things there " ; at least, that is what I told the General.

Of course, I assured him that I had been a perfect ass not to have thought of that when I was in Berlin ; but, then, no doubt he would understand that we unmilitary nations have not the least inkling about military regulations and necessities.

He felt very sorry for me and insisted upon settling the dinner bill.

There was a train that evening at 11 p.m., twenty-four hours after my departure from Berlin, and, as he pointed out, he was reluctantly obliged to send me back by it. At first I intended to carry out his orders, but once more that irrepressible journalistic spirit of adventure rebelled. With what result you will see in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XXI

### ALLENSTEIN—FESTE BOYEN (LÖTZEN)

ABOUT 10.30 I bid the kindly General good-bye, and was again assured how sorry he was not to be able to have the pleasure of my company to-morrow, etc., etc. As I could not get a cab or taxi, he called a private and told him to carry my bag for me to the station. At first I wondered whether that was merely an excuse to have me watched, but I was mistaken.

I was beginning to enjoy the protection, privileges and dignity which the company of a private soldier lent me. At the station I tipped the man and he disappeared at once. The guard at the restaurant door had seen me come in with the private carrying my bag, and, German-like, was not going to take any chances. He was as polite, courteous and helpful as he could possibly be. I inquired about trains. "Ah, your Excellency" (it did sound nice in my journalistic ears, and to my uneasy conscience), "it is difficult to say what delays there may be. The down train is an hour late already, and the express to Berlin has just been reported held up without any definite orders at Korschen (some thirty miles further east). Large movements of troops. Hindenburg at it again," he added confidentially. The waiting-room was crowded, but I found a corner somewhere with a chair, and, spreading out my maps on the table, I started to write my diary and jot down my impressions. This, of course, attracted considerable attention, which, I shall always maintain, is NOT a bad

plan in Germany. The German who has anything on his conscience sneaks along in dark shadows, fights shy of the daylight, and tries to remain as unnoticed and humble as possible. So he judges that everybody else will do the same, and, ergo, anybody who walks in the middle of the street, with his head well up, MUST be someone in authority. Now and again my friend the assistant stationmaster came in and reported on the situation. Once or twice I heard him say "Foreign Attaché to Hindenburg's Headquarters," in reply to various inquiries made by some of the passengers and officers.

When I found the entire train service all topsy-turvy, I decided that I would leave my destination in the hands of the fates—a philosophical attitude to take, if you are waiting for a train in the heart of an important centre of communication. My argument was as follows: "The goddess of journalism has protected me thus far. Very well. The first train that reaches this station, be it passenger or troop train, going East—towards Hindenburg's Headquarters—or West—back to Berlin—no matter, I shall get into it and leave everything else on the knees of the gods."

Midnight came and still no sign of a train. One o'clock, two o'clock. I think by that time I was the only civilian left in the waiting-room. The others had returned to the city, deciding to wait till the next day, rather than spend half, or perhaps all night on the floor of the waiting-room. At 2.30—*i.e.*, after three and a half hours' waiting, the assistant stationmaster rushed up to me and announced with great satisfaction that "Ein Militärzug" ("troop train") was due in about five minutes. "Where for?" I inquired indifferently, at least so I tried to make it sound. "For Korschen and Insterburg," he answered. "You will change at Korschen, where you will have no difficulty in finding another military train to take you on to Lötzen."

Well, the die was cast. I did hesitate for a fraction of a second, in which a hundred fears and objections

crowded through my brain. You see, I could no longer act the part of an ignorant foreigner, unaware that he was in the lines of communication. I had been warned by Count von Schlieffen, so, if arrested, I had no defence whatsoever. I doubt whether I could have maintained that I got into the wrong train. Well, faint journalist never won fair story, so *en avant* once again. My affable friend, the assistant stationmaster, commandeered a soldier to carry my bag for me, and out we marched on to the platform, and through a tunnel to the next one, where a few minutes later the snow-covered troop train pulled in.

In most German and neutral stories about military trains I think it is always understood that the men are singing in chorus, waving their helmets and shouting: "Nach Petersburg," "Nach Paris," "Nach Calais." Well, all I can say is that during my three months' pilgrimage I have seen, met, and travelled in a good many military specials, but, with very, very few exceptions, I have heard no singing, no shouting, and little of that much-advertised German "Humour." In most compartments into which I glanced, ten men (the full complement), with their entire field kit, were packed together as close as sardines in a box, and, in the majority of cases, they were either sleeping or trying to do so. The faces, far from showing excitement, showed fatigue and weariness, and I heard many a sigh of "Ach, wie lange noch, wie lange noch."

When they were singing, it was as a rule a sentimental old song, with some new additions, called, "I had a Comrade." The words are somewhat like this:

"I had a comrade, a better one you'd never find.
The drums called us to battle, and he marched at my side.
Gloria, Victoria, with heart and hand,
For the Fatherland, for the Fatherland.

"The birds in the forest are singing so sweet,
In the home-land, in the home-land where once more we'll meet.
Gloria, Victoria, etc.

" A bullet then came a-flying; whom shall it strike, thee or me?
It hit him in the breast, and he lay at my feet.
He stretched out his hand and bid me farewell,
In all eternity he will remain my good old comrade."

This is the most popular German war song of the day. Except here and there in garrison towns, when troops were marching to or from the station I rarely heard " Die Wacht am Rhein," or " Deutschland über Alles." Those two songs are what is described as " order songs." The *tempo* of the " Good Comrade " is brisk, and it is easy to march to. The melody, like the words, was tender and sad, but very tuneful. The song itself is very old, but the " Gloria, Victoria " part is a war addition.

Oh, these digressions! But it is difficult to avoid them when trying to record such a kaleidoscope of impressions.

The military special was crowded with sleeping soldiers, but the stationmaster found a first-class compartment for me in which there was only one officer. I should have liked for a change to travel third with the soldiers, and obtain some local atmosphere, or what, in newspaper parlance, is described as " human interest material."

But travelling third class in Germany is a very unwise thing to do, for anyone except a German. Travelling third and stopping at anything but first-class hotels are amongst the important " don't's " of a foreign newspaper man in Germany. If I may be permitted to express an opinion on the subject, I think that one of the causes that led to the downfall of my esteemed colleague and fellow-explorer, Mr. Geoffrey Pyke, was the fact that he hid himself in humble third-rate Berlin hotels. It was a great mistake. He should have gone straight to the Hotel Adlon. For anyone in search of news and information it is the most profitable as well as the safest place in Germany.

Several civilians tried to board this train, but the railroad employees pushed them aside and bawled, with a liberal accompaniment of curses, that this was a "Militärzug," and for soldiers only. Oh, how often did I laugh in my sleeve!

My travelling companion was not very talkative. He was more than half asleep when I entered the compartment, so, to my disadvantage, he lost the homage paid to me by the very obsequious stationmaster. Such a pity! I might have continued being "Excellenz," and, who knows, perhaps have been "excellenced" into Hindenburg's presence. There is nothing so contagious in Germany as a title. We had scarcely started when our train stopped, and was side-tracked to permit the up express to pass. It was the Berlin night train!

I had missed—I may say now escaped—it by ten minutes.

At Korschen, situated between Allenstein and Insterburg, I had to change to a little branch line that would take me to Lötzen and Hindenburg. For some reason or other most of the military expresses I boarded stopped anywhere from a quarter to half a mile outside the station; Korschen was no exception.

As no passenger train was in sight no passes were demanded; nevertheless, several porters shouted something about "Train for Lötzen, military only." Well, I had to be military once more. I played the old trick of calling a soldier to carry my bag, and side by side we marched past guards and soldiers towards the train.

A few first, second and third-class coaches were sandwiched in between a larger number of freight cars carrying, judging by their inscriptions, ammunition, wheat, barbed wire and "Liebesgaben." Indeed, one might say, all that was near and dear to the heart of a soldier.

When dawn broke through a leaden sky it revealed a rolling, snow-covered country, bare as a Western Canadian prairie. Here and there on the horizon was a clump of fir-trees, but that seemed the sole vegetation

in this part of the country. It was barren, bleak and gloomy. The houses of the occasional hamlets and small towns we passed were all built of red brick, and nowhere did I see the slightest trace of a garden. It was nothing but prairie, lakes and marshes on all sides. Brrr! what an inhospitable country, what a terrible battlefield! Talk about the inundations of Flanders, the mud round Ypres—why, they were Kew Gardens compared to this place.

At 7.30 a.m. we reached Fortress Boyen, Lötzen. I was cold, tired, hungry, sleepy, and, to be quite honest, just a bit nervous. I realized that I was skating on very thin ice, and that one break would land me in gaol. My entry was not very auspicious. First thing I knew I was in a row with an ancient Landsturm ticket-collector, who insisted that I had not given him a ticket. He was quite right. I had no ticket to give him; but, of course, it would have been suicidal to admit that. I had to speak very harshly to him before he clicked his heels, "found" my ticket, and apologized.

At the modest little hotel, immodestly called "Kaiserhof," I snatched two hours' sleep. Of course, such a thing as a bath was not known in the place. I shaved, ate a hearty English breakfast, and about 11 a.m. proceeded with a beating heart, and wondering where I would be an hour hence, towards the ugly Town Hall where Hindenburg's headquarters were established.

## CHAPTER XXII

### HINDENBURG

YES, if the truth be told, I must say that I felt just a wee bit shaky about the knees. I wondered what view they would take of my perseverance, worthy, I am sure, of a kind reception.

I would wager that in the whole of Germany there could not be found one journalist whose hair would not have stood on end at the mere suggestion of travelling to Hindenburg's headquarters without a pass. Why, he would sooner think of calling at the Palace "Unter den Linden," and of asking to interview the Kaiser.

I think I must describe to you the way I appeared at headquarters. At Allenstein I had bought, the day before, a huge portrait of Hindenburg; it must have been nearly thirty inches long.

Under one arm I carried the photograph, in my hand my letter of introduction, and in my other hand a huge umbrella, which was a local acquisition. On my face I wore that beatific, enthusiastic and very naïve expression of "the innocent abroad." I had blossomed out into that modern pest—the autograph maniac.

Army corps, headquarters, strategy and tactics were words that meant nothing to me. How could they, stupid, unmilitary foreigner that I was! It was a pure case of "Fools will enter where angels fear to tread." You may be sure that my subsequent conversation with

the Staff captain confirmed the idea that I was innocent of all military knowledge, and that I probably—so he thought—did not know the difference between an army corps and a section of snipers.

Why had I come to Lötzen? Why, of course, to shake hands with the famous General, the new Napoleon; to have a little chat with him, and—last, but not least—to obtain his most priceless signature to my most priceless photograph. What? Not as easy as all that, but why? Could there be any harm in granting me those favours? Could it by the furthest stretch of imagination be considered as giving information to the enemy? What good was my letter of introduction from the General's dear nephew? Of course, I would not ask the General where he had his guns hidden, and when he intended to take Petrograd, Moscow and Kieff. Oh, no; I knew enough about military matters not to ask such leading questions.

But joking apart. On showing my famous letter I had no difficulty whatsoever in entering the buildings of the General Staff. The first man I met was Hauptmann Frantz. He didn't seem a bad sort at all, and appeared rather to enjoy the joke and my "innocence," at imagining that I could walk up to Hindenburg's Eastern headquarters and say "Hello!" to the General.

He thought it was most "original," and certainly exceedingly American. Still, it got him into the right mood. "Make people smile," might be a good motto for itinerant journalists in the war zones. Few people, not excepting Germans, are so mean as to bite you with a smile on their face. Make them laugh, and half the battle is won.

Frantz read my letter and was duly impressed. He never asked me whether I had any passes. He advised me to go to the General's house, shook hands, and wished me luck.

Phew! I was glad that my first contact with the General Staff had come off so smoothly. I had been fully prepared for stormy weather, if not for a hurricane.

Cockily, I went off to Hindenburg's residence, a very modest suburban villa not far from the station, and belonging to a country lawyer. There was a bit of garden in front, and at the back; the house was new, and the bricks still bright red. Across the road on two poles a wide banner was stretched, with " Willkommen " painted on it.

Two old Mecklenburger Landsturm men guarded the little wooden gate. I told them that I came from Great Headquarters, and once more produced the letter. They saluted, opened the gate, and one of them ran ahead to ring the door bell.

I walked up the little gravel path with here and there a patch of green dilapidated grass on either side. I remember the window curtains were of yellow plush. In the window seat stood a tall vase with artificial flowers flanked by a birdcage with two canaries. It was all very suburban, and did not look at all like the residence of such a famous man. An orderly, with his left arm thrust into a top-boot, opened the door. In a tone of voice that left no chance for the familiar War-Office question: " Have you an appointment, sir ? " I inquired whether the Field-Marshal was at home, at the same time giving him my letter. The orderly peeled off his top-boot, unfastened his overalls, and slipped on his coat.

Then he carefully took my letter, holding it gingerly between thumb and third finger, so as not to leave any marks on it, and ushered me into the " Wohnzimmer," a sort of living and dining-room combined. It was the usual German affair. A couch, a table, a huge porcelain stove, were the prominent pieces of furniture. All three were ranged against the long wall. The straight-backed chairs were covered with red plush. On the walls hung several monstrosities, near-etchings representing the effigies of the Kaiser, the Kaiserin, and, of course, of " Our " Hindenburg. There was the usual over-abundance of artificial flowers and ferns so dear to the heart of every German Hausfrau.

The two canaries lived in the most elaborate home-made cage. (I understand they were the property of the "Hausfrau," not of Hindenburg!) On the table, covered with a check tablecloth, stood a bowl containing three goldfish. The floor was covered with a bright carpet, and in front of one of the doors lay a mat with "Salve" on it. Over the couch hung a photographic enlargement of a middle-aged soldier leaning nonchalantly against a door on which was chalked "Kriegsjahr, 1914." Over the frame hung a wreath with a black and white ribbon, inscribed "In Memoriam," telling its eloquent story.

Behind me was a map of the Eastern front, and pinned alongside of it a caricature of a British Tommy sitting astride of a pyramid and pulling a number of strings fastened to the legs, arms and head of the Sultan, who was apparently dancing a jig.

That room impressed itself upon my memory for all time. I often dream of it.

I had waited only a few minutes when a young officer came in, who, bowing obsequiously, wished me a very formal good-morning. I took my cue from the way he bowed. He explained that the General was out in the car but was expected back before noon. Would I condescend to wait? Needless to say, I did "condescend."

I forgot to mention one point in my meditations. When I took the chance of continuing East instead of returning to Berlin, I thought there might just be a possibility that the Adjutant or Staff Officer who had spoken with von Schlieffen had entirely taken it upon himself to say "No," and that it was not unlikely that the General knew nothing whatever about my letter or my contemplated visit. If my surmise was correct, I would stand a sporting chance, because it was hardly to be expected that out of the thirty-odd officers comprising the Staff, I should run bang into the very man who had telephoned.

I soon knew that the officer in immediate attendance

on Hindenburg was not aware of my *contretemps* at Allenstein on the previous day. Neither did he inquire after my passes. You see, they take these things for granted. Would I prefer to wait here or come in his office, where the stove was lit? Of course, I thought that would be more pleasant. I thought, and am glad to say was not mistaken, that probably the young officer felt he needed some mental relaxation. This will sound strange, but I have found during my travels through Germany, that in spite of the many warnings not to talk shop, every soldier, from the humblest private to the highest General —I am sure not excepting the War Lord himself—dearly loves to expatiate on matters military, his ambitions and hopes. This one was no exception. He chatted away very merrily, and more than once I recognized points and arguments which I had read weeks ago in interviews granted by General Hindenburg to Austrian journalists. He quite imagined himself an embryo Field-Marshal.

He showed me several excellent maps, which gave every railroad line on both sides of the Polish frontier. They certainly emphasized the enormous difference and the many advantages of German *versus* Russian railroad communications. Many of his predictions have since come true, but most of them have not. He hinted very mysteriously, but quite unmistakably, at a prospective Russian *débâcle*, and predicted a separate peace with Russia before the end of 1915! "And then," he added, "we will shake up the old women at the Western front a bit and show them the 'Hindenburg method.'"

The room we were in was fitted up as an emergency staff office. There were several large tables, maps galore, a safe, a number of books that looked like ledgers and journals, six telephones and a telegraph instrument. Two non-commissioned officers were writing in a corner. In case anything important happens at night, such as an urgent dispatch that demands immediate attention, everything was at hand to enable the General to issue new orders. A staff-officer and a clerk are always on duty.

I learned later on, though, that a position in that auxiliary staff-office at Hindenburg's residence is more or less of a sinecure. All dispatches go first to Ludendorff, Hindenburg's Chief of Staff, who, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, issues orders without consulting his Chief.

In the midst of a long explanation of the Russian plight, the voluble subaltern suddenly stopped short. I heard a car halt in front of the house, and a minute or two later the door of the office opened and Germany's giant idol entered. I rose and bowed. The officer and the two sergeants clicked their heels audibly, and replied to the stentorian "Morgen, meine Herren," with a brisk "Morgen, Excellence."

Hindenburg looked questions at me, but I thought I would let my young friend do the talking and act as master of ceremonies. He handed Hindenburg my letter, and introduced me as "Herr 'von' Beaufort, who has just arrived from Rome." (I had left Rome nearly three months before!) The General read his nephew's letter and then shook hands with me, assuring me of the pleasure it gave him to meet me. Of course, I was glad that he was glad, and expressed reciprocity of sentiments. I looked at him—well, for lack of a better word, I will say, with affection; you know the kind of child-like, simple admiration which expresses so much. I tried to look at him as a certain little girl would have done, who wrote: "You are like my governess: she, too, knows everything." I felt sure that that attitude was a better one than to pretend that I was overawed. That sort of homage he must receive every day. Besides, as soon as I realized that he knew nothing of the telephone message from and to Allenstein, my old self-assurance had returned.

Now for my impressions of Germany's—and, as some people try to make us believe, the world's—greatest military genius. They might be summed up in two words: "Strength and cruelty." Hindenburg stands

over six feet high. His whole personality radiates strength, brute, animal strength. He was, when I met him, sixty-nine years of age, but looked very much younger. His hair and moustache were still pepper and salt colour. His face and forehead are deeply furrowed, which adds to his forbidding appearance. His nose and chin are prominent, but the most striking feature of the man's whole appearance are his eyes. They are steel-blue and very small, much too small for his head, which, in turn, is much too small compared with his large body. But what the eyes lacked in size they fully made up for in intensity and penetrating powers. Until I met Hindenburg I always thought that the eyes of the Mexican rebel Villa were the worst and most cruel I had ever seen. They are mild compared with those of Hindenburg. NEVER IN ALL MY LIFE HAVE I SEEN SUCH HARD, CRUEL, NAY, SUCH UTTERLY BRUTAL EYES AS THOSE OF HINDENBURG. The moment I looked at him I believed every story of refined (and unrefined) cruelty I had ever heard about him.

He has the disagreeable habit of looking at you as if he did not believe a word you said. Frequently in conversation he closes his eyes, but even then it seemed as if their steel-like sharpness pierced his eyelids. Instead of deep circles, such as, for instance, I have noticed on the Kaiser, he has big fat cushions of flesh under his eyes, which accentuate their smallness. When he closes his eyes, these cushions almost touch his bushy eyebrows and give his face a somewhat prehistoric appearance. His hair, about an inch long I should judge, was brushed straight up—what the French call *en brosse*. The general contour of his head seemed that of a square, rounded off at the corners.

Speaking about the stories of cruelty, one or two of them may bear re-telling.

When during the heavy fighting, early in 1915, General Rennenkampf was forced to evacuate Insterburg somewhat hastily, he was unable to find transport for about

fifty thousand loaves of bread. Not feeling inclined to make a present of them to the Germans, he ordered paraffin to be poured over them. When the Germans found that bread and discovered its condition, Hindenburg is reported to have been frantic with rage. The next day, after he had calmed down, he said to one of his aides: "Well, it seems to be a matter of taste. If the Russians like their bread that way, very well. GIVE IT TO THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS."

You may feel certain that his orders were scrupulously carried out.

Another incident which they are very fond of relating in Germany is more amusing, though it also plays on their idol's cruelty.

It is a fact that both officers and men are deadly afraid of him. It is said that the great General has a special predilection for bringing the tip of his riding boots into contact with certain parts of the human anatomy. A private would far rather face day and night the Russian guns than be orderly to Hindenburg.

But one day a man came up and offered himself for the job.

"And what are you in private life?" the General snorted at him.

"At your orders, sir, I am a wild animal trainer."

Hindenburg and I talked for about twenty minutes on various subjects—Holland, Italy, America, and, of course, the campaign.

When he tried to point out to me how all-important it was for Holland that Germany should crush England's "world-domination," I mentioned the Dutch Colonies. That really set him going. "Colonies," he shouted. "Pah! I am sick of all this talk about colonies. It would be better for people, and I am not referring to our enemies alone, to pay more attention to events in Europe. I say 'to the devil' (zum Teufel) with the colonies. Let us first safeguard our own country; the colonies will follow. It is here," and he went up

to a large map of Poland hanging on the wall, and laid a hand almost as large as a medium-sized breakfast tray over the centre of it—" It is here," he continued, " that European and colonial affairs will be settled and nowhere else. As far as the colonies are concerned, it will be a matter of a foot for a mile, as long as we hold large slices of enemy territory."

He spoke with great respect of the Russian soldier, but maintained that they lacked proper leaders. " It takes more than ten years to reform the moral of an officers' corps. From what I have learned, the moral of the Russian officer is to this day much the same as it was in the Russo-Japanese war. We will show you one of their ambulance trains captured near Kirbaty. It is the last word in luxury. By all means give your wounded all the comfort, all the attention you can; but I do not think that car-loads of champagne, oysters, caviare and the finest French liqueurs are necessary adjuncts to an ambulance train. The Russian soldier is splendid, but his discipline is not of the same quality as that of our men. In our armies discipline is the result of spiritual and moral training; in the Russian armies discipline stands for dumb obedience. The Russian soldier remains at his post because he has been ordered to stay there, and he stands as if nailed to the spot. What Napoleon I. said still applies to-day: 'It is not sufficient to kill a Russian, you have to throw him over as well.' "

" It is absurd," the General continued, " for the enemy Press to compare this campaign with that of Napoleon in 1812." Again he got up, and pointing to another map, he said: " This is what will win the war for us." The map showed the close railroad net of Eastern Germany and the paucity of permanent roads in Russia. Hindenburg is almost a crank on the subject of railroads in connection with strategy. In the early days of the war he shuffled his army corps about from one corner of Poland to the other. It is said that he transferred

four army corps (160,000 men—about 600 trains) in two days from Kalish, in Western Poland, to Tannenberg, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. On some tracks the trains followed each other at intervals of six minutes.

"Our enemies reckon without two great factors unknown in Napoleon's time: railroads and German organization. Next to artillery this war means railroads, railroads, and then still more railroads. The Russians built forts; we built railroads. They would have spent their millions better if they had emulated our policy instead of spending millions on forts. For the present fortresses are of no value against modern siege guns—at least, not until another military genius such as Vauban, Brialmont, Montalembert, Coehoorn, springs up, who will be able to invent proper defensive measures against heavy howitzers."

"Another delusion under which our enemies are labouring is that of Russia's colossal supply of men. He who fights with Russia must always expect superiority in numbers; but in this age of science, strategy and organization, numbers are only decisive, 'all else being equal.' The Russian forces opposed to us on this front have always been far superior in numbers to ours, but we are not afraid of that. A crowd of men fully armed and equipped does not make an army in these days."

This brought him to the subject of the British forces, more especially Kitchener's army. "It is a great mistake to underestimate your enemy," said Hindenburg, referring to the continual slights and attacks appearing in the German Press. "I by no means underrate the thoroughness, the fighting qualities of the British soldier. England is a fighting nation, and has won her spurs on many battlefields. But to-day they are up against a different problem. Even supposing that Kitchener should be able to raise his army of several millions, where is he going to get his officers and his non-commissioned officers from? How is he going to train them, so to speak, overnight, when it has taken us several

generations of uninterrupted instruction, study and work to create an efficient staff? Let me emphasize, and with all the force I can: 'Efficiency and training are everything.' There lies their difficulty. I have many officers here with me who have fought opposite the English, and all are united in their opinion that they are brave and worthy opponents; but one criticism was also unanimously made: 'Their officers often lead their men needlessly to death, either from sheer foolhardiness, but more often through inefficiency.'"

Although he did not express this opinion to me personally, I have it on excellent authority that Hindenburg believes this war will last close on four years at least. And the result—stalemate. He does not believe that the Allies will be able to push the Germans out of Belgium, France or Poland.

Personally, I found it impossible to get him to make any definite statement on the probable outcome and duration of the war. "Until we have gained an honourable peace," was his cryptic reply. He refused to state what, in his opinion, constituted an honourable peace. If I am to believe several of his officers—and I discussed the subject almost every day—then Hindenburg must by now be a very disappointed man. I was told that he calculated as a practical certainty on a separate peace with Russia soon after the fall of Warsaw. (I should like to point out here that this "separate peace with Russia" idea was one of the most popular and universal topics of conversation in Germany last year.)

When Hindenburg learnt that I had come all the way from Berlin without a pass from the General Staff, he appeared very much amused; but in a quasi-serious manner he said:

"Well, you know that I ought to send you back at once, otherwise I shall risk getting the sack myself; still, as all ordinary train-service between here and Posen will be suspended for four days, the only way for you

to get back is by motor-car. It would be a pity to come all the way from sunny Italy to this Siberian cold, and not see something of the men and of the hardships of a Russian winter campaign. Travelling by motor-car, you will have ample opportunity to see something of the country, and, if you feel so inclined, of the fighting as well. And then go home and tell them abroad about the insurmountable obstacles, the enormous difficulties the German army has to overcome."

Hindenburg does not like the Berlin General Staff officer, and that is why he was so amused at my having got the better of them. He describes them as " drawing-room " officers, who remain safely in Berlin. With their spick and span uniforms they look askance at their mud-stained colleagues at the front. His officers, who know Hindenburg's feelings towards these gentlemen, play many a practical joke on their Berlin *confrères.* The latter have frequently returned from a visit to some communication trenches only to find that their car has mysteriously retreated some two or three miles . . . over Polish roads.

Anyone who can tell of such an experience befalling a " Salon Offizier " is sure to raise a good laugh from Hindenburg.

At the conclusion of our conversation he instructed the young A.D.C. to take me over to Headquarters and present me to Captain Cämmerer. " Tell him," and I inscribed the words that followed deeply on my mind, " to be kind to Herr Beaufort."

My introduction to Cämmerer proved to be one of those curious vagaries of fate. He was the very man who less than twenty-four hours ago had spoken with General von Schlieffen, and who had assured him how impossible it was for me to continue, and that I was to be sent back to Berlin at once!

" Beaufort, Beaufort," he sniffed once or twice before he could place me. Then suddenly he remembered.

" Ah, yes, him ! You are the man General von Schlieffen telephoned about yesterday ? But did he not instruct you to return to Berlin ? "

However, I remembered Hindenburg's injunction: " Tell Cämmerer to be kind to him," so what did I care for a mere captain ?

Consequently, as they say in the moving pictures, I " registered " my most angelic smile, and sweetly said:

" Ah, yes, captain, quite so, quite so. But, you see, I felt *certain* that there was some misunderstanding at this end of the wire. Probably it was not clearly explained to you that I had this very important letter of introduction to General von Hindenburg from my friend his nephew. As you see," and I waved my hand at the A.D.C., my master of ceremonies, " I was quite right in my surmise."

However that may be, you may be certain that I saw to it that when we mapped out my return journey, Cämmerer was being " kind " to me. Consequently, I spent two most interesting weeks in the German Eastern war-zones, much to the surprise and disgust of the " Drawing-room Staff " in Berlin.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### LÖTZEN

IT was about two in the afternoon when I returned to the "Kaiserhof," and, needless to say, I was in a most reckless mood. The world in general, and the Eastern front in particular, seemed once more at my feet. I felt happy and contented.

At the hotel several staff officers came up and "most obediently" presented themselves. We discussed the war and everything pertaining to it over some atrocious brandy, misnamed French cognac. Right here I should like to record my impression that one of Germany's greatest disappointments, next to her failure to reach Paris, was Russia's stubborn resistance. There at Lötzen, amongst men surely as well informed as any with regard to conditions in Russia, there were very few who expected her to hold out beyond Christmas (1915). Not only did they expect an absolute military *débâcle*, but they claimed that her political condition was such that the people before long would rise *en masse* against the military régime. Much was expected from the many German ramifications in Russia, which seem to be more extensive than people in other countries realize. Germany calculated, and I am sure does so still, on a separate peace with Russia.

This attitude was rather astonishing to me, because I know that the German General Staff is in closer touch with affairs in Russia than in any other belligerent country.

Paswell, whom I have mentioned elsewhere, also told me that a revolution was imminent. He assured me that the Russians were getting very tired of bearing the whole brunt of this war, and of being expected to march to Berlin while the Western Allies were simply sitting tight. He claimed that Petrograd was of the opinion that the Western Allies could have seriously menaced, if not entirely prevented, the great German Eastern offensive. My informant, who, as I have already said, was intimately acquainted with the country, declared that there had grown up a most warm and loyal feeling towards Japan. The semi-official *Novoe Fremya* remarked editorially that in case of a Japanese war with a "certain great Power," she could count on Russia's gratitude. Japan is said to have sent one hundred and forty large siege guns, with full Japanese personnel, to the Russian front.

In Lötzen, which is in the centre of the Masurian Lake district, where heavy fighting took place last year, bright yellow posters were displayed at different corners, on the station walls, and on almost every house outside the little town. They were "Instructions to Scavengers." A list was given of the approximate rewards for arms and material found on the battle-fields, and in the same breath dire threats of fines and imprisonments against all those who did not at once give up everything of military value found anywhere on the field of operations.

I subsequently noticed those yellow posters wherever we went during my trip along the Eastern front, in Poland as well as in East Prussia. They were usually displayed in triplicate—*i.e.*, in German, Polish and Russian.

I have seen them mentioned in the Allied newspapers as if these scavenger orders and regulations were of recent institution. They were looked upon as a sign that Germany is beginning to feel the pinch. All I can say is, that such orders were promulgated the day war started. I saw some of them dated August 12th, 1914.

The rewards offered are very meagre. Usually the material is taken to the nearest town hall, where it is valued, and the finder receives ONE per cent. reward. It takes an awful lot of scrap iron and steel to represent one hundred marks—*i.e.*, one mark (one shilling) reward. Of course, the natives soon found that it was hardly worth while to pick up things, unless you could do it by the cart-load. The result was that in many places we passed through, where the fighting had been very intense, the ground was simply strewn with battle remnants of all sorts—cannon, rifles, swords, lances, shell-cases, machine-guns, axles, etc., etc. I must plead guilty to having been a souvenir hunter in those early days, so I collected a splendid number of relics. Alas! subsequent events in Berlin, which necessitated a somewhat hurried departure, forced me to leave the major part of my luggage behind.

In the afternoon an amusing incident took place in the public dining-room of the hotel. "The Kaiserhof" at Lötzen is a sort of half-way house for officers who are going on or returning from leave. A mud-stained young lieutenant of the reserve, straight from the trenches, dropped in at the hotel and ordered a meal. When it came there was no bread with it. He ordered some, and was asked for his bread-ticket. Of course, not having slept in the hotel the previous night, he had none. Well, no ticket, no bread. He called for the head waiter, then for the manager, and raised a fine old rumpus. I never saw a man so mad, not even a German. He raised heaven and earth, and swore like a regular trooper (German version). His "Himmelkreuzdonnerwetterrrrrrrrrrrs . . . ." rolled through the dining-room of the dingy place like a machine-gun on corrugated-iron trench roofs.

"Here we are getting killed for you beastly *canaille*," he shouted at the landlord and his assistant, "and when we come from the trenches we can't even get a piece of bread, and this all through your damned red tape."

Now the young lieutenant, when he started the row,

evidently did not know that the other half of the hotel was reserved for the officers of Hindenburg's Staff. Some of them heard the noise and sent for the landlord. When they learned about the young lieutenant, a Staff captain entered the dining-room. The reserve lieutenant swallowed the other half of his oath, jumped into position, napkin tucked under his chin, got very red, and, to all appearances, felt most uncomfortable. He behaved just like a naughty schoolboy caught red-handed by his master. And then the Staff captain had his say, and the poor lieutenant, or what was left of him, continued his breadless meal in silence, paid for his bill, and forthwith departed. I think of the lot he had my sympathies.

Numbers of Russian prisoners were working in the streets shovelling snow, all their worldly belongings slung in a haversack on their backs. Only a few of them looked unhappy. The "Nitchewo" ("no-matter") spirit seems to be their greatest and never-failing comfort. They worked away, talked and smiled at each other, and seemed on excellent terms with their guards. What fine fellows they were!

During that trip I saw several Russians over six feet six in height; six-footers were common amongst them. What excellent fighting material! But there was nothing of the tragic, hungry, hunted look in their faces which I have noticed again and again on the Western front, in the faces of German prisoners. Those Russians, at least the majority of them, appeared contented and satisfied.

But, then, the Russian soldier is a philosopher.

The name "Lötzen" will always be identified in my mind with one of the funniest war pictures I have witnessed during the two years I spent wandering through the various belligerent countries.

There were about twenty officers staying at the little hotel. Fifteen of these were allowed to go to bed "im ganzen"—*i.e.*, freely translated, "entirely," "altogether"; really meaning that they were permitted to

undress fully. Of course, the majority of them profited by this permission and went to bed fairly early. (On campaign, as every soldier will tell you, it is a golden rule to sleep and eat whenever you have the chance.)

Having travelled the greater part of the previous night, I, of course, made my excuses early. I was in bed by ten. Shortly before midnight I was awakened by a commotion in the corridor. There was a tremendous hullabaloo, running and talking. Fearing that the old ramshackle wooden structure was on fire, I quickly jumped out of bed, and clad in my pyjamas and dressing-gown, proceeded downstairs. I heard voices in the mess-room, so thither I went. When I opened the door I was almost struck dumb. If I live to be a hundred I shall not forget that sight. There were nine officers in the room, ranging in age from twenty-five to fifty, I should judge, every single one of them dressed in the classic German garment of respectability—a long night-gown. Some of them still held their burning candlesticks; three of them wore a "Schnurrbartbinde" (moustache bandage, put on at night to preserve the correct shape); two of them wore a common red and brown check flannel dressing-gown. They were all crowding round a young Staff officer, who was reading aloud a dispatch from General Mackensen. The news that had roused the Staff in such unmartial gear from their beds, was that twenty-two thousand Russians, including two Generals, had been taken prisoner somewhere or other in Poland, about one hundred miles away.

I felt very much out of it in the solitary splendour of my pyjamas; much more so than I did when fully dressed. They read the dispatch to me, of course, but I don't think they approved of my appearance. As the author of "Elisabeth and her German Garden" would say, they cannot understand the idea of putting on a coat and trousers on going to bed.

The picture of those nine night-gowned German

officers,—some of the nighties had red cross-stitch borders and little tasseled neck cords—their big ungainly feet in large felt slippers, their hair all rumpled up, the old major with the tassels of his soiled flannel dressing-gown dangling and dancing behind him, an elderly captain wearing a nightcap, the curious effect of light and shade caused by the lighted candles, and the way they were held—well, it is one of the few really bright and humorous spots on this great tragic canvas of war.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### EN ROUTE

THE day following my meeting with Hindenburg, a Staff officer, Captain Wagner, called at my hotel with a powerful military automobile, with two men seated in front.

Our start was bad.

I almost infuriated my guide. He was a man at least fifteen years my senior, and I insisted, or at least tried to insist, on his sitting on my right-hand side. But he would not hear of it, and, finally, in exasperation exclaimed: "Aber ich bitte doch, mein Herr, wir kennen ja unsere Manieren" ("But I beg of you, sir, we know our manners"). Of course, his protests were accompanied by salutes and heel-clicking. "Oh, Lord," I thought, "this is really too much. A representative of a British newspaper arguing with a German officer about precedence."

Well, far was it from me to make him feel bad, and so, amidst the wondering gaze of many bystanders, both military and civil, I took my seat, and off we went towards Goldap.

The journey itself took us the better part of three hours. Again I had occasion to notice what a bleak, barren, desolate country East Prussia is. One might have imagined oneself somewhere in the prairies of Saskatchewan, or any other Western Canadian province in winter-time. Sometimes we drove for miles without seeing any sign of habitation. The roads were well

The author's car at Fortress Boyen, Hindenburg's headquarters. Note the chauffeur's rifle near lamp.

[*Facing p.* 170.

Destroyed railroad bridge, Eastern war zone.

[*Facing p.* 171

built, and, in most places, though it had been snowing off and on for several weeks, in excellent condition. Large transports of prisoners were the most notable feature of the journey. There must have been thousands and thousands of them. Frequently the commander of the prison transport, at sight of our car, and on hearing the Staff signal, "Ta-ri-ta-ta," not only ordered a halt, but made the prisoners turn about, so that their backs were towards the car, while the convoy with loaded rifles stood guard behind them. I asked my companion the why and the wherefore of this, and he explained that they had had trouble now and then with certain of the Russian prisoners, who, for some reason or other, aroused from their phlegmatism, had attacked their guards and officers. I did not like this arrangement at all. I heard many stories of whole Russian battalions deserting and presenting themselves at the German outposts, performing there, like so many trained animals, the classic trick of bringing the right hand up to their mouth, at the same time chewing a very imaginary bit of food. "Yes, sir," so I was told many times, "they came in large herds, and all had the same dumb story to tell."

Huh! that reminds me somewhat of incidents at the Belgian front. There every German prisoner was a "Familienvater, vier Kinder, vier!" ("father of a family, four children"), and the number of children frequently increased in the same ratio as the fears and uncertainties of the prisoner. But to return to our Russian friends. Here is a good story I heard from my captain guide. A few weeks before my visit to the East, they had caught in the German lines a Russian officer in CIVILIAN clothes. What do you suppose happened to him? Shot as a spy, of course, you say. You are QUITE mistaken. How can you think such an inhuman thing of the gentle Huns? Why, that Russian officer had only dressed himself in civilian clothes because he was HUNGRY and wanted to reach the German lines! Of course, nothing happened to him, except that he was promptly fed!

And the captain believed this story himself!

On several occasions I stopped the car, got out, and took photographs of some of the prisoners. (I had no permit to carry a camera, but what matter. A German military car and a captain in uniform cover a multitude of sins.) I did not pick out any specially striking-looking specimens, but simply snapped them as they came along. I think that the result bears witness that they showed no signs of having been starved. On the contrary, the majority of the men I saw seemed in splendid condition, and, I must add, did not appear to be very unhappy either. Most of them smiled pleasantly, and looked like great big faithful St. Bernards, with their large, soft brown eyes. There was nothing fierce about them. "Nitchewo" ("no matter") seemed stamped on most of their faces. For them the war was over. They had done their bit, risked and given their all, and what more can man do? I should have liked to shake their hands one and all, and give them a few words of hope and encouragement. Not that they needed it, at least, not just then. I spoke to several, and I did not come across one that would not have answered a thundering "No" if I had asked him: "Are we downhearted?" Their bearing and discipline seemed excellent. Any man I addressed immediately jumped to attention.

Goldap—a small East Prussian country town of some five or six thousand inhabitants—looked a bit upset. There had been considerable fighting in the streets and the neighbourhood. The Town Hall was destroyed, so was the only hotel, and the whole of one side of the market-place. The odour was not very pleasant, I must say, and evidently the process of cleaning had not yet begun. It needed it badly, because one could smell the offensive stench of dead bodies for miles around.

However, it is not of that I think when I recall Goldap. The captain motored me round the little town, and showed me the "terrible devastation the Russians had

wrought here," a devastation which, by the way, compares with the condition of some of the Belgian towns I have seen, like an English garden compares with a prairie. He took me to divisional headquarters, where I was presented to several officers of the Staff, and invited to stay to lunch. I was shown several rooms in which the Russian General Staff had had their offices. A number of papers had been left behind, and orders had been given that nothing was to be touched.

On one of the writing-tables I noticed a postcard with the picture of a young girl in a riding habit standing next to a Siberian pony. The girl looked about seventeen to eighteen, and was very pretty. Underneath it was written: "Au revoir, au revoir VERY soon, dear father."

It is curious how small things sometimes make such a deep impression on one's mind. To me Goldap, that first day full of so many different and fresh experiences, right in the midst of the enemy, is represented in my mind by that little postcard and its tender message: "Au revoir, au revoir VERY soon, dear father."

I was not given the opportunity to be alone with that card, otherwise I would have "collected" it.

Many thoughts, which I agree should not have been in the mind of a purely objective observer in search of news and facts, crowded into my heart and brain: "Would there be an 'au revoir' on this side? Was the colonel perhaps amongst the prisoners I had met that morning on the road? or was he sleeping in the marshes of East Prussia, drowned like a rat in a trap? or had a decent bullet found its target in his heart?"

"Au revoir, au revoir VERY soon, dear father."

How many, many thousands have written those lines since the beginning of this struggle, and who will never touch the beloved hands and lips again.

Indeed, "War is Hell."

I suppose this digression is very un-British. Well, if so, it can't be helped. That photograph haunted me for days and days.

In the afternoon we drove on to Suwalki across the border in Poland. The most prominent feature of the landscape was the endless procession of sleighs carrying the wounded. Very noticeable was the change in the condition of the road the moment we crossed the frontier. At Filipowo, the first Polish village, we had to leave our car temporarily, and exchange it for a sleigh drawn by two tired-looking ponies, of whom I was most suspicious. Before we had gone very far I apologized to them. They were simply wonderful, and though the road was hardly more than a cow-track, and in spite of several upsets, we covered the twelve miles in considerably less than two hours. To anyone who has any idea of Polish roads in March, this will constitute a record. The church at Suwalki, the pagoda-like tower of which we had noticed a long way off, is a magnificent structure. It has somewhat the appearance of a Mohammedan mosque, with its many minarets and mosaic decorations. The inside, too, is exquisite, with its Russian paintings and tapestries. I am happy to be able to state that this particular church has not been damaged at all.

Just outside the churchyard stood two German field-bakeries, each of them—so I was told—with a capacity of twenty thousand loaves a day. Many pairs of interested eyes, both German and Russian, were keenly watching the operations of the elderly bakers.

Here I saw a different type of prisoner. They had been placed inside the church and churchyard. They stood, knelt, or squatted in little groups around anæmic-looking fires. Some of them were trying to cook a meal of sorts over the listless flames. What I did not like about these prisoners was the hunted expression in their eyes. There was something uncanny about it. Was it fear or merely uncertainty of the future? Did they wonder what was going to happen to them? Had they perhaps seen, or even experienced, some Hunnish treatment? Perhaps they knew of some comrade, who, too injured to walk, had been knifed by his captors.

There was something wrong here. These were not the same type of men I had seen further back on the road to Lötzen and Goldap.

My guide had a brother somewhere in the neighbourhood, and, after many inquiries, he learned his whereabouts, evidently a spot that could only be reached on foot. He asked whether I would mind being left alone for half an hour, which, of course, I did not in the least. My chaperon evidently thought that I was going to remain in the sleigh, watching and waiting and twiddling my thumbs! He knew better when he got back. I saw plenty of men and things that would keep me interested and occupied, and I think I made the best of that half an hour and more.

The large churchyard seemed like a huge gipsy camp. Unaccompanied, I wandered amongst the Russians, and though they must naturally have taken me for one of the enemy, I met with nothing but respect and felt perfectly safe. But how I should have liked to cheer them up; to explain to them that I came from "là bas," across the Channel. But even journalists are sometimes discreet.

How tired and worn many of them looked, some of them seemed almost dumb. In the church, rows and rows of them were sitting against the walls or the pillars or in the pews, their great-coats wrapped round their shoulders and, where possible, their knees drawn up to their chins. Most of the church windows were of stained glass, and every now and then, when the sun succeeded in piercing the grey leaden sky, it threw a few dancing rays over that strange assembly, illuminating those tired and weary figures and faces with a gold and yellowish light. The effect was phantasmagorical.

In one corner of the church stood a number of officers. I glanced round to make sure that there were no Germans in sight, and then walked up to them and introduced myself in French. While, of course, it was impossible to disclose my real identity, I certainly made mention of the fact that I was a neutral journalist. They shook

hands very solemnly, bowed stiffly, but seemed—quite naturally—little inclined to cultivate my acquaintance. Only one young man, a lieutenant of one of the Caucasian regiments, as shown by his high fur cap, very young and evidently very inexperienced, was different. He asked me several questions, and, as my answers seemed to satisfy him, he took a letter from his pocket (curious how it could have been overlooked by the Germans when he was searched), and pointed to a certain paragraph. It was written in French. I read: "I do so much want to be near you. Can you not ask K—— to give me a post in the ambulance train? I am willing to do *anything*. This is terrible. I miss you so. I MUST be near you." The letter was from his wife. He told me that they had been married about a month before the outbreak of war, and that he had been sent to the front almost immediately. I soon saw what he was driving at, but I noticed that he still hesitated to ask me outright. So I met him more than half way, and asked him whether he would not like to write a few words saying that he was safe, etc., promising him that I should do my best to get it safely out of Germany. I know it was a somewhat impulsive and more or less foolish thing to do, but then we all have our various shortcomings, and impulsiveness is frequently one of mine. Thanks to German organization, I was supplied with a little pocket-book carrying note-paper, envelopes, pencil, etc. I pressed the lot upon him, though he protested that he would only need one sheet. But I think I know a little about those letters to a loved one, that frequently begin with: "Just a few lines," and run into a dozen sheets. The present case was no exception. When I returned after about twenty minutes he handed me an envelope that literally bulged to bursting point. He also entrusted me with his diary, a small note-book, and begged me to peruse it and make use of any parts that I might deem of interest. On the first page of the diary a small photograph was pasted; evidently it had been cut out from a large portrait. It showed the gentle,

sweet face of a young woman. She was French, as he confided to me.

The few pages of the diary I read were full of longing, love and tenderness. It seemed as if that boy's heart and soul had slipped through his fingers into those pages. Longing, heart-hunger, love, deeds of bravery, patriotism, every fine human instinct seemed reproduced in those closely-written lines. I could not read more than a few pages; I felt that it would have been sacrilege to continue. I am thankful to say that both letter and diary were safely smuggled out of Germany. I sent them by registered post to Kieff, and I have since had the great satisfaction of hearing that they reached their destination safely.

The trip to Augustowo, where we were to spend the night, was also full of interest. I think we must have met at least a thousand Russians, but all of them in small groups of from five to twenty, and entirely unescorted by guards. The majority of them were unarmed, but not a few had retained their rifles, slung across their backs. We stopped several of those men, and invariably they replied to my companion's interrogations that they were on their way to "Prussaki, Kamerad." At night, at Augustowo, the phenomenon of those unescorted prisoners was explained to me. During the fighting in the woods near Augustowo, stretching from that town to Sopockinie in the east and Dombrowo in the south, an area of some two hundred square miles, several Russian regiments had got separated from the main column. For many days thousands of men were lost in those woods. They tried to escape, of course, but it appeared that, in whatever direction they went, they ran into German troops. In this case it really was hunger that finally forced them to go and surrender. I met a certain Lieutenant Dilg, who with eighty of his men had been a prisoner of the Russians for five days. He said he had no complaints to make about the treatment he received; that his captors had shared whatever they had in the way of food; but, alas! that was very

little. When they finally saw that it was no use remaining in those woods, they simply changed places, from captors became prisoners, and, side by side, marched to the first German post.

On the road we continually overtook munition transports; many of them seemed to be in difficulties. There was hardly a quarter-mile stretch on which we did not see wagons and carts axle-deep in the mud or the ditch. It appeared that it was impossible to find enough sleighs for all their requirements, so a certain number of carts had to be used. Needless to say, their usefulness on Polish roads was extremely problematical.

The peculiar horn signal: "Ta-ri-ta-ta" (three distinct notes), which in Berlin is only used for automobiles of the Imperial Household, but in the war zones has now become a prerogative of the General Staffs, blown by the man on the box, always secured us a quick and unobstructed passage. More than once, I regret to say, we ourselves were the cause of getting horses and carts into the ditch.

Just before reaching Augustowo I saw a tall Russian lying in the snow. His rifle was clasped in his arms, and from his easy, natural attitude we thought that he was sleeping. So he was, but it was the long, long sleep from which we only wake up after we have reached the land of mystery, the Great Unknown.

## CHAPTER XXV

### IMPRESSIONS IN THE POLISH FIGHTING ZONES

I CANNOT take you over the ground mile after mile, and place after place. Every hour, sometimes every minute, of that trip seemed to be a kaleidoscope of strange, weird, horrible and yet fascinating impressions. It would take a book to describe those fifteen days alone.

Therefore I must content myself with trying to record here some of the incidents which to my thinking stood out in sharpest relief.

At the Divisional Headquarters at Augustowo I was turned over to the tender care of a Captain von Schlegel, who, later on, at dinner, formally introduced me to the General. I am somewhat uncertain about the latter's name. I met so many different officers and heard so many names during my trip, that it was well-nigh impossible, except in cases of special interest, to remember which was which. I believe it was General von Scholtz. The conversation at dinner was varied enough. The topics included the cure of lice on horses, chess, and, of course, the usual shop. One Captain of Uhlans swore that paraffin was the only proper remedy, while one of his colleagues maintained that it destroyed the hair and skin of the horse.

He had a better prescription. One of his sergeants collected all the cigar and cigarette ends he could get, and soaked them in warm water. This concoction did

the trick just as well—it killed the lice and did not harm the hair or skin.

Several of the officers present had been at the Western front, and I carefully led the subject on to the "contemptible little army." I must tell you that I never yet met a German officer who admits that that expression was ever used by the Emperor. On the contrary, they all positively deny it. They maintained that he used the word "Armeechen," which, translated literally, means "little army." They said that the Kaiser, just as every German Staff Officer, knew too much about the British physique. That England was sometimes looked upon as a large aggregation of rifle clubs, and, anyhow, of sportsmen. But whenever they say something nice about the British, there is always a "but"; no one believed in Kitchener's army of millions. What Hindenburg said about the difficulties of training sufficient officers and N.C.O.'s for such an army was repeated whenever the subject was broached.

The German Staff Officer thinks that Germany has a monopoly of military organization. They are quite convinced that because it has taken them something like eighty years to organize their army, other countries will need just as long, probably longer.

I wonder what they are thinking about "Kitchener's Army" now? They granted that the British were excellent fighters. I never met a German officer who spoke otherwise.

It was admitted that, taken all in all, the Russians conducted their warfare decently; that after the first month of hostilities very few excesses had been reported. There is little hatred at the Eastern front, but in its stead one meets everywhere that cocksure feeling of absolute superiority. (Is this perhaps an explanation of their bitterness against the British?)

German officers have a way of talking down to you as soon as you touch on military matters, especially if

you happen to come from a non-conscription country. So at every meal I was treated to many dissertations, in which the physical and moral qualities and advantages of the various nations were compared. The usual eulogies were spread thick over the German training, which was supposed to be on " spiritual " and " moral " lines !

But I must admit they were a courteous lot. I think the General could easily have been persuaded to stage a little battle for my benefit on the next day. Anyhow, I was invited to ride forward into the lines, which invitation I accepted with alacrity. That visit nearly had fatal results.

For several weeks there had been intermittent fighting in and round the woods of Augustowo, north-west of Grodno. On the morning when I was to be given a nearer view of the fighting lines, there were rumours abroad that promised a fair harvest of excitement. On passing through Sopockinie, a small town some twenty miles north-west of Grodno, we received the message that a cavalry engagement was in progress in the neighbourhood of the village of Racicze, about six miles further south. My guide, a Staff Captain, anxious to give me an opportunity of seeing German cavalry at work, ordered the chauffeur to open the throttle and get us to Racicze as fast as he could.

We did not have to wait long for the German cavalry. As we turned a corner we were suddenly faced, less than five hundred feet away, and on a narrow road, by half a hundred riderless horses, galloping madly TOWARDS US.

Our chauffeur, with commendable presence of mind for a German, swerved the car, and, trying to emulate the British " Schützengrabenvernichtigungsautomobile," better known as " Tanks," essayed to negotiate a shallow ditch. But it was no go. Fortunately we had slowed down at the corner, and that saved us. The car simply turned over on its right side, and remained in that

position, but luckily off the road. The captain and I were thrown out, but with the exception of a thorough snow-mud bath, and a good shaking, we were none the worse for it. Not even the chauffeur received a scratch.

Simultaneously with our *salto mortale* the frightened horses thundered past, missing the wheels of the car only by inches. Several of them had big gaping wounds from which the blood was streaming freely, leaving a large red trail in their wake. From several the saddles had slipped down, and were hanging underneath their bellies, the swinging stirrups hitting them in different places, and driving them still more frantic.

We were close to the village of Wolowiczowce, where we found food, rest, shelter and opportunity to dry our clothes.

Later in the day I heard that the cavalry engagement had been a somewhat one-sided affair. A German squadron engaged a small detachment of Russian infantry situated about a quarter of a mile in front of a wood. The Germans charged and ran bang into three hidden Russian machine guns. Their losses were considerable.

What a pity I missed that fight!

The captain commandeered another car, in which we returned to Sopockinie, where Brigade Headquarters were established.

At Kirbaty I was taken to the station, where I had an opportunity of inspecting a Russian ambulance train captured a day or two before. It was painted white, with, of course, the conventional Red Cross in different places. It belonged, so various inscriptions told me, to the "Mission Française." Most of the nurses were French, and they looked it—slim and neat, well dressed, and the majority of them most attractive. Of course, they hardly took any notice of my companion and myself. Only now and then one would throw a glance at us that spoke volumes. I must say I did not enjoy it, and would have liked a label on me: "NOT GERMAN." That train was the most luxurious war implement I have

seen anywhere, too splendid for anything. But for the odour of carbolic, ether, iodine and similar medical smells, one might have imagined oneself in a private American car. Several wounded Russian officers lay in their cots, most of them smoking. I had a few words with one of the Russian doctors—a young man. He seemed entirely at a loss to understand what had happened. "Where are our armies?" he asked me in French. "What has happened? Ah, *mon Dieu*, when is all this going to end?"

It seems that this ambulance train was ten minutes late in starting. Everything had been in readiness to return to Grodno, when at the last second a German cavalry patrol suddenly appeared, shot the engine driver, and "captured" the train.

Several of the nurses walked up and down the platform, quite unconcerned, and never paying the slightest attention to the large number of stupidly staring Germans. Dressed in thick fur coats that reached almost to the ankles, they strolled about and conversed in French. I think just then I was getting a little bit sick of my adventures with the Germans. It was all very well as long as I did not see or hear anything but German and Germans; but the moment I heard French once more, the moment when one meets, or at least sees, other nationalities—well, I do not know exactly how to define my feelings; it seemed that associating with the Huns put one beyond the pale, and made one feel that one was on the outside, looking in. I DID want to talk to those pretty French nurses, not only to hear their experiences, but in the spirit of meeting somebody from home in a far, far country. But it could not be done, or at least I did not try it. I had no intention of risking being ignominiously snubbed, and of being looked upon as a German secret agent.

In the operating car several doctors were engaged in amputating the leg of a giant Russian. With a heavy heart I turned my back on the station and walked into the town.

It already bore signs of German enterprise, not only because of the many German uniforms, but also owing to the different announcements over the shops. Several Berlin stores must have travelling shops with every army, because hardly has a new town been captured, than the inevitable "Deutsches Kaufhaus" ("German shop") is opened. The military authorities regulate prices. Last year butter had to be sold for 1.90 mark—that is, just under two shillings the pound; sugar at 35 pfennig a pound (about 4*d.*); matches about ½*d.* a box, etc.

Everything possible is done to ward off epidemics. In every town near the front one finds steam disinfecting stations. While the men are having a hot bath their clothes are placed in a large boiler and sterilized.

German dentists, too, are everywhere, and I have seen many an operation performed by the light of a kerosene lamp held up by the dentist's orderly.

The presents that are sent from Germany to the front are methodically distributed. Everybody who receives any article of clothing, whether it be a pair of socks, or a great-coat, must return in exchange a similar garment. It does not matter in how bad a condition it is, nor whether it is soiled or clean. This prevents waste. Formerly the men simply threw away their soiled linen or other clothing, and asked for new things. That has been stopped now. The old things are returned to Germany, thoroughly cleaned, and then repaired by voluntary workers.

German Staff Officers tried to convince me—but did not succeed—that every man at the Eastern front received half a pound of meat and half a pound of bread per diem. I have never been able to find either a private or a non-comm. to confirm this. Usually they smiled and looked wise. Some of them went as far as to say that that is what they were "supposed" to get if the commissariat department was in perfect working order,

which, however, in view of the almost insurmountable difficulties, the long lines of communication, the condition of the Polish roads, etc., etc., was rarely the case.

A most amusing incident interrupted our drive through Johannisburg on the Prussian Polish border. In front of a house stood a Landsturm man, a private of, I suppose, about forty-five years of age, and a young beardless lieutenant. The two seemed to be in hot argument, and suddenly the Landsturm man shook his fist in the officer's face.

My companion the captain stopped the car, called the private over to him and bawled: "My God, man, have you lost your senses—threatening a superior officer? Do you know that you can be shot for that?" And the Landsturm man, not without jumping to attention, replied:

"At your orders, sir. He may be my superior officer, but he is also my son!" "Flabbergasted" is the only term that describes my escort's expression.

The car continued, and he was silent for quite some time.

Near Klonowice, a little bit of a village about fifteen miles north of Kutno, I visited a Russian convent. The sisters had remained and acted the Good Samaritans. Every available space was taken up by cots and stretchers, and still the ambulance sleighs drove up with their loads and filled the courtyard.

It was here that I witnessed what to me will always remain the most ghastly sight of the war. If I had not known and understood it before, it would have revealed to me the German character in all its naked hideousness.

Standing in front of the little convent chapel I overlooked the surrounding country. At the foot of the hill a procession of stretcher-bearers slowly wound its way towards an emergency hospital. All of a sudden I heard the whining of a shell, and then saw it explode some

five or six hundred feet away. As a second shell whistled overhead, the line of stretcher-bearers stopped. As if on commando, or struck by lightning, every one of those forty-two cowards dropped their sad loads like so many logs, and threw themselves flat on the ground. Some of the stretchers landed squarely, but the majority of the twenty-one—I can assure you I counted them—turned over and threw their occupants in the mud and snow. Though was several hundred feet distant I could hear their shrieks and moans. It was ghastly, frightful. Though I had been trained in a pretty hard school—Belgium—this left me dumbfounded. I have never been so horrified in all my life. When the shell had exploded (which, by the way, never got within five hundred feet of any of them), the cowards scrambled to their feet, and one by one replaced their moaning comrades on the stretchers.

And although several doctors and officers had witnessed the incident, there was not one amongst them that went and cursed those dastardly brutes.

I think I knew then what men mean by "seeing red." I believe that I could have easily, with my bare fingers, choked the life out of those damnable cowards. It was the most frightful exhibition I had ever witnessed, and whenever people ask me nowadays what to my mind was the most horrible war scene I have been present at, I never hesitate to relate the above incident.

I turned my back on these horrors and entered the little chapel. Two nuns knelt in front of the altar, and in sweet, falsetto voices were saying their prayers. It was an oasis of peace amidst these vivid scenes of horror and frightfulness.

It struck me one day that I had seen very few wounded amongst them. Oh! I do not mean slightly wounded, in the head, arm, leg, or hand—what are called "walking cases." I saw thousands of those—I mean seriously wounded. I was puzzled about this, when one day,

A Polish spy. Caught redhanded cutting telegraph wires. He was shot five minutes after the above picture was taken.

[*Facing p.* 186.

A Russian prisoner and his German guard.

[*Facing p.* 187.

at Mlawa, I discovered, quite by accident, the partial explanation. I was talking to a sergeant who had just come in with a batch of Russian prisoners. He expressed his disgust at those sort of jobs. He had had to march for several days across country, sleeping anywhere and feeding ditto. He preferred to be in the first-line trenches. I shall now give his words, and I am recording them almost verbatim, as I wrote them down shortly afterwards:

"Then we had several serious cases that were beyond hope, so we had to do away with them. It is not very pleasant work. You cannot shoot them because that would be too noisy, and would attract the attention of the others." When I asked him how they did it, he replied: "Oh, we just take a long knife and cut their throats. In many of these parts we are thirty miles from a railroad. Our ambulance sleighs and carts are taxed to the utmost for the transport of our own wounded, which, of course, come first. So what is one to do? Those that cannot walk—well, we think it is better for them to be put out of their misery than to be left dying at the roadside."

Here was another pretty story. I turned away. I had to. I felt that some day I should commit manslaughter if I stayed much longer in these parts.

A few miles from Crajewo, a small Polish town, we stopped at a little château. My companion, a German lieutenant, and I strolled up to have a look at the place. The front door was wide open. A piece of paper, pinned on the door of the drawing-room, had written on it: "Bitte beerdigen, Dr. . . ." ("Please bury them"). Inside we found eight Russians. Seven of them were dead, but the eighth still showed signs of life. What to do? We were twelve miles from Crajewo. Our sleigh only had four places, and all of them were occupied, and I knew that it would be useless to ask that the extra driver, whom we did not need at all, should be left behind.

The wretched man was shot through the neck. It must have missed his windpipe by a fraction of an inch. The best we could do for the present was to take a large sheet, fasten it to the balcony flagpole, and hang it out of the first-floor window. I insisted that we should return to Crajewo. A medical officer there promised me " Auf Ehrenwort " to send out and fetch the man. Did he keep his word? Well . . . ?

As Prasnysh, where I spent the night, a new draft had arrived a day or two before. It was to go into the trenches the next evening at sunset. I was invited to dinner at the mess that night. General von François, commanding the 8th Army Corps, who had come over specially for the occasion to welcome the young officers, and at the same time give them their send-off, made one of the most remarkable speeches, even for Germany, that I have ever listened to.

He said:

" Meine Herren " (" Gentlemen "), " you have arrived at the last station of civilization. To-morrow you will proceed towards the battlefields of Poland, and there a new set of ethics will begin for you. I am not going to ask the Lord to bless you. He veils His face behind His wide sleeve, and marvels at the petty, unworthy quarrels of us human pigmies in the big scheme of things. Daily and nightly thousands and thousands, both friends and foe, are asking Him to send them victory. To whom shall He grant it? Everyone thinks his cause is a just one. What I wish you all to-night is iron and steel in your veins and marrow. May you all return safely to your wives, children, sweethearts; to all those who are dear to you. Should this not be, then remember that you will have died the most enviable death of all—the death for the Fatherland. Your Kaiser and King is with you, leads you [*sic*], and when the hard-fought victory, and an honourable peace have been won, then you will gather round him, inspired, moved, proud, and kiss his dear, brave hands. The Fatherland depends on you. ' Hoch der Kaiser! ' "

Thundering applause followed his speech; then they sang a song of many verses, each of them with the refrain:

"Kein schönrer Tod ist in der Welt,
Als wer vorm Feind erschlagen."

("No more beautiful death exists in all the world,
Than his who is killed before the enemy.")

What is one to do with such a nation?

Curious, this difference in the songs of the nations. The British go into battle singing a music-hall ditty; the Germans have a repertoire consisting almost exclusively of sentimental, home- and love-sick ballads.

A Colonel of the Prussian Guards, von Arnim, showed me his sword, presented to him by a number of civil and military admirers. It seemed a magnificent piece of work. What interested me most, though, was the inscription on the blade. Translated, it read:

"Do not bare me without good reason. But when once you have drawn me from my scabbard, do not replace me till I have tasted blood."

The strictest precautions against fire are taken in all occupied territory. The Polish people have the careless habit when going to bed of leaving all sorts of things to dry on the top of their stoves. Of course, this frequently causes fire accidents. The Germans soon tried to remedy this. (No burning houses, except those ignited by themselves, are tolerated in enemy territory.) So it was at once "Verboten" to have anything at all on top of a stove, except such paraphernalia as was necessary for the preparation of food, cooking and washing. Amongst many offences which are called "gross neglect" is leaving matches in waistcoat pockets on going to bed. Frequent inspections—at all hours of the day and night—are made, and woe to the house-owner if contraventions of these orders are found.

At Allenstein large posters announced the appearance

at the local cinema theatre of a film, "The Hound of the Baskervilles," Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's story. Evidently the tabooing of everything English does not include moving pictures.

I spent half a day at Thorn, one of Germany's strongest Eastern fortresses—"The Queen of the Vistula," as it is proudly described. It is surrounded by thirteen forts, built in 1878, but modernized during the last decade. While there I had the good luck to see one of the famous 42 cm. howitzers. It was *en route* for the Eastern front, to pound at the fortresses of the Polish Quadrilateral. This gun has various nicknames, the most popular are "Fat Bertha," "Busy Bertha" and "Brummer" (*i.e.*, something that will make things "hum").

Let me give here a few statistics of this howitzer. The gun is fired electrically, and on account of the fearful concussion, which no ear could stand, from a distance of about 500–600 feet. The maximum distance it is supposed to be able to throw its projectile is 44 km., about 27½ miles. They can use projectiles of different weight. The heaviest weigh over 1½ tons, and require a powder charge of 1,000 lbs. The cost of each shot is supposed to be 48,000 marks (£2,400). The very prevalent idea that these guns are only able to fire a limited number of rounds, say, 150, is, according to my informants, totally wrong. They claim at least five times that figure.

This big gun is often confused with the 30.5 cm. (12-inch) Austrian howitzer, built at the Skoda works. The 42 is *exclusively a Krupp invention, and entirely Krupp built.* Krupp's manager in Berlin, Herr Crass, told me that they had been experimenting with this gun for the last ten years. Only the oldest and most trusted Krupp workmen were employed in the building, and no foreigner, no matter what his station, has ever been inside that part of the works. As far as I am able to judge, I should think that eight is about the maximum number of 42 cm. guns in existence.

It was whispered that if by chance the Allies should eventually succeed in getting near the Rhine, they would meet with some further big gun surprises. Some of the Rhine forts are supposed to be armed with 19-inch guns. I give this information for what it is worth. I have been unable to verify it.

At Thorn I also saw some interesting new quickfirers. Though using an inch and a half calibre bullet, they were able to fire 30 rounds a minute, with a maximum range of 8,000 feet.

I discussed with many officers the German system of mass attacks, and suggested that their losses must have been staggering. Of course they denied this, but their explanation of why they attack in mass formation bears out a certain analysis of the German character.

"It is a matter of psychology," so they tell you. "Moral influence and moral effect go a long way in wartime. A man will fight better, with greater abandon, with less thought of and for himself, when he is in closest contact with his comrades. He feels their moral and physical support, shoulder to shoulder, in front and behind, and this makes him a more effective fighter than when he is, relatively speaking of course, an isolated unit—*i.e.*, with six or eight paces between himself and his neighbours. 'Elbow room' is a disadvantage when a strong enemy position has to be stormed. Present-day warfare, in which machine-guns play such a prominent part, demands greater physical and moral courage than was required in former wars. First, because people fought more in the open; second, it was always a matter of one man one rifle. Nowadays it is frequently a case of one man a HUNDRED rifles, if you consider the capacity of the modern machine-gun. Then, the *one* rifle in former wars was more often than not badly served; furthermore, it has been conclusively proved that eighty per cent. of ordinary rifle fire, coming from a trench that is being attacked, is erratic, nervous and frequently too high. It has been computed by patient statisticians that in former wars it took about twelve

thousand bullets for each casualty inflicted. If that figure is anywhere near correct the present machine-gun should lower it considerably."

I believe that the Germans think more of their machine-guns than they do of their 42 cm. guns. They seem to think that in these days an offensive can only be carried to a successful conclusion in mass formation.

A distinguished American, who, however, wishes to remain anonymous, wrote,* referring to the German mass attacks:

"*Of one thing I am convinced, that but for the English, the Germans would have proved their theory right.*"

* See "Can Germany Win?" (Pearson).

## CHAPTER XXVI

### WHEN I PRAYED WITH THE KAISER

ON our arrival at Lodz one Saturday evening we found the place in a great state of excitement. What was up? There are usually three likely answers to such a question, in the German war zones: "We shall attack at dawn"; "The enemy has broken through," or "The Emperor is coming." This time it was the Kaiser. He was expected the next morning on a short visit to the 9th Army Corps, under General Mackensen. He would attend Divine Service at Kumpina.

My cicerone, a Staff Captain, soon obtained the necessary permits for "the distinguished neutral journalist and personal acquaintance of Hindenburg." Bright and early the next morning, our car took up a "strategic" position near the Warsaw Station.

I was offered the freedom of the special reception platform, but I had some experience of these royal welcomes, and was taking no chances this time. At one of these affairs, just because I was too inquisitive and wanted to have a good look at the Kaiser at close quarters, I was kept separated from my car until he had had half an hour's start. So, in view of the fact that we had to travel about forty-five miles to get to "Chapel," I stuck to our motor.

The imperial train arrived punctually to the minute. Von Mackensen and his Staff were, of course, there to

welcome their Chief. Twenty-seven motor-cars—I counted them—including my own, were drawn up outside the station. Ours was very, very close to the exit—in fact, so near that the chauffeur had to back, to make room for the Kaiser's bright yellow vehicle. Everything went like clockwork. To the sound of hurrahs the Kaiser and Mackensen took their seats in the automobile. It was the seventh in the line. If that fool chauffeur of ours had been a bit more enterprising, and less awed by the sight of his Lord and Master, we might have got immediately behind the Kaiser's car. Think of it! What fun! An English correspondent for two hours next to the Kaiser. But the German chauffeur was too slow, and missed his opportunity. He lacked the journalistic "touch"—some call it "cheek"—and so we had to be satisfied with second place—*i.e.*, number nine in the procession.

The route from the station through the streets until it reached the road to Zgierz on the outskirts of the town, was lined with bearded Landsturm sentries. The civil population was kept indoors, except those among them that had special permits. Many anxious faces peeped stealthily from behind curtains as we passed. German flags were displayed in great profusion. I wondered where they all came from. Surely not from Lodz. Quite by accident I subsequently found out. In such a well-regulated organization as the German Empire, the Kaiser, like any other great actor or performer, has his advance agents. They are somewhat on the lines of the advance pressmen of circuses and big shows, only in this case, instead of posters and bills, they carry wagon-loads of flags.

I had by now grown accustomed to the landscape that greeted us as we reached the open country. As usual, it was barren, bleak and white. It was slightly rolling in contour. Here and there on the horizon black patches of forest vividly contrasted with the large expanse of snow. The villages seemed to consist of snow houses, church spires—or what was left of them—

tall factory chimneys, telegraph poles and modest wayside shrines—all were clad in a thick coat of frozen snow and ice. And all round us were the inevitable signs of old battlefields, and of an army in retreat. Shattered transport wagons, broken guns of all calibres, field kitchens, ammunition carts, sleighs, broken rifles, and leather accoutrements of all sorts, and, alas! the familiar simple wooden crosses by their hundreds and their thousands. Here and there one could still distinguish the inscriptions, but in most cases the weather had obliterated every mark of identity. I had seen many similar sights before, in Belgium, in France, and, latterly, on the Eastern front; but somehow on that still Sunday morning, driving behind and in such close proximity to the man who, in the eyes of competent judges, is held largely responsible for this bloodshed and destruction, it seemed to affect me more strongly than ever before.

I wondered what the man in front was thinking. What would I not have given to be able to read his thoughts at seeing these sad sights. But though I should have liked to have known them, I did not envy him his meditations.

Here and there small groups of Polish peasants, dressed in their picturesque multi-coloured garb, passed us on their way to church. Whether by accident, custom, or design, I cannot say, but the moment our cars were sighted the women in their bunchy petticoats quickly threw their top skirts over their heads, and either passed on, or stood along the roadside, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and taking not the slightest notice of the long procession. The men, very much in the minority, were oldish, and were dressed in skin coats bordered with brown or blue cloth. Their headgear consisted of the tall, fur, peakless caps of the country, or else the funny little narrow-brimmed, round Lodz hats.

Near the small town of Glowno we drove through

extensive woods, all pine trees. The wind howled through their slender branches. The interior looked black and mysterious, in sharp contrast to the crown of snow with which the trees were covered. The sinister depths of the forest seemed to tell, and yet try to hide, the terrible story of death and murder enacted in its presence. Small detachments of Russian prisoners, superintended by middle-aged German soldiers, were burying the dead, ten of them to a grave. The men stood in the snow almost knee-deep. When our cars hove in sight the Germans, regardless of their charges, ran as fast as the deep snow would permit them, towards the road and cheered themselves hoarse till the last car had passed. Then they returned to their terrible labours. That wood was like one of those ghastly, yet realistic paintings one occasionally comes across, only a million times enlarged. It sometimes haunts me in my sleep.

From Lodz to Lowicz is, roughly speaking, about forty-five miles, and this distance was covered in just under three hours, which, considering the snowbound roads and the deep mud underneath, was pretty good going. Lowicz lies on the left bank of the Bsura, and was at the time only a few miles behind the actual firing line. Near enough to hear distinctly the sound of the guns. It was crammed with soldiers of all branches of the service. The market-place, which, by the way, is already called "Kaiser Wilhelms Platz," was crowded with munition wagons, transports of every kind and description, sleighs, motor-cars, ambulance cars and several pieces of artillery, which, as I learned later, were captured from the Russians the day before on the Rawka. At the "Hindenburg Platz," on the outskirts of the city, the Commander of the town received the Emperor; but, as far as I could see, his speech was cut short by the Kaiser, who was anxious to get on. Slowly our long train of cars wound its way through the sentry-lined streets. Of course, there was the usual display of German flags. We did not tarry long in Lowicz, but

continued for another eight miles to divisional headquarters at Kompina, a small village in the marshes along the Bsura. From now on the country was simply overrun with troops, wherever the eye travelled one noticed them. There were also a large number of trenches and dug-outs in this part of the country. Then suddenly a transformation scene was enacted. We passed through two high iron gates, and found ourselves in a large and magnificent park. Tall poplars, or were they elms, bordered the road. At the end of a splendid avenue, a mile long, we reached a large open space—our destination. The centre was occupied by a spick and span automobile altar. It struck a discordant note there in God's great outdoor church. It was, if anything, too luxurious. The gold and red tinsel, the carved woodwork, suggested the word "gaudy." It looked incongruous and sadly out of place.

The castle, a massive mediæval structure, was surrounded by what had once been lawns with flower-beds that might have vied with those of an English estate. Now they were little more than pools of muddy snow and drab water.

Hardly a stone's-throw from the altar stood a powerful motor-lorry, surmounted by a long-barrelled anti-aircraft gun. A bit further on a wireless telegraphy apparatus was fixed, and the operator in charge was in communication with one of the aviators flying overhead.

The castle square offered a kaleidoscopic effect. Low Polish sleighs, harnessed with three or more Siberian ponies; ambulance cars and wagons; long four-wheeled peasant carts, an ammunition wagon or two, three field-kitchens, a field-bakery (on wheels), numerous saddle horses and luxurious limousines, were all crowded pell-mell in a sea of mud and dirty snow.

Several regiments, in full field kit, stood drawn up in parade formation at different angles to the altar.

The Kaiser had alighted at the castle for a few moments (during which time I sought out an advantageous posi-

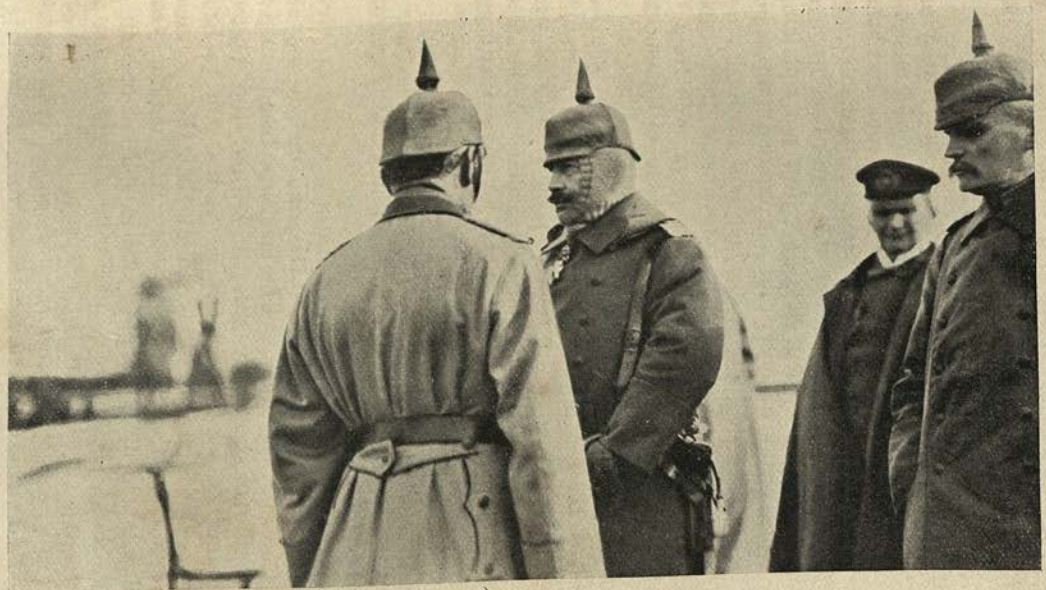
tion close to the altar). He soon reappeared, arm-in-arm with his son Prince Joachim, and accompanied by General Mackensen. Short crisp commandos of "Achtung," "Stillgestanden," rang out, and the grey mass of officers passed slowly along the lines.

If appearances count for anything, the War Lord is a very tired and worried man. His hair and moustache have grown quite grey. His eyes were sunk and hollow, and bore the unmistakable trace of wakeful nights. Deep lines were drawn about the corners of his mouth and nose. The German field grey does not suit him at all. The cloud of grey that surrounded him seemed to throw its reflection on his face and made it appear ashen. His moustache had no longer that cocky, sprightly upward twist we all know so well from the illustrated papers. He was more like one of Raemaekers' cartoons than any photograph I have seen of him.

He wore a long coat, and broad leather belt with revolver holster and sword. In the third buttonhole was the black and white ribbon of the Iron Cross, while the Order of Merit showed near his collar. As headgear, he wore the ordinary officer's helmet—covered with grey material—not the elaborate Prussian Guard's affair with the eagle perched on top. I had ample opportunity to take in all these details, as for nearly half an hour I stood less than thirty feet away from him, and frequently came even closer than that.

The playing of the National Anthem stirred up vivid memories. As you know, it is the same melody as that of "God save the King." The last time I had heard it at a military ceremony was at Furnes, the Belgian Headquarters, when King George paid a visit to King Albert. But I must frankly admit that the spectacle before me greatly appealed to my imagination. One could not help it. It gripped one in spite of oneself.

The "Fahnencompagnie," consisting of twenty standard bearers, and, preceded by two regimental bands, paraded before the Kaiser in the famous goose step, several



The Kaiser in conversation with one of his generals at the Eastern front.

[*Facing p.* 198.

FRIED. KRUPP A.G. ESSEN-RUHR
VERTRETUNG FÜR KRIEGSMATERIAL
FERNSPR. AMT ZENTRUM NR. 8783
TELEGRAMM-ADRESSE:
KANONEN-BERLIN

BERLIN W 9. DEN 11. März 1915.
VOSS STR. 16.

Nr. 620.

Sehr geehrter Herr von Beaufort!

Anbei überreiche ich Ihnen die mir von der Firma für Sie zur Verfügung gestellten:

1 Werksalbum 1812/1912 und

Statistische Angaben VII.1913,

deren Lektüre Sie sicherlich sehr interessieren und für den leider nicht möglichen Besuch in Essen entschädigen wird.

Da ich noch nicht weiß, ob ich am Sonnabend schon von meiner Reise zurück sein werde und also Gelegenheit haben werde, Sie noch zu sehen, sende ich Ihnen für den Fall, daß wir uns nicht mehr sprechen können, meine besten Grüße und Wünsche für weiteren guten Erfolg Ihrer Tätigkeit.

Ihr ergebenster

A letter from Krupp's.

[*Facing p.* 190.

officers leading. Some of the flags still retained their new lustre, but most of them were soiled and battle-torn. The troops, thousands of grey-clad soldiers, old men with young eyes, and young men with old eyes, bearded grandfathers lithe and lean, presented arms, and as they cheered their very hearts and souls seemed to go out towards their Kaiser. That exclamation, "Hoch!" appeared to express the undefinable German spirit underlying the words: "With God for King and Fatherland." The Kaiser and his whole Staff stood rigidly at attention, and saluted when the standards passed by. As the troops were all Prussian the bands played: "I am a Prussian, knowest thou my colours."

It was a most magnificent and splendidly spectacular sight.

Arrived at the altar, the standard-bearers ranged themselves on both sides of it; the Staff took up the centre, while the Kaiser stood a little in advance of them all, facing the altar and the priest.

The personality of the Kaiser fascinated me. He stood there, straight as a dart, statue-like, silent and thoughtful. Every once in a while he joined in the singing of the Psalms, but most of the time he was staring straight in front of him with a vacuous and far-away look in his eyes, showing preoccupation of mind. He did not look at all the part of the great War Lord. It seemed almost inconceivable that that solitary, lonely-looking figure (somehow his surroundings seemed to have vanished from my mind's eye) should be the man who is largely responsible for this terrible world-tragedy.

When the clergyman began his sermon the spell, at least as far as I was concerned, was suddenly broken. I do not remember much of what he said. It was nothing very brilliant or new, just the usual cant about Germany and her enemies. He praised the German spirit and the love for Kaiser and Fatherland; the splendid deeds they had achieved; but he warned them

not to forget God, who " holds the fate of Empires in the hollow of His hand,"—but being a just God, would give the German people the power and ability to be successful in defending their hearths and homes, and who would enable them to hold in pawn the foreign territories until Germany could secure an honourable peace.

The blessing of the troops that followed was another most inspiring ceremony. The standards were lowered; Kaiser, officers and men bent their knees and received bare-headed the priest's blessing.

Another Psalm, in which the Kaiser eagerly joined, and which ended with " Lord, deliver us," concluded the religious part of the service.

Again a few short commands ran along the lines. Then once more an expectant hush fell over the large assembly—the Emperor was going to speak.

His voice was grave, and not as firm and powerful as one would expect from the All-Highest War Lord. He left several sentences unfinished. He thanked his soldiers, officers and generals, and assured them of the Fatherland's eternal gratitude. Of course, he spoke of their great Ally, " The One above "—" He upon whom my father and my grandfather have always relied will not desert us, for His Spirit will always live in the German army and in the German people." His concluding sentence was: " The power of our enemies must be broken; they must be brought to their knees " (" niedergeworfen werden ").

General Mackensen then spoke a few words, after which the regiments formed fours, and paraded past the Emperor. The noise of the " Paradeschritt " seemed to compete with the distant rumblings of the guns, making the frozen ground shake and tremble.

Then the troops dispersed to their different encampments, billets and dug-outs; the anti-aircraft guns were removed, and two aviators that had been circling overhead flew off to their respective bases.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### HINDENBURG—LUDENDORFF AND FALKENHAYN

"War means attack. Whoever seeks his salvation behind fortifications and trenches is lacking in conscious strength."—FIELD-MARSHAL COLMAR VON DER GOLTZ.

THERE were few officers of Hindenburg's army with whom I spoke that would not at some time or other during the conversation refer to the above quotation. I wonder what they are thinking about it now?

Though the general public hears comparatively little about Ludendorff, in military circles Hindenburg is never mentioned without him. He is usually referred to as Hindenburg's "silent partner." It was Major von Bitterfeld who first drew my attention to Ludendorff,* with his mysterious hint: "Hindenburg is great, but Ludendorff is his Chief of Staff."

By judicious questioning I learnt a great deal about this partnership between Hindenburg and Ludendorff.† It would considerably cool the fanatical enthusiasm of the German people for the "Deliverer of East Prussia," if they knew the very important part played in the Eastern campaign by Ludendorff.

It is Ludendorff who has studied the Russian organization, the Russian army and the Russian manner of fighting all his life. He and his immediate subordinate on the Staff, Colonel Hoffmann, were attached to the Russian armies during the Russo-Japanese war, and,

* See Chapter XVIII.

† I was not surprised to hear that when the great man was recently promoted he insisted upon taking his Chief of Staff with him.

as he is sometimes quoted to have said, he learnt then how to beat the Russians. It was Ludendorff, the great expert on railroad transportation, who planned and mapped out the Battle of Tannenberg, the attack on Warsaw, and the great second Battle of the Masurian Lake district in February, 1915. But Ludendorff, a tall, reserved, silent German, has always remained in the background, and his Chief received all the kudos. The German people must have someone to worship, and it would never do to show them that, after all, their idol has only feet of clay. When Hindenburg was recalled from retirement, and asked to take charge of the army operating in East Prussia, one of the first things he insisted upon was that Ludendorff should be appointed as his Chief of Staff. The latter was at the time in Belgium earning fame and honour, but, in accordance with Hindenburg's wishes, was transferred. In fact, I was told, by an informant who knows both, that Ludendorff returned from Belgium via Hanover, where the old General joined him. Speaking about Ludendorff's activities in Belgium, I was told that he was the first General to enter Liége, and, not as a Staff officer, but at the head of his brigade. It seemed that the brigade commander in question had been killed, and Ludendorff at once took his place. For this achievement he was decorated by the Kaiser with the Order of Merit.

If you can persuade a German officer of the higher command to discuss with you the abortive Paris campaign, Ludendorff's name will invariably be mentioned. It was said that he was violently opposed to von Kluck's forced march; he wanted to take Calais first, and from there advance on Paris. The same informant, who gave me a great deal of reliable information, and who knows Ludendorff personally, said that if von Kluck and von Bülow, commanding respectively the first and second armies, had been given a week more, Paris would have fallen. Von Kluck, by his forced march, lost touch with von Bülow, and stood, so to speak, before the walls of Paris without any heavy artillery.

## HINDENBURG, LUDENDORFF, FALKENHAYN

In intimate German military circles many interesting stories abound in connection with the first great German War Council that decided the initial strategy of the campaign. The Kaiser, his son, and General von Moltke seem to have been the three extremists with regard to the Paris plan. It is said, or rather whispered, that both von Kluck and von Bülow, and even Falkenhayn, were opposed to it, at least in so far as it meant hacking through within the shortest possible time, which, so they feared, would make it impossible for them to establish the proper communication lines. But the objections of the majority were overruled by the minority. In military circles the Kaiser and Crown Prince are largely blamed for the great Paris failure; but it is admitted that it was a bold Napoleonic inception, a great gamble, which, had it been successful, would have ended the war in three months. Of course, they were, and for that matter still are, quite convinced that with the fall of Paris France would sue for peace. In fact, I was assured in Berlin that when von Kluck closed in on Paris, France intimated her readiness to negotiate peace conditions.

To return for a moment to von Kluck's reported objections at the Great War Council in regard to his lines of communication, it is interesting to note that in German military circles—again I must qualify this by adding that these matters were only discussed amongst officers of the higher command—the British army, by its splendid stand at Le Cateau and Cambrai, and its subsequent forward thrust that endangered von Kluck's right flank, is held largely responsible for the upsetting of the German plan.

The causes of the troubles between Hindenburg and Falkenhayn have been widely discussed in the Allied Press, and are by now fairly well known. They can be summed up in two words: "East" and "West." Hindenburg and Ludendorff had all their plans prepared for a break through to Petrograd this year. Who knows what might have happened at the Eastern front if

Falkenhayn had not insisted upon "taking" Verdun? I think he deserves the eternal gratitude of the Allies. During the winter months of the Eastern campaign the German lines there are largely held by barbed wire and machine-guns.

Falkenhayn, on account of his Austrian descent, was in the latter part of his command very unpopular. They tell a rather grim story. Hindenburg is supposed to have put the following conundrum to him: "What is the best part of Austria?" And the answer is "Her Ally." One of Falkenhayn's nicknames is "Falschenhayn" ("falsch" for "false").

One of Hindenburg's Staff Captains I met, a Hauptmann Frantz, was on von Kluck's Staff in the early part of the war, and he proudly informed me that he was one of the very few officers who had caught a glimpse of the Eiffel Tower. I did not tell him so, but I think it will be the only glimpse he will catch of it during the war.

To return to Ludendorff for a moment. Two of his famous maxims are said to be:

"A General Staff must have no nerves. A nervous Staff makes a whole army restless."

"You cannot conduct war with sentimentality."

There has been a certain amount of speculation as to why new titles have been created for Hindenburg and Ludendorff in their recent promotion. Since the days of old Moltke the official designation has always been "Chief of the General Staff." Hindenburg's title is "Chief of the General Staff of the Field Army." I wonder whether Hindenburg's contempt for the Berlin General Staff had anything to do with this? He used to describe the officers of the Berlin Staff, as I have already mentioned, as "Salon Offiziere" ("drawing-room officers"), the men who remain safely in Berlin and never even get their boots contaminated with trench mud. I have been wondering whether "of the Field Army" is Hindenburg's own special addition, so as to disown any connection with the "drawing-room" staff.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### RAILROADS

ONE of old Moltke's legacies to the German General Staff was a warning " to build railroads, railroads, and still more railroads."

" Railroads instead of forts," he always impressed upon his officers. To all appearances his advice has been well heeded. Germany has to-day nearly forty thousand miles of railway lines. From the moment mobilization is proclaimed every railway employee is at the disposal of the military authorities. For special work, such as the building of new lines (in Belgium, Poland, etc.), the rebuilding of destroyed tracks and bridges, and for all work connected with strategical matters, two special (Prussian, of course) Railway Brigades are employed. (Bavaria has one Railway Battalion.)

At the General Staff building in Berlin is a large room where every railway line in Germany is laid out in miniature. With one glance the Chief of the department—Hauptmann von Brauwitz—can tell to within a few miles where a certain train is or will be at any given hour of the day or night. Fascinated, I have watched Brauwitz and his assistant, when they were moving, by electricity, and from data contained in endless telegrams, little steel blocks, each of them representing a troop train or transport, into their latest positions.

I am told that the railroad lines in Poland have been

changed five times from the broad Russian to the standard German gauge. Germany, during the last seven years, has built thousands of railroad cars with adjustable axles, which can be used on either the broad or the standard tracks.

During the heavy fighting in East Prussia troop trains were run with an interval of from six to seven and a half minutes. Hindenburg juggled his army corps about from Southern to Northern Poland, from Galicia to East Prussia, as if they were so many pawns. Armies of three hundred thousand men, with bag and baggage, have been transferred nearly seven hundred miles in four days.

Where can one find here an analogy with conditions in 1812? Frankly speaking, I can see *none*.

There are eleven through lines that run east; then there is the strategic railroad parallel to the whole frontier line, which starts at Myslowitz, in South-eastern Silesia, near the point where Austria, Germany and Poland meet, and runs to Memel at the extreme north of East Prussia.

Since the beginning of the German advance into Poland hundreds of miles of light railways (gauge 60 cm.=24 inches, described as "field railways") have been built. It is claimed that they have proved so far a very fair substitute for the regular permanent way. They have proved invaluable in Poland. German railway experts maintain that three companies of their corps can build from a mile and a half to two miles of new—normal gauge—permanent way a day. On long stretches, taking into account all unforeseen circumstances, they calculate on a mile a day.

Although these emergency single-track lines have not the capacity of the ordinary peace-time-built railroads, they can transport twenty-four troop trains or their equivalent a day. The change from broad to normal gauge is not as laborious as one might think. The Russian rails are laid on wooden sleepers, so the replacing

of one rail can, if carried out by experts, be done in a very short time.

Speaking about bridges, I always looked upon a bridge as something strong and solid, something lasting. But since I have seen bridges occupying the most ludicrous positions over the Vistula, the Njemen, the Narew, the Bsura, I have changed my mind.

A German troop train usually carries about one battalion of infantry; one and a half squadrons of cavalry, or one battery of artillery. (A German battery has six guns.) For the transportation of an entire army corps (about 42,000 men), with all its paraphernalia, transports, horses, automobiles, ambulances, guns, etc., about one hundred and forty trains are required.

There are sixteen through—*i.e.*, main—railway lines to the Western frontier. An officer of the Railway Corps of the G. G. S., whom I met in Berlin, claimed that during the first days of the mobilization, when troops had to be quickly concentrated in the Western theatre of war, they ran a military train every ten minutes on every main line. In other words, an army corps a day. On the first day of mobilization there passed through Cologne, from 8 p.m. till 4 a.m., sixty-four troop trains, on ONE track without the least hitch.

What truth there is in these assertions I cannot say, but I do know that the hundreds of troop trains that I saw in various parts of Germany and Poland, followed each other at intervals of from eight to fifteen minutes.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### RETROSPECT

THE three outstanding sensations of those fourteen days in Poland, as I look back on them now, seem to be: Fascination, horror and cold. Yet with it all it was an interesting experience. When I try to focus my mind on the many and varied scenes I witnessed, they stand out against a large white background of snow and woods. On this background, then, there appear gradually in my mind's eye smaller details of men, transports and animals; thousands and thousands of Russian prisoners, and long sinister processions of ambulance sleighs crawling along, sometimes over tracks that were called roads only by courtesy. I saw all sorts and descriptions of wounded Germans, and not a single one can I remember who did not have that look in his eyes signifying absolute apathy of the future.

I will try here to reconstruct some of the scenes.

An interesting phenomenon to me was the anxious way in which the lightly wounded clung to their rifles.

They would—most of them already had—discard the larger part of their kit, but their rifles they jealously guarded. The sentiment is a very logical one if one stops to think. It was explained to me as follows: "You see, as long as you are in possession of your rifle, you are practically considered undefeated. But lose it, and you are marked with the ominous stamp of failure and defeat. Why? Because it may, in spite of all

protestations to the contrary, indicate that at some time or another you have thrown up your hands in token of surrender."

In East Prussia, following close on the heels of the German armies, the roads were covered with returning refugees. With their few belongings loaded on all kinds of vehicles, drawn by some prehistoric horse, mule or donkey, they slowly wound their weary way towards their homesteads and villages. Few knew what they were going to find when returning home. Their house or cottage intact, or swept away by the fierce blast of war. Would they sleep once more under their own roofs or was it to be under the cold grey sky? "Quién sabe?"

"But what matter—Nitchewo. We shall be back on our own few square feet of land amongst our own people, and presently we shall start building up again." Thus a little old grey-haired mother, with whom I entered into conversation for a few moments while she was resting at the wayside. "We may have lost much, but oh, thousands and thousands have lost a great deal more." And with a "Grüss Gott, Herr, Grüss Gott," and a wee curtsy, the old lady joined the rest of her family and trudged along.

Mlawa, a medium-sized Polish town, was one large hospital. Being situated on the direct railway to Warsaw (about one hundred miles north-west of that city), it was on one of the main communication arteries with the front. Every house was a hospital. The procession of motor-ambulances, sleighs and carts, loaded with wounded, seemed unending. Again, there was that eloquent language of the boots. Have you ever watched a number of ambulances pass by filled with wounded? And have you noticed the various expressions transmitted by the boots that stick out and are the only part you see of the wounded man? To me there is nothing so pathetic, no story so human and sad, as that which

is told by the four pairs of boot-soles staring at you from the back of an ambulance car.

There were three reserve regiments stationed at Mlawa as well, and, consequently, in many houses half the rooms were sick wards, while the other half were used by the reserve troops. Naturally this frequently led to great confusion. While waiting for some repairs to be made on the car we entered one of those houses. In one room the smell of tobacco, rum, coffee and hot claret intermingled, while from the one next door came the sickly odour of carbolic, iodine, and other antiseptics. The majority of the wounded were bedded on straw and lay very close together. If the true history of the Njemen battle is ever written, it certainly will show that on this occasion at least the German system and thoroughness failed lamentably as far as its medical arrangements were concerned. The blame was laid on the condition of the Polish roads.

As fast as train accommodation could be found for them, the wounded were transported to Germany. But it would seem that there were not cars enough in the land to hold the thousands and thousands of casualties that were brought up from the firing line.

Here, as elsewhere, my knowledge of German came in most useful. It enabled me to talk to the non-commissioned officers and men, several of whom I found most communicative and critical. I was told by two sergeants that their regiment had been in the trenches before Grodno for ten days, during which time they had not received a mouthful of hot food. A heavy snowstorm had made the roads and other approaches to the trenches absolutely impassable, so that the field-kitchens could not get anywhere near them. The only supplies they got were bread and lard.

While I was sitting in front of a stove (I am still at Mlawa) to get my feet dry, the door was suddenly burst open, and a man, yelling at the top of his voice, an-

nounced: "We have taken five thousand prisoners at Kirbaty." For a moment the news seemed to stun the occupants of the room, but for a few seconds only. Then fourteen voices broke out into a perfect bedlam of "Hochs!" and "Hurrahs!" Glasses, tumblers, tin cups, bottles, and every other kind of receptacle, were lifted high and drained deep. The wounded were forgotten. We are victorious, what matter the price? A young boy in the corner, who had both his legs shattered, kept on repeating hoarsely: "Five thousand prisoners; five thousand prisoners." But though his lips formulated the words his mind was elsewhere. His eyes were moist, and when a little later he dozed off to sleep again, as the result of a merciful anæsthetic, he still whispered: "Five thousand prisoners; five thousand prisoners," but interspersed with: "Mother."

Then there were the many nights when I was kept awake by the steady tramp of marching troops, and the shrill commands of the officers. One night, in the neighbourhood of Prasnysz, when the car had broken down, I was trying to snatch a few hours' sleep in a wretched little country inn. My room was minus windows, door, or fire, and the temperature five degrees below "zero." About midnight there was a big commotion under my "window." Cursing, shouting, whistling, as much uproar as if the Russians were in hot pursuit. The cause of the hubbub was the broken axle of an ammunition wagon. It was holding up a long line of transports. A few extra teams were taken from the carts behind, a few dozen men gripped the spokes of the wheels, and the wagon was with great difficulty dragged into the ditch, and left there in the care of the two drivers. I stood at the window for an hour or more and watched the passing procession in the dim light of a misty moon. There were Prussians, Saxons, Bavarians, Brandenburgers, Chasseurs, artillery, wireless telegraphy wagons, field-kitchens and bakeries, all trekking through the night towards the blood-red dawn glimmering in the

east. In the distance flashes of light and detonations of guns were bidding them their inhospitable welcome. Every now and then some section made a feeble effort to start a song, but it seldom met with much response. They have a new song in Germany these days, which might be called the equivalent of the British "Are we downhearted?" The refrain runs:

"Not every bullet finds its mark,
For if every bullet did,
Where would Kings and Emperors find their soldiers?"

No, not *every* bullet finds its mark, but from what I saw that day at Mlawa, many of them did.

At Skierniwiece, about forty-five miles south-west of Warsaw, I spent a night with a Polish doctor's family, and learned many interesting things about the German reign of terror. I saw several army orders printed in Polish and German, which warned the population against any act of violence committed against the German troops. The penalties threatened, in addition, of course, to the execution of the offenders, were: "In the case of one shot being fired, the house from which it came would be burned down; in the case of two shots the whole street would be destroyed; but if three shots were fired, the whole town would be razed to the ground."

The same old code, the same old story as in the West. Any inhabitant who was found in the streets after 8 p.m. was liable to be shot. The inhabitants must agree to do the washing for the troops at a reasonable tariff, to be fixed by the German authorities.

One man at Skierniwiece was dragged before a court and accused of having supplied a number of German soldiers with poisonous intoxicating liquor. The man was a small cabinet maker. Several Germans one day entered his place and, seeing a number of bottles in the corner, requisitioned them. The soldiers did not speak a word of Polish, and the Pole did not know German. He tried his best to prevent them from taking those

bottles, but he was shown the butt-end of a rifle and a fat fist. The Germans smelled the bottles, discovered, or at least thought they did, spirit in them. They emptied some of them there and then, and took the remainder along with them.

The bottles contained furniture polish, and evidently not even a German could stomach that!

In this great desert of horrors I had the good fortune, though, to encounter now and again oases of brotherly love and sympathy.

At Augustowo a German military dentist was practising his profession in the street. A number of soldiers were sitting and standing about waiting their turn. Amongst the spectators were an old Polish Jew and two elderly women. They followed the operations with keen and anxious interest, now and then putting their hands to their faces. The German doctor noticed them, and walking over to where they stood, asked them what ailed them.

The man opened his mouth and pointed to something. The two women simultaneously wailed out their story of suffering. The doctor chased his soldier patient out of the chair, and put one of the women into it. After she had been treated, he attended the other woman, and finally took the old Jew in hand. The two females, in an awful mixture of Polish, German and hysterics, thanked the doctor, and, grasping his hand, kissed it eagerly. The Jew gravely shook hands with his benefactor and slowly walked away.

One cold and grey morning, while driving through the extensive forests of Augustowo, we came across a scene that would have touched a heart of stone. A giant Russian was sitting cross-legged in oriental fashion in the snow. On his lap he pillowed the head of a German private, whose stark body, long since cold and dead, was covered with the Russian's overcoat. An empty flask lay beside them in the snow. The Russian's left

sleeve was soaked with blood, and, on investigation, we found that his elbow was completely smashed. And the man's sole comment was: "Nitchewo."

In Kalish I saw a strange queue of Polish peasants holding all kinds of possible and impossible receptacles, waiting round a German field-kitchen for the distribution of hot soup.

I do not think that any of these scenes had been got up for my special benefit.

At Kalish my personally conducted tour through the Eastern theatre of war ended. I bade good-bye to my courteous guide, tipped my very German chauffeur and his armed assistant, the man with the Staff horn, and twelve hours later I was back in Berlin.

# PART III

## *AN INCOGNITO VISIT TO THE FLEET AND GERMANY'S NAVAL HARBOURS*

## CHAPTER XXX

### THE GERMAN ADMIRALTY

"WE are not going to take any chances with our fleet." How often I heard that statement during the months I spent in Germany in 1915! You may listen to all the eulogies, promises, prophecies about "Unsere wunderbare Flotte," but you had better refrain from asking any questions about it. It may cost you your liberty if you do. Suppose you ask a German an imprudent question about the Navy. If you are lucky he will refer you to the German Admiralty; if you are unlucky, you will probably be the guest of the Government the next day, if not sooner. If you take his advice and go to the Admiralty, they usually see you coming. Oh! the many, many hours I have spent trying to reach the vitals of that palatial edifice, so symbolic of the organization it directs. It is spick and span and brand-new, no old ramshackle building, with partitioned rooms in all sorts of corners and corridors, such as I found in the War Office on the Leipziger Strasse. The German Admiralty is a model building. On entering, you find yourself in a square, marble-columned atrium, which reminds one of the drawings and paintings of the portals of the old Roman baths. There are a number of waiting-rooms on both sides, and that is as far as ninety-nine out of a hundred people get. To advance beyond the doors leading into the "holy of holies" is a labour that takes time, influence and brains.

I shall not describe the devious ways and means which

have to be employed in order to obtain admission to the temple of the German would-be Neptune. Suffice it to say that, after having secured an introduction to Captain Löhlein, who at the time was—and I think still is—a high official at the Admiralty, being something like their advertising manager, I finally passed through the inner portals of the sacred edifice.

Once inside the building, my first impression was a reminder of the story about Lord Kitchener and the War Office: "Is there a bed here? No. Then go and get one." Many similar orders must have been given at the "Kaiserliches Marineamt." In several of the rooms I saw a field bed hidden in a corner or behind a screen. Yes, the German Navy is very active . . . in Berlin.

One of the most fascinating departments in the "Marineamt" (Admiralty) in Berlin is "Abteilung XVI.," where maps, plans, sketches, etc., are collected and kept. I spent an interesting morning there in Room 177, and feasted my eyes on many excellently drawn and photographed maps. It was there that I saw (for the first time) a six inch to the mile map of Rosyth Harbour; large scale maps of Plymouth, Portsmouth, Dover, the mouth of the Thames, the entrance of the Mersey, the Liverpool docks, the Portsmouth dockyards, and various seaports; also, a map of England, with the places marked where hostile landings had been made. I doubt whether there are many yards of Great Britain's coast that were not carefully mapped out there.

But it is not of the British maps I wish to tell you. I was far more interested in the minute drawings and maps of Wilhelmshaven, Kiel, the Kiel Canal, Heligoland, the North Sea coast and its defences, etc. I was naturally most anxious to "borrow" them for a little while. But that was easier wished than executed. Maps from eight to ten feet long, fastened on rollers, are not quite the thing to "borrow" clandestinely. Nevertheless, I succeeded in obtaining a number of copies, much smaller, it is true, but exact replicas all the same, of those interesting and instructive German drawings. The maps accom-

panying these articles, viz., the general map, including the Kiel Canal; those of the German coast defences on the North Sea and Heligoland; the large scale map of Wilhelmshaven, and the map of Kiel Harbour and its anchorages, have all been drawn from those facsimiles. I doubt not that the German Admiralty would very much like to know how I obtained those copies. But I am not going to tell!

But to return to Captain Löhlein. He was a very pleasant, suave gentleman, but, unfortunately, they were not doing any advertising just then in the Navy. In answer to my inquiries, whether I might pay a visit to Kiel, Wilhelmshaven, the Canal, Emden, or Heligoland, I received a point-blank refusal. "Impossible; absolutely impossible!" was the answer. In short, to use the well-worn phrase, "Es ist verboten."

I knew then how British sailors must feel, when cruising and searching the North Sea, eager for a sight of the German pennant. So near and yet so far! Here I was in the heart of the enemy's country, and, what's more, at large, hardly the toss of a ship's biscuit from those pioneers of Germany's future, and yet unable to feast my eyes on them. Saddened and disappointed, I turned my back on Berlin and the inhospitable officials of the Admiralty, and moved to the free city of Hamburg on the Elbe. Here, after a while, fortune favoured me, and my career of "crime" began. Through friends and acquaintances and other mediums, I had several chances of visiting the principal defences of Germany on the North Sea. Short clandestine trips to the coast; interesting, if brief, voyages on all sorts of quaint old vessels; railway and automobile journeys to various parts of the German North Sea coast—in short a veritable banquet of German Navy delicacies, with, as *pièce de résistance*, a trip through the Kiel Canal. And this is what I have now to tell you about.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### GERMANY'S COAST DEFENCES

FROM what I gathered during those trips, I believe there is not another defence system in the world that can be compared with Germany's two-hundred-mile coast-line on the North Sea (see map). I have marked the forts and batteries which I know are there, and I realize that I have by no means discovered them all. Germany possesses on her North Sea border the natural advantages of shallow waters and a sandy, flat coast, which in themselves afford a valuable safeguard against offensive operations. The tide rises about ten feet on the Elbe, and from six to seven on the Frisian coast. In peace the various sandbanks and dangerous places are marked by beacons and lights; but, of course, since the beginning of the war everything that might facilitate navigation has been removed. The harbours are limited to those on the Elbe, the Weser, the Jade, and the Ems. They are approached by three narrow and tortuous channels, impossible to navigate without a pilot or expert knowledge of the charts. That is what nature has done for Germany. Science and art have done still more.

The German coast-defence system is divided into two parts: the North Sea and the Baltic Divisions, each under command of a Vice-Admiral, with headquarters respectively at Wilhelmshaven and Kiel. It is generally understood that the entire system is controlled by the Navy. That is not quite correct. There is no organiza-

tion in Germany, not even the Navy, in which the German Army does not play some part. A case in point is the Island of Borkum, the most western of the Frisian Islands, and practically in sight of Holland. It guards the channels leading to Emden Harbour and to some minor ports on the Frisian coast. Although one of the most important units of the North Sea fortifications, it is a military base and under control of the War Office. It is garrisoned and commanded by soldiers. On the other hand, the Island of Wangeroog, which is, so to speak, on the right flank of the Frisian Islands, and guards the entrance to Wilhelmshaven and the Weser mouth, is entirely controlled and manned by the Navy. Other coast-defence stations which have remained under control of the Army are the fortifications at Neufahrwasser in the Baltic, protecting the mouth of the Vistula, the forts at Pillau at the entrance of the Frische Haff, the approach to the fortress of Königsberg, and, finally, Swinemünde, guarding the entrance of the Stettiner Haff, the mouth of the Oder and the Vulcan shipbuilding yards.

Every unit of the entire system—*i.e.*, every harbour, dockyard, fort, battery, nay, I believe almost every single large gun—is connected with the others by a strategical railroad, and, in a smaller degree, by a system of canals. Thus Emden, on the extreme west, is connected with Memel in the east, almost in sight of Russia. The heart and brains of this great web are at Kiel.

A great many improvements are being made at Emden. It is the object of the German Admiralty to make this port another strong naval base. The channel leading past the Island of Borkum towards Emden has recently been deepened to forty feet. Borkum is strongly fortified. It has two batteries of 10 and 11-inch guns, and a 15 or 16-inch howitzer battery. (A heavy German battery consists of four pieces.) Emden is connected with Wilhelmshaven by the Ems-Jade Canal, so that the smaller units of the Navy can pass from

one harbour to the other without having to go outside. The main submarine stations on the North Sea are at Wilhelmshaven and Heligoland, with sub-stations at Emden, Cuxhaven, and one or two other points.

"The German coast-defence system," so everyone will assure you, "is, first of all, an offensive defence, effected through submarines and torpedo-boats, using the coast fortifications as a base." Furthermore, if I am to believe some of my informants, those people who think the German fleet lies inactive in the Kiel Canal are entirely wrong. It is continually on the watch, and its ships are day and night in the North Sea, often as far out as a hundred miles. It is guarding Germany's coast, and here follows a description of how it is done:

Draw a circle with Heligoland as its centre, the circumference passing through the Island of Sylt off the Schleswig-Holstein coast, and Borkum off that of Friesland. The outer semicircle, having a radius of about sixty miles, is patrolled by torpedo-boats, which are on guard day and night; and they will report at once any enemy warships that may venture near. Behind this line of patrols comes a cordon of fast cruisers, to give the "thin black line" a firm background. Finally, a third line of defence is formed by armoured cruisers, which act as a reserve and a support for the cruisers and torpedo-boats. The object of these three lines of defence is to engage and hold back any attacking enemy, until the Grand Battle Fleet—which naturally must remain safely in harbour, protected from submarine attacks—has had time to appear on the scene. In addition to these offensive lines of defence, every channel leading to the various harbours is protected by mines and submarines.

We may next examine the immobile and less elusive lines of German defence, viz., its coast batteries and forts. The Jade Bay, with Wilhelmshaven, is protected by thirteen or fourteen almost impregnable forts. The surrounding country is flat and marshy, and no attempt has been made in most cases to mask the forts. A

strategical railroad encircles the bay, starting at Eckwarden and terminating at the Frederick Lock opposite the island of Spiekeroog. Wilhelmshaven is a veritable fortress in itself, surrounded by smaller forts and supporting batteries. Across the bay the four guns of the battery at Eckwarden show their heavy muzzles, while still further east, in the very centre of the mouth of the Weser, lie the twin forts, Langlütjen 1 and 2. Bremerhaven, again, is a large fortress, supported by the batteries of Forts Geestemünde and Lehe, and several forts along the channel. There are a number of forts from Lehe along the coast as far as Cuxhaven, which is another important defensive centre. At this point the Elbe fortifications begin; and, as is the case at Jade, both sides of the bay are dotted with batteries and forts, from Cuxhaven to Stade, and from Glückstadt to Plattenbronne. Brunsbüttel, about one and a half miles west of the Kiel Canal entrance, is a separate and strongly-armed fort.

The ordnance of Germany's coast-defence system consists of the heaviest Krupp armament, as well as of lighter guns, the calibres ranging from 17 inch to 4.7 inch. At Wilhelmshaven, at Forts 1 and 2 Langlütjen, at Cuxhaven, and, I believe, but am not certain, at Wangeroog as well, the 17-inch howitzers predominate. The calibres most in use are 10 and 11 inch. Many of these guns are mounted on movable platforms, placed in the centre of heavy steel railroad trucks, strong enough, it seemed to me, to carry a whole house. The guns themselves are protected by a sort of cupola of "Gruson plate." When not in use, they are stationed in special garages. I knew now the purpose of all these short lines and connecting railroads. If a concerted attack on any point of the coast should be undertaken, these railway batteries can be moved rapidly to the place where they are most needed.

The "Gruson plate" protected cupolas and turrets are a formidable and interesting feature of Germany's coast-defence system. Experiments with this armour-

plate have shown that it is practically impervious to gun-fire. At the Krupps' offices in Berlin, there are certain official reports from the Italian Government concerning the tests to which Gruson plates have been submitted. A plate, weighing nearly 200,000 lbs., and intended for an Italian coastal battery, was fired upon at point-blank range by a 100-ton Armstrong gun, using Krupp steel shells. Three shots were fired at it, each projectile weighing 2,200 lbs., and requiring a powder charge of nearly 800 lbs. It stood the test faultlessly, and the only damage inflicted on it were four or five small cracks, varying from two to four inches in length. The steel shells that struck the plate splintered in hundreds of bits, which were so hot that they set fire to the surrounding woodwork. I have seen those Italian reports, and I have no reason to doubt their authenticity. If an Armstrong gun of such calibre, firing steel shells at point-blank range, is unable to destroy that armour-plate, there seems small chance that a shell, whatever its size, fired from a necessarily considerable distance by a ship's gun, will make any impression at all. The batteries of every fort of any importance, both on the Baltic and the North Sea, are protected by this armour-plate.

The cupolas contain mostly 8.2-inch guns, and the turrets the 10-inch, 11-inch and larger calibres. In naval and other well-informed German circles, they are convinced that there is no British Admiral living who would risk his ships against such batteries.

I was in Germany when the first attempt to force the Dardanelles was made. Naturally, the whole plan was dismissed as incapable of execution. Every naval or military officer with whom I talked was convinced that the Narrows could never be forced by a naval attack. I was told that, shortly after Turkey entered the war, one of the first things Germany saw to was that the batteries of the Narrows forts were strengthened and protected by Gruson armour-plate. Whether this assertion is true or not, I have not been able to ascertain;

but, if true, it partly explains the comparatively small damage caused by the bombarding fleets.

The average German naval officer is an ardent admirer and student of the late Admiral Mahan's doctrines. His writings are frequently quoted, especially when the possibilities of a British attack on the German North Sea coast are discussed. On the strength of his conclusions they insist that no ship has any chance against a modern fort.

As an illustration of the advantages possessed by coast batteries over ships, I was shown a copy of an official report from the French Admiralty, concerning certain experiments made in 1914. For three days a number of French battleships, using their heaviest guns, fired on several shore batteries placed at different elevations. The result of the trial proved that, even under the most adverse conditions, only about fifty per cent. of the personnel serving the shore batteries would have been injured, while hardly thirty per cent. of the guns could have been placed out of action. "And," my informants added, "the French have no armour-plate that can compare with our Gruson." Inquiries as to why they did not use this kind of armour-plate to protect their ships elicited the information that it is too heavy for that purpose.

Through my letter of introduction to Herr Krupp, I met Herr Crass, Krupp's General Representative in Berlin. Herr Crass, who has his palatial offices in the Voss Strasse, occupies one of the most important posts in the Krupp organization. He is the official intermediary between his firm and the German War Office. I had several long conversations with him, and found him one of the most pleasant and interesting Germans I met. Shortly after our meeting I dropped in at his office, and found him much incensed over a report, published in some of the Allied papers, stating that a Krupp gun sold to the Argentine Government had burst.

"It is a falsehood of the first order," he protested. "Never in all the years that we have been building guns

has there been a case of a burst Krupp cannon. If the proper charges of explosives are used it is simply impossible."

One of his chief arguments against the possibility of a burst Krupp gun seemed to be that the barrel is made of one solid piece of "crucible nickel steel." "Compare this with the British Woolwich-built guns," he continued. "The barrels of these guns consist of several parts. First, there is the rifling, which is fitted in an inner tube. Over this comes a wire covering, consisting of steel sheet ribbon wound round the inner tube at a very high pressure. Finally, there comes the outer tube which covers the whole. Our guns of 12, 14 and 15-inch calibre have a life more than three times as long as the equivalent guns in the British Navy. These guns can deliver close on two hundred and thirty rounds, while British-built guns are hardly good for more than sixty rounds for the 12 and 13½-inch calibre, and eighty rounds for their 15-inch."

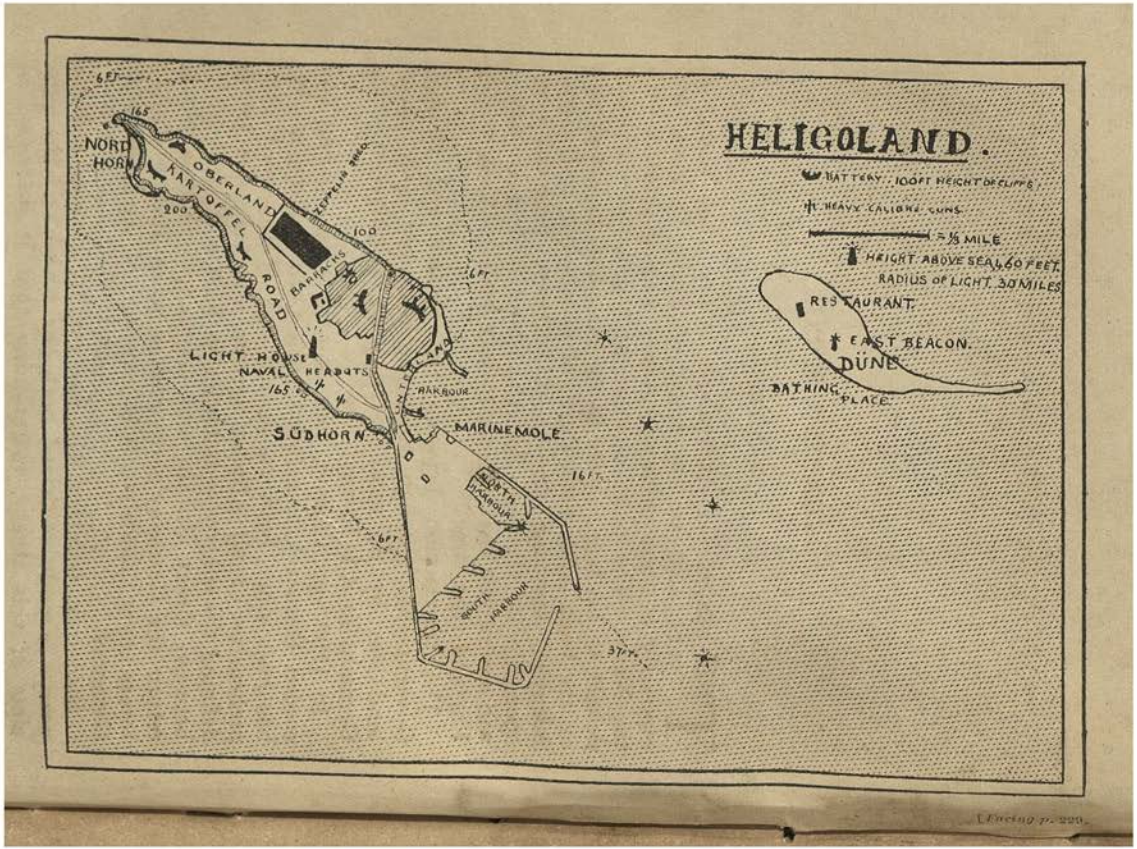
The proviso of "proper explosives" brought us to discuss the comparative merits of the powders used by Germany and England. Here, too, Herr Crass claimed superiority for the German product. The British powder, so he said, contained ingredients which are very hard on the guns, tending to destroy the rifling. The German powder, containing twenty-five per cent. nitro-glycerine (for their heavy calibres), is supposed to be far preferable to the British cordite charges. "Their powder" (meaning the British) "is in a large degree responsible for the comparatively short life of their big guns. Apart from the damage it does to the rifling, it causes cracks and abrasions in both the inner and the outer tubes long before the allowed maximum is reached. Naturally this causes great inaccuracy of fire." I thought of the "inaccuracy" of the British guns in the Falkland Islands battle, the Doggerbank affair, and other occasions when there was an opportunity of testing them; but I merely asked why, if the British powder had all those bad qualities, did the British stick to it? Ah! there were

several reasons. In the first place, it seems (according to my informant) less expensive to renew the guns than it would be to change all the British powder factories; in the second place, the British powder is the safest and keeps best of any in the world; and, finally, England, being firstly a Naval Power, calculates on quick results in a pitched battle. In other words, a decision would be reached long before the big guns had fired their maximum number of rounds. It is characteristic of every German to-day to place financial considerations always nearest to the British heart.

I was treated to some interesting details regarding the efficiency of the German naval gunner. At a recent gun-practice of the *Helgoland* (a battleship of 23,000 tons, mounting 12-inch guns), one of these guns, firing a projectile of 981 lbs., struck a moving target, six miles distant, six times in fifty-eight seconds! She also delivered six broadsides (eight guns) in one minute at a moving target some eight miles off, and hardly visible to the naked eye. More than two-thirds (over 5,000 lbs.) of each broadside hit the target. Those amongst my readers who are not *au courant* with the many accomplishments of a 12-inch gun, should ask one of their naval friends, and then they will learn what wonders these German gunners are. It is usually understood that two, perhaps at the utmost three, shots a minute from a 12-inch gun is the limit. Another record is said to be held by this ship. I was told that at a competition held in March, 1915, she coaled 756 tons in one hour. But, of course, Germany *is* a surprising country!

I also learned of some marvellous performances of the coast battery personnel. I noticed, at various points along the coast, fairly high observation towers, and managed to pay a visit to one of them. In each of them are stationed two naval officers, who, armed with powerful telescopes and with numerous charts and maps, watch day after day for any enemy vessels that may have eluded the three-fold line of guard-ships. As soon as

an enemy ship is discovered, the observing officer, by means of his chart, ruled into many squares and angles, immediately calculates its position and the angle of fire for the respective batteries he serves. The result of the calculation is at once telephoned to the different commanders in charge; and although the men at the guns are unable to see their target, they open fire. Gun-practices held with this system of indirect fire showed that a target nine miles out at sea was struck seven times out of ten. Now we know—as they do in Germany—why the British fleet keeps at a safe distance from these gunnery experts!


HELIGOLAND.
BATTERY. 100FT HEIGHT OF CLIFFS
HEAVY CALIBRE GUNS.
1/3 MILE
HEIGHT ABOVE SEA 160 FEET.
RADIUS OF LIGHT 30 MILES
RESTAURANT.
EAST BEACON.
DÜNE
BATHING PLACE
NORD HORN
OBERLAND
KARTOFFEL
ZEPPELIN SHED
BARRACKS
ROAD
LIGHT HOUSE
NAVAL HEADQTS
HARBOUR
SÜDHORN
MARINEMOLE
SOUTH HARBOUR
SOUTH HARBOUR
6FT
16FT
37FT
100
200
165

## CHAPTER XXXII

### HELIGOLAND

THE subject of Heligoland is one that to-day is very near to the heart of every German, but especially of those who are in any way connected with the Navy. The mere mention of the name will bring delight to his face. More likely than not, he'll slap you on the back, and, with a grin of satisfaction and a confidential, knowing air—as if he were personally responsible for the fact that the island is German now—will assure you that " We certainly scored a point on old England that time."

The transaction between the British and German Governments, through which the latter obtained Heligoland was by no means always as popular with the Germans as it is to-day.

In 1890 von Caprivi, four months after he had succeeded Bismarck, concluded with Lord Salisbury what has ever since been considered one of the most comprehensive of all African agreements, viz., the treaty defining the spheres of influence in East and West Africa between Great Britain and Germany. It included, in return for Germany's recognition of a British Protectorate over Zanzibar, the cession of Heligoland to Germany.

Bismarck, together with the rapidly-growing Colonial party, severely criticized both the terms and the principle of this treaty, maintaining that it destroyed all possibility of a greater East African German Empire.

They refused to accept von Caprivi's contention that "the days of flag hoisting" were over. Heligoland appeared but a small compensation for what they abandoned in East Africa. But times and sentiments have changed very much since those early days. Heligoland has become the very apple of their eye, and I am certain the Germans would sooner return Alsace and Lorraine to-morrow than give up that mile-long piece of rock. "Heligoland *must and shall* always remain German soil," so everybody in Germany will assure you. All the money in the world, I believe, could not buy back Heligoland to-day. As a prominent German naval authority expressed himself: "If Heligoland belonged to England to-day, we should be like rats in a trap."

Heligoland forms, with Wilhelmshaven and Kiel, the nucleus of the German coast-defence system. It is situated about forty miles from the mainland and equidistant from the Weser and Elbe mouths. It consists of two islands, the larger about a mile in length, with an upper and lower level ("Ober-" and "Unterland"), and the unimportant and much smaller one (half a mile east), named Sand Island. At the beginning of hostilities, every inhabitant, man, woman and child, not in some way connected with the navy and the defence of the island, was packed off. Most of them were sent to Hamburg, where I met several of them. It is interesting to note that several native Heligolanders are interned as British aliens, yet none of them have ever set foot in England. They are the men who, after the cession in 1890, chose to retain their British nationality. Among the two thousand odd inhabitants were a large number of women who had never left the island since they were born. There were many sad scenes on that Monday, August 3rd, the day before England declared war. Very few of them—so several Heligolanders told me personally—ever expected to see their homes again. They doubt not for one moment that, sooner or later, the British will blow up the whole island.

It is futile to try to get anywhere near Heligoland.

None but accredited German naval ships are allowed nearer than about ten miles. The nearest I got to Heligoland (in 1915) was about two miles—by air—about the only way, I think, to get that far. From the high altitude we were at, the little triangular piece of land seemed hardly more than a large rock. It was a clear day. The rays of the sun, thrown against the steep reddish cliffs, were reflected in the water, and seemed to form a kind of halo along the south-western side of the island. It was a most fascinating sight.

It is curious that the only two occasions when I have set eyes on Heligoland are recorded in my mind as a colour scheme of a harmonious and picturesque character. The first occurred some sixteen years ago, shortly after the opening of the Kiel Canal. During the summer months, excursion steamers, making the round trip to Heligoland in one day, sail several times a week from different points on the coast. On approaching the island, especially from the south-eastern coast, the effect of the steep red cliffs, hollowed by the sea into all kinds of fantastic figures and columns, is very striking. The Oberland is mostly covered with meadows. The colour scheme of three distinct hues is, I think, one of the strangest natural formations I have ever seen. The red cliffs are fringed above by the grassy slopes of the "Oberland," and below by the white sand of the beaches of the "Unterland." On the boat a native Heligolander, who was standing near and evidently read the admiration in my eyes, explained to me that those three colours represent the flag of the island. He cited and wrote down for me the following Frisian verse:

"Grön is dat Land,
Rood is de Kant,
Witt is de Sand—
Dat is de Flag vun't Hallige Land."

Immediately after taking possession of the island, the Germans proceeded to make it the Gibraltar of the North Sea. Its armaments, defences, positions, etc., are secrets which have been most jealously, and I am

convinced, most successfully guarded. Although, as I said above, I was unable to satisfy my thirst for knowledge by a personal visit, I managed to obtain some interesting and first-hand descriptions of the place, which is more than most "travellers" and "students" have gained; and, although I was unable to obtain a photographic copy of the official large scale map of Heligoland, I have had plenty of opportunities of studying the lay of the land.

While the importance of Heligoland as a protective harbour of refuge for German warships is, of course, slight as compared to the safety of the Kiel Canal, its value as a coaling station and a submarine and torpedo-boat base is incalculable. During the last four or five years over 30,000,000 marks (£1,500,000) have been expended on the construction of large moles, harbours, sea-walls, etc., in order to protect the island from the ravages of the storms, and, at the same time, offer some shelter to ships. On the south-eastern side two moles have been built, one of nearly 2,000 feet, and another of 1,300 feet in length. In this way something over seventy acres of land have been reclaimed. The new harbour surface extends to over eighty acres, and is divided into the North and the South Harbours. The former is the smaller. The latter has a large number of short piers for submarines and torpedo-boats. Their depth is about twenty-three feet.

The armament of Heligoland consists of five batteries (four guns each), divided into two direct-fire batteries of 12-inch calibre and three howitzer batteries with ordnance of from 11 to 17-inch. Owing to the advantageous positions of these batteries, placed on the upper level at heights of from 180 to 220 feet above the sea, they are able to fire in all directions, which—so it is claimed—excludes any possibility of an attack on the entrances of the Elbe and Weser mouths, or the Kiel Canal, and also makes a close blockade of those harbours impossible. The plunging fire, which the elevation of these batteries makes it possible to direct, would prove

destructive to even the heaviest type of armour-plate. Lord (Charles) Beresford is frequently quoted, in connection with Heligoland's defences, as having said that no commander would dare to expose his ships to a fire of this kind. Even if, by some miracle, an enemy ship should succeed in reaching the island, it would be a practical impossibility to carry it by storm, owing to the almost perpendicular steepness of the cliffs.

From the outside not a gun is visible. Every gun is protected by Gruson turrets or cupolas, all built on the disappearing principle. The emplacements have been cut into solid rocks, and so have the ammunition depots and bomb-proof shelters. Krupp anti-aircraft guns are stationed at points of vantage, and it is claimed that they are able to fire close on three miles (15,000 feet) high. Provisions and ammunitions of all kinds are stored in the various depots, enough to last a year, while an ample number of sailors, calculated " for all eventualities," as the official phrase runs, are garrisoned in the fortress.

In 1913 the 5th Artillery Naval Division (four companies), forming part of the Heligoland garrison, won the Kaiser prize for having obtained the highest scores in target practice with heavy coast batteries. Brilliant results were also obtained by so-called " indirect fire."

The lighthouse, situated near the south-west corner of the island, is the highest on the North Sea coast (266 feet). Its apex, well over 460 feet above sea level, serves as an excellent observation point. The lighthouse guards have surrendered their station to naval officers. An elaborate wireless system, one of the most powerful of its kind, is continually in touch with the other stations on the North Sea and any ships which may be outside.

Interesting arguments by German and alien naval authorities are recorded in certain confidential reports about the fortifications and the general aspects of Heligoland. It has been maintained by some that the fortress would become untenable if subjected to a heavy bombardment. They argue that the modern H.E. shells would blow the sandstone rocks to bits, dislodge the

batteries, and make them useless. It is claimed that a prolonged fire of the batteries themselves would have serious effects on their positions. But against those arguments were placed the reports of experiments made by German experts, in which it was stated that no vital part of the island had been affected by many consecutive concussions of even the heaviest ordnance of the cliff batteries, nor by any explosions caused by direct fire against the outside rocks. At present I think Heligoland is only vulnerable by an air attack. A fleet of aeroplanes could do an immense amount of damage on that strip of land—a mile long, and from a quarter to a third of a mile wide. From the map I have seen, it seems that there are few spots in which a bomb could fall without doing considerable damage.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### PROTECTION OF THE KIEL CANAL

A WEEK or so after my arrival in Hamburg I learned that Admiral von Koester was to give a lecture at the University of Kiel. Of course, I could not afford to miss such an interesting and instructive event. Consequently, I persuaded a German naval acquaintance to be my companion on a little voyage of discovery, which—incidentally, of course—would include a visit to Kiel. A naval uniform is a passport anywhere in Germany, and my passport was much in need of both moral and physical support. This was my first visit to Kiel. On the second occasion, when I passed through the Canal (as described below), being without such an escort, and since Kiel is an unhealthy place for any foreigner in these days, I left it without delay.

I believe it would be simpler for a soldier to pass in khaki through Belgium and Brussels than for a spy to get within sight of the Kiel Canal. There is hardly a yard of land or water along the Canal or near its approaches, that is not guarded night and day. Near the Canal everything is "Verboten." You must not enter the zone—one mile on either side of the Canal—without a special permit. Even if you have a pass, you are not allowed to enter the zone without being accompanied by a soldier. From every village and town which lies in the proximity of the Canal every foreigner, whether naturalized or not, has been expelled. Even Germans whose reputations were not spotless had to go too.

At the various bridges—either railroad or highway—the ferries and every other kind of crossing, whole platoons of soldiers are stationed. Parcels that could be carried across are thoroughly examined; civilians are not allowed to cross the Canal unless chaperoned by a soldier. Motor-cars, carriages, wagons—in short, vehicles of every kind and description—must be escorted by a soldier in order to reach the other side. Everybody must be in possession of a special pass, issued by the Mayor and countersigned by two prominent citizens of the town or village where he lives; his business must be stated thereon; whether he enjoys a good reputation, and numerous other details. The pass is only valid for the particular station of the Canal for which it is issued. It must be applied for at least a week beforehand, so that the local authorities have ample time to dispatch a list of the passes issued to the Canal authorities. The passenger cannot change his route. If he should present himself at any other station his name would be unknown there and he would be arrested at once. The formalities at the railroad stations giving access to the four railroad bridges are the severest of all. On reaching the last station before the Canal, all the passengers must alight. After your pass has been examined and not found wanting, your luggage thoroughly overhauled, your pockets searched, you may return to your seat in the train. You might think that they would trust you now; but, no, "we cannot take any chances." Some fifty soldiers with fixed bayonets and loaded rifles enter the train and are posted either in the vestibules of the carriages, or—as is usually the case—one in each compartment. The blinds must be drawn, and the doors are locked on the outside. Sentries near the bridges have stringent instructions to fire without warning at anyone seen prowling round. The anti-aircraft guns on the locks, bridges, and other points along the Canal are manned day and night.

Everything possible is done to discourage unnecessary travelling in the Canal zone. "It is better," so they argue, "to suspect and inconvenience a thousand innocent

travellers, than that one guilty person should slip through."

"My dear sir, do you think we are fools?" exclaimed a German officer whom I chaffed about these precautionary measures. "What do you think it would be worth to the British to have our Canal put out of business, even if only temporarily? Millions, my dear sir, millions. In these times, and certainly as far as our Canal is concerned, we suspect everybody, and will consider him 'not guilty'—for the time being only—when he has reached the other side without accidents to the Canal. The reports from the different stations in the zone would make interesting reading, especially for the British. We have caught very strange fish here, and big ones too. A special court-martial is continually sitting at Kiel, charged only with the investigation of Canal cases, and I can assure you that justice is meted out here, quick and drastic. Death is practically the only verdict."

According to stories heard in Hamburg and Kiel, many attempts have been, and are still being, made to bribe native Germans. Several neutrals have tried their hands at earning a quick, but not an easy penny. "Ugh!" said an officer, whom I met in Kiel, contemptuously, "the English are no good at secret-service work. Why? Because they lack the one great essential—the fanatical spirit of patriotism, which is born in us, and is instilled into us from the cradle. If the English had a Canal half as important to them as this is to us, it would have been wrecked long ago."

I heard that during the early days of the war several Englishmen were caught red-handed. Attempts were made to blow up the two giant locks at the Kiel end. One man was caught near one of the railroad bridges. He was disguised as a workman. His pass and other papers seemed quite in order. When they searched him nothing suspicious was found, and they almost let him go. But one of the officials suddenly had the bright idea to look inside his dinner pail. And there, beneath

innocent layers of cheese sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, they discovered enough explosives to blow up half a dozen bridges.

I was shown in Hamburg by a young and communicative officer (it was after one of those convivial dinners of the Vaterland, concluding with French cognac and "Deutschland über Alles") a set of most interesting photographs. They showed wrecks and "accidents" in the Canal since the beginning of the war. One Swedish freighter, loaded with lumber, was seen almost blocking the channel. As my friend the enemy explained, several tugs arrived only just in time to drag the steamer sufficiently to one side, so as not to obstruct the water-way entirely. The "accident" occurred in October, 1914. What happened to that Swedish captain and his crew I could not ascertain, but I was assured, with an ominous wink of the eye, that that skipper would never pass through the Canal again.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### FROM EMDEN TO WILHELMSHAVEN

AT the outbreak of hostilities the following proclamation concerning the operation of the Kiel Canal in time of war was issued by the German Government:

"The war operations of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal have begun. The Canal zone is closed at present for merchant vessels. Exceptions thereto require in every instance the permission of the Chief of the Naval Station of the Baltic Sea at Kiel."

The "exceptions" are practically confined to such neutral ships as carry provisions for the Army or Navy, or are supplying Germany with foodstuffs. But in all cases the captains of these neutral ships must be personally known to the German authorities, and a large bond must be put up for them either by their employers or by themselves. Until the end of 1915 only Dutch, Danish, Swedish or Norwegian steamers had obtained permits to pass through the Canal. From what I have seen of the inconveniences, the trouble, the red tape, that the Captains have to put up with every time they make the trip to or from Germany, I can assure you that, whatever their emoluments may be, they earn every penny of them.

With great difficulty I managed to get a passage on one of these neutral steamers. To all intents and purposes my nationality was the same as that of the vessel on which I sailed. I speak German quite fluently,

which was, of course, of great additional assistance. I joined the little 600-ton steamer at Emden, Germany's most western port. We proceeded on the inside—*i.e.*, through the Ems-Jade Canal, to Wilhelmshaven, and thence by Cuxhaven through the Kiel Canal to Kiel. Although the actual distance we travelled is well under two hundred miles, it took us the best part of five days. It was not what you might call a joy ride, but, nevertheless, I would not have missed it for a great deal, for I learned more about the German fleet in those five days than I had in all the weeks I spent in Germany.

Through the Ems-Jade Canal, bordered on both sides by flat, marshy country, the trip was uneventful; but when we got within sight of Wilhelmshaven, the fun began. About three miles from our day's destination an officer and eight sailors came on board, and, after having carefully examined our ship's papers, proceeded on a search of ship and crew as systematic and thorough as I have ever seen. But then, of course, I had never before attempted to enter Germany's most important naval base. It is quite true that she takes no chances with her fleet. The search, checking of papers, reports, messages to Wilhelmshaven, and numerous other formalities, took the better part of four hours. When finally our permits arrived, four sailors and a petty officer came on board, and under their guidance we finished the three miles that separated us from the famous naval base. Through a system of locks, we reached the "Coal Harbour," which is part of the New Harbour of Wilhelmshaven. By devious methods and devices I had been able to time our arrival so that it would be too late to go out into the bay that same afternoon. We were told to make fast and prepare to stay the night. That was exactly what I had schemed for.

Through the courtesy of one of the harbour officials I was enabled to send a message to a naval surgeon, whom I had known in New York, and to whom I had been able to render a not inconsiderable service. The doctor proved a friend in need, and, to begin with, invited me

to dinner at the " Casino " (" Officers' Mess "), situated in the park a few hundred yards from the Imperial Docks. I was made most welcome by some sixty-odd naval officers. Among those whom I met I recall Grand-Admiral von Koester, Rear-Admiral Gädke, Admiral von Ingenohl, Rear-Admiral Hipper, and many others. It was on this occasion, too, that I made the acquaintance of the notorious Captain-Lieutenant Hersing, the (then embryo) " *Lusitania* Hero." I had a talk with him on submarine matters, to which I shall return later.

On entering the " Casino," I was at once struck by the large number of drawings, paintings and caricatures, depicting the Navy and its work, which almost covered the walls in every room and hall. Most of the caricatures, of course, played on England. Some of them were amusing. There was a picture of two mermen at the bottom of the sea, enjoying the many good things the *Emden* is throwing them, which is a very popular poster. A large copy of it, set in a magnificent frame of mahogany and old gold, hangs in the Casino, between the portraits of the Kaiser and the Kaiserin. It is surrounded by photographs of Captain Müller, Captain Mücke (who with a remnant of the crew escaped into Turkey), and other officers of the *Emden*.

Indeed, I shall long remember that dinner at the officers' mess in Wilhelmshaven; but if I could give a full shorthand report of the conversations I listened to that evening, I fear you would think I had dined in a lunatic asylum instead of an officers' mess. One or two examples will suffice.

The talk was all " shop " and war, of course. That same evening a number of airmen had returned from " active service on the North Sea," and the conversation drifted into the subject of " Aircraft in relation to the invasion of England." It seems that the idea of invading England with the assistance of the Navy has for the present been shelved. The North Sea? Ah, indeed, it was a great protection, a formidable obstacle; but, sir, remember the old axiom about a chain being

only as strong as its weakest link. So with the North Sea. It is only as wide as its narrowest point—*i.e.*, twenty-five miles. That was the great principle to keep always before one's mind, because in that figure England's future doom lay sealed! Calais, not Egypt any more, was England's throat, the key to British world-power. Germany's motto was no longer "Our future lies on the water," but should read henceforth, "On the water—for peace; under the water and in the air—for war." What could prevent Germany, with its marvellous industrial developments, wonderful inventions, from building, say, 100,000 aeroplanes? After Germany had once taken firm hold of Calais, an army of 200,000 men could be thrown into England within less than half an hour, by aeroplane!

Of course, the invasion would be carried out during the night. They had only figured on two men to each aeroplane; but, considering the negligible distance, which would exclude the necessity of carrying any surplus gasoline, the carrying capacity of the machine might easily be doubled. The Landing?

"Ha! my friend, you may be certain that Germany, in an undertaking of this kind, would not risk failure in overlooking the smaller details. When the time comes there will be plenty of friends, in some disguise or other, 'British subjects,' some born, others naturalized, who will light the way for us. Burning houses, electrical appliances, searchlights, rockets, etc., will serve. Trust the German thoroughness to be prepared for all emergencies when 'The Day' has arrived. Already to-day the fear of invasion causes periodical panics in England. But it is most remarkable, even for the short-sighted British, that they never realized until the present war, and then only in a limited degree, the vital importance, nay, the deadly menace, aviation is to their country. From the time the air was conquered England ceased to be an island. And they refused to listen to the brothers Wright, who gave them their first chance! British stupidity, British insularity."

The next subject which was discussed, and, of course, settled, was the peace terms. Europe was cut up and the pieces handed round like a birthday cake. "Every country that has joined us will be amply compensated. Those who have gone against us—well, God help them." The division of Europe will be about as follows:

"Germany will take the Baltic provinces, including Petersburg and the whole of Poland. Austria will receive the whole south of Russia, including Kieff and Odessa; Turkey, the whole Caucasus, including the Department of Saratow. The Russians must be separated not only from the Baltic, but from the Black and Caspian Seas as well. Sweden gets Finland. Serbia, of course, will go to Austria. Egypt will be returned to Turkey. If Roumania intervenes in time on the right side, she will get Bessarabia and some minor territories."

"The *embarras des richesses* of colonies will, when the spoils come to be divided, actually become a problem. So far as India and Egypt are concerned, our only wish to-day is to help these nations to liberate themselves from the British yoke. To Algiers, Tunis and Morocco we would also restore their autonomy. With Belgium, we, of course, take possession of the Congo State. The interests of France in Morocco will cease at once, since she has used its natives to fight against us. Turkey will occupy the Suez Canal. The shares of that company owned at present by England will be declared null and void.

"The economical conditions under which the annexed territories will be incorporated in the German Empire may be of various kinds; but one fundamental principle should never be lost sight of, viz., that electoral rights—*i.e.*, the right to elect members for the Reichstag—remains a prerogative of the Germans living within the old boundaries of the Empire. The natives of Poland will have their own Parliament in Warsaw; those of the Baltic provinces, in Petersburg. The Belgians, of course, may retain their Parliament in Brussels, while for the

annexed provinces of France—Calais, Rheims, Belfort, etc.—a separate Diet could be established. Poland and Belgium might even remain kingdoms with Prussian princes on the throne.

"But though the conquered territories will have no voice in the Imperial legislation, they will, of course, have to submit to conscription. The young Pole from Warsaw will serve his three years in Hanover, Düsseldorf, or Cologne. The Frenchman from Calais or Rheims will be sent to Breslau or Posen. The Russians of the Baltic provinces, like the young conscripts from Belgium, will enjoy their military training in Bavaria or Saxony. But the great fortresses, such as Calais, Belfort, Warsaw, or Riga, will be garrisoned by none save the old Prussian regiments."

About their fleet—why did it not come out and fight the British? Why didn't the British fleet come and "dig *them* out," as Churchill threatened to do? Yes, they would come out and fight, but they would choose their own time—not when the British wanted them to. "So far, our fleet has paid us very well, and will pay us in future. This war is not going to be over for some time." Exorbitant naval taxes? "Why, my friend, take a current copy of our 'Statisches Jahrbuch,' and find out how much the German nation is paying for what our enemies describe as our 'luxury.' About seven marks a year per capita is the average for the last four years. That amounts to a third of what England demands of her subjects."

These are a few examples of their conversation, and by no means the most extravagant. But they talked well, and I think they quite believed what they said. I knew how utterly useless it would be to try to argue with them. Besides, I wanted to have a look at the harbour and dockyards next morning, so I deemed discretion the better part of valour. One is not in Wilhelmshaven every day, in these times!

Captain-Lieutenant Hersing, whom I mentioned above,

had not reached his most dazzling height of fame when I met him. It was in the pre-*Lusitania* days. Still, he had already earned the Iron Cross, second and first class. With the U 21, one of the smaller submarines, he had sunk what he described as the British " cruiser," *Pathfinder*. Besides, he had been active for a short spell in the Irish Sea, where he sank the *Bencruachan* and one or two other ships. The names of all his victims—I refer to the ships—were neatly engraved on a silver cigarette-case which he showed me, with the dates behind and a facsimile small Iron Cross in the corner. After sinking the *Lusitania*, he was the most popular naval officer in Germany. His friends declared that he received more love-letters, more proposals, love-parcels, flowers and photographs, than the most popular actor or actress ever dreamt of. Hersing told me that there was but one serious risk in his job; that was the British destroyers:

" Those ' beasts of prey ' are on you before you can say ' knife ' ! They patrol usually in sixes or twelves, and it has become essential for us to show ourselves as little as possible on the surface. Up till now we have carried out this campaign in as much of a sporting spirit as possible; but since several of our U boats have been lost, as a result of their too lenient treatment of the enemy, that is going to be stopped. It's all very well to try to be humane, even in war-time, but not at the price of suicide. The recent destruction of the U 8 and the U 12 are cases in point. Our instructions now are, that on no account must we risk the safety of our boat, to say nothing of our own necks, for the sake of saving the crews of captured ships. Was it not their own naval chief, Lord Fisher, who said: ' Moderation in war is nonsense ' ? Take the case of Captain Hansen " (commander of the U 16). " He refrained from torpedoing a French steamer off the harbour of Cherbourg because he noticed several women and children on board, and afterwards escaped, by the breadth of a hair, being rammed by that very vessel. Oh, we Germans are too

easy, too sentimental, too tender-hearted, and our enemies take advantage of that weakness every time."

After dinner a naval officer came in, limping on a stick. He was formally presented to me as one of the survivors of the *Mainz*, which was sunk in the North Sea early in the war. His experiences had been quite interesting, so I was told. When he regained consciousness he thought, of course, that he was a prisoner in England. So he racked his brain for every possible vile English curse-word he could think of to throw at his attendants. His English vocabulary was said to be extensive, and he rattled the unflattering epithets off one after another. Strange to say, instead of becoming furious, his attendants all began to laugh, and they "laughed in German." (Englishmen cannot really laugh properly, they only grin, on account of their eternal pipe!) Oh, what joy, when he discovered that he was not in the enemies' hands, but at home, in the dear old Vaterland! He was so overcome that he swooned again. But his cup of happiness was mixed with many bitter tears at the thought of his ship, the poor old *Mainz*, his "Iron Home," now at the bottom of the North Sea! The tears almost welled into his eyes when he retold the story of this glorious escape.

Then there was the commander of the old torpedo-boat S 5. He, too, was famous. Had not his nutshell of six hundred tons earned, in the Doggerbank affair, the great distinction of having drawn the fire of the largest calibre British guns, while trying to save some of the crew of the sinking *Blücher?* Oh, it was not really as difficult as one would think, to avoid those big fellows. You see, when you saw the water spout up on your left, why you simply turned off to the right, and when you heard or saw the shell strike the water on your right, well, you merely steered to port. He, too, was one of the official eye-witnesses of the sinking of the *Tiger!*

Captain Hansen, who was also present on this occasion, had been living in England till a few days before the outbreak of the war. He related a brilliant bit of

German humour. While basking in the sun, on the deck of his large new submarine, somewhere off the coast of England, one of his men appeared from the conning-tower, carrying a large box. He was about to chuck the thing overboard, when he (the Commander) stopped him, and asked what was in the box. "Just a 'Liebesgabe' (Love-gift), Herr Capitän." "Now what do you think was in that box, and to whom do you imagine it was addressed?" Hansen asked his audience. After everybody had "given it up," he continued slowly: "The box contained the old bones of the previous day's meals, and it was addressed to 'Herr Edward Grey, London.'" If universal hilarity and applause is any criterion, the joke was hugely appreciated by the captain's colleagues.

A few days previous to my visit the *Lützow*, one of the new 28,000-ton super-Dreadnoughts (sunk on May 31st) had been completed and commissioned. I was told that the eight original 12-inch guns had been supplanted by ordnance of 15-inch calibre. Each projectile of these guns is five feet high and weighs over 1,600 lbs. Their range is supposed to be twenty-two miles. At point-blank range they can pierce a steel armour-plate four feet thick. It is claimed that no gun in the British navy is capable of such a feat.

No wonder that my brain was in a whirl when I left the Casino! It certainly had been a strenuous evening. Nevertheless, I spoke the truth when, on taking leave of my hosts, I assured them that I had spent a most interesting, entertaining and instructive *soirée*.

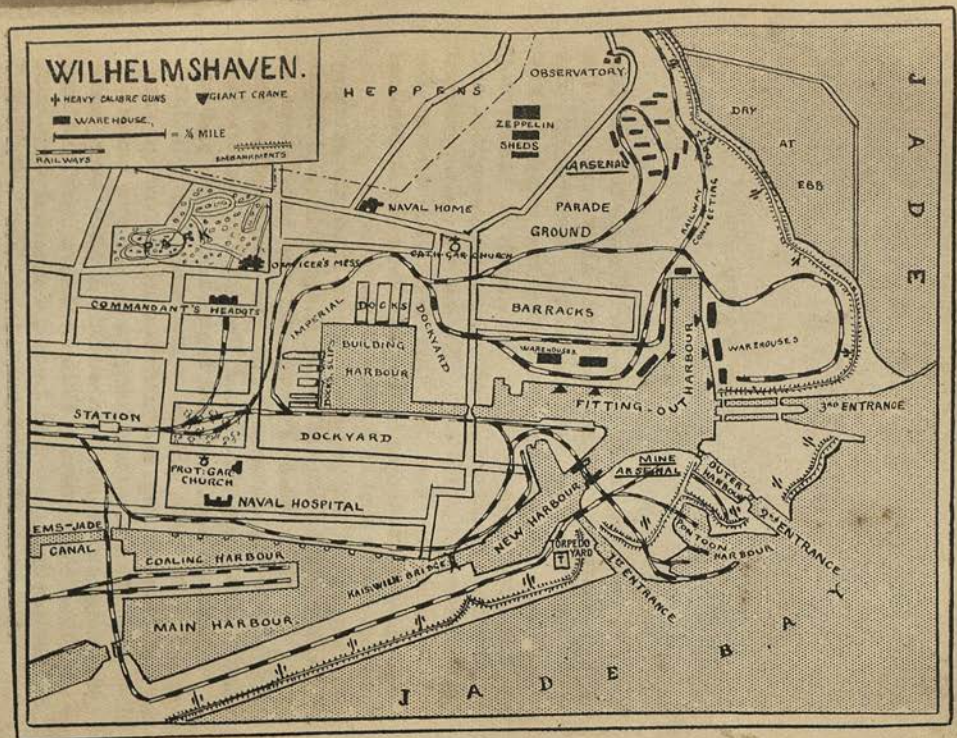
## CHAPTER XXXV

### WILHELMSHAVEN

WE walked back from the Casino to the Coal Harbour. Although it was after midnight, the place was bristling with activity. Everything was prodigiously lighted up, and from the imperial ship-building yard close by came the sounds of hammering, mixed with a confused din of voices, steam-engines, and the murmurings of the sea. The air was alive, charged with electricity. You felt that here you were at the heart of things, listening to the pulse-beat of a stupendous machine, at the seat of history in the making.

It is perhaps not generally known that the territory of Wilhelmshaven is part of the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg. In 1853, when Prussia laid the foundations of what is now the German Navy, she bought about four square miles from the Grand Duke. The construction of the harbour works was not begun until 1855, and was completed in 1869. Seven years after that, in 1876, the last German ship was launched from a foreign yard. Henceforth Germany was going to be her own builder.

Many improvements and additions have been made since those early days. Wilhelmshaven now contains five distinct harbours and basins, connected with each other by a system of locks and canals. The "Building" harbour, surrounded by the Imperial Dockyards, measures about 1,300 by 1,100 feet. It contains seven dry-docks and four slips (not, as I have seen quoted in last year's British reference books, four dry-docks and


WILHELMSHAVEN.
HEAVY CALIBRE GUNS
GIANT CRANE
WAREHOUSE
= ¼ MILE
RAILWAYS
EMBANKMENTS
HEPPENS
OBSERVATORY
ZEPPELIN SHEDS
ARSENAL
NAVAL HOME
PARADE GROUND
RAILWAY CONNECTING
DRY AT E68
J A D E
OFFICER'S MESS
CATHOLIC CHURCH
COMMANDANT'S HEADQTS
IMPERIAL DOCKS
DOCKYARD
BUILDING HARBOUR
BARRACKS
WAREHOUSES
WAREHOUSES
FITTING-OUT HARBOUR
3RD ENTRANCE
STATION
DOCKYARD
PROTESTANT CHURCH
NAVAL HOSPITAL
MINE ARSENAL
OUTER HARBOUR
2ND ENTRANCE
EMS-JADE CANAL
COALING HARBOUR
NEW HARBOUR
TORPEDO YARD
KAISERIN BRIDGE
1ST ENTRANCE
MAIN HARBOUR
J A D E B A Y

[Facing p. 248.

two slips). The dry-docks vary in length from 880 to 620 feet—*i.e.*, long enough for the largest battleships. The recently completed "Ausrüstungshafen" borders on the Imperial Dockyards. It is well over 3,000 feet in length and over 600 feet wide. As the name indicates, it is here that the ships are fitted out. When my friend and I walked round this place, I found it the most interesting part of all. This harbour is surrounded by warehouses, in which everything that is needed on a ship is stored up in large quantities. I passed through building after building filled with clothes, foodstuffs, machinery, spare guns, rifles, Davis torpedoes costing £500 apiece, compasses, field-glasses, etc. There were also buildings containing spare parts, several of each kind, for every ship of the North Sea Division. They were arranged in compartments, each of them labelled with the name of the ship to which it belonged. There was a thoroughness, a system about it, which was nothing short of marvellous.

The three entrances to Wilhelmshaven, with their large locks, are protected by long, massive moles. Entrance No. 3—the northern and most recent one—consists of two large locks, which in case of necessity can serve as dry-docks. The whole place is one vast complex of dry-docks, machine shops, boiler factories, iron foundries, etc. The yard is surrounded on the land side by a huge stone wall, with entrances only through fourteen strong iron gates. On the water side it is protected by earthen ramparts eighteen to twenty feet high, strengthened at regular intervals by gun embrasures, armed with heavy calibre ordnance. Finally, the whole is surrounded by a ring of outer forts of modern construction (see map). A railroad line seems to touch almost every point, every dock, every warehouse. Everywhere I saw huge cranes, most of them of sufficient power to lift a battleship's turret, or one of the new 15-inch guns, or a pinnace, as easily as if it were a bale of cotton. North-west of the parade grounds are two enormous Zeppelin sheds, each with room for two

Zeppelins. One of the buildings is of a movable type. Its framework is built entirely of steel and iron, and is supported by four large trucks, moving on a circular railroad, which enables the airship to start in any direction. Electric motors, attached to the trucks, supply the motive power.

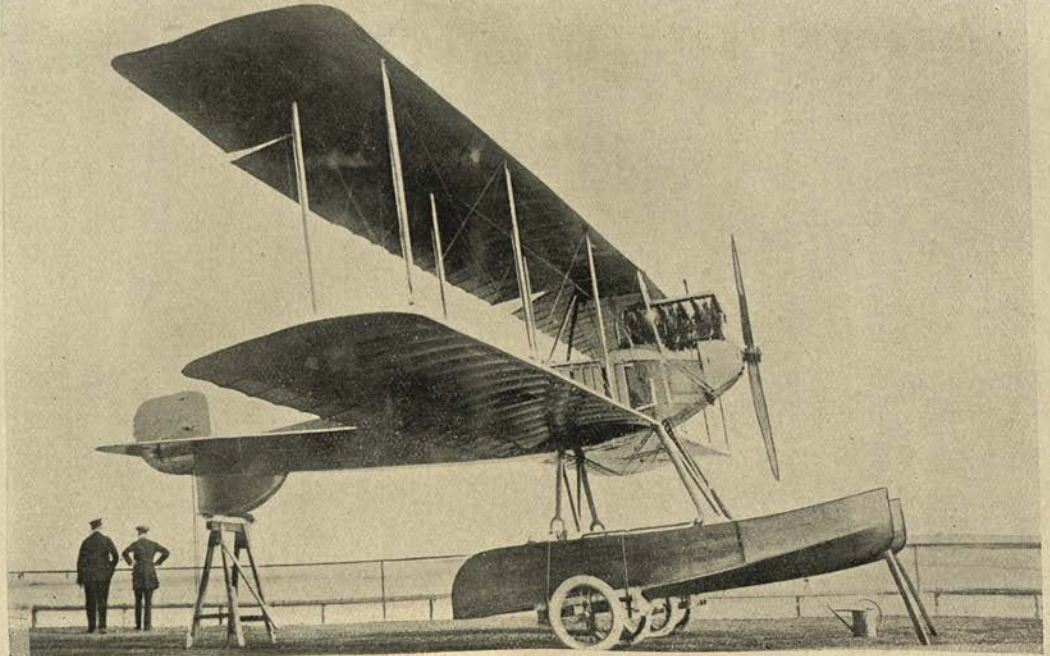
The location of the Ammunition Magazines greatly surprised me. Though they were placed well back from every other building, they were surrounded by conspicuous landmarks. In the first place, the peculiar shape of the Fitting-Out Harbour makes it easy to locate it. The magazines are immediately north of this basin. The barracks are on the south side. Immediately west are the Zeppelin sheds, and hardly an eighth of a mile north stands the Naval Observatory. But most surprising of all is the arrangement of the railroad tracks. They go as far as the magazines, and there make a loop through the very centre of the buildings. What a place to bomb! It seems surprising that no air attacks have been made on Wilhelmshaven. Anyone, after having studied the map of the station for half an hour, could hardly miss those arsenals. But I was told that the Krupp anti-aircraft guns, placed at all important points along the coast, are so formidable that an air attack is a practical impossibility.

In the Fitting-Out Harbour we saw several battleships of the *Kaiser* class, and a number of protected cruisers. The *Prinz Albrecht*, *Bismarck* and *Seydlitz* I noticed amongst them. The yards include six floating docks, two of them of 40,000 tons. The only reason, I was told, why Germany has hitherto taken three years to build its large ships is because the costs have been divided over that period, while in England they are distributed over only two. My doctor friend assured me, and I am inclined to believe him, that Germany can to-day complete the largest battleships within two years.

My walk round Wilhelmshaven did not make me feel that I was attending the last convulsions of an empire. Work, Will and Efficiency seemed to be in the very air,

German tars winding a wreath of mines around Miss Britannia.

[*Facing p.* 250.



German naval biplane, "Albatros" type. 200 h.p. engines.

[*Facing p.* 251.]

staring, shouting at you at every turn. Though the army is mobilized up to the last "Landsturm" man, and though boys of fourteen and fifteen are already being drilled, Germany has not taken a single workman away from her ship-building yards. I have seen and copied the authentic figures, stating the number of men employed at the various Government and private yards. They total over 33,000 at the three Government yards at Wilhelmshaven, Kiel and Danzig, and over 57,000 at the different private yards in Kiel, Hamburg, Danzig and Bremen. That is over 90,000 men; and the yards are running twenty-four hours a day. Germany is making a hard and desperate bid for recognition of her fleet. If the fighting qualities of the latter are as great, indeed anywhere near as perfect, as the organization of her great naval base, it will prove a formidable opponent. Grand-Admiral von Koester's favourite advice to his subordinates is: "Remember the day has twenty-four hours, and if you find that is not enough—well, then, take part of the night as well."

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### WILHELMSHAVEN TO CUXHAVEN

BY the time I returned on board the little steamer, a few more documents had been added to an already voluminous parcel of red, green, blue, yellow and white sheets. All had to be stamped and signed and sworn to; and about noon we not only had permission, but strict orders as well, to "clear out." Passing underneath the new Kaiser Wilhelm bridge, we reached the main part of the New Harbour. Thence, through the southern and westernmost exit (No. 1), we ultimately reached Jade Bay. On leaving the last lock we shipped one of the Weser district pilots, who was to see us as far as Wangeroog, and not only steer us through the narrow winding channels between the sandbanks, but through many devious zig-zag paths of the mine-fields as well. As we passed the main entrance to Wilhelmshaven the U 11 came in. She was greeted by hurrahs and the sirens of ships close by, so I concluded that the crew had covered themselves with some further "glory."

In thoroughness the Germans can give any other nation twelve months' start, and still easily overtake it in the next two. I don't think that an English salmon of any self-respecting weight would succeed in slipping through the sentinels guarding the entrances to the Jade, Weser and Elbe mouths. We had hardly been out in the bay half an hour, when a patrol boat came alongside. "Your papers, if you please," demanded a very grimy, but important-looking young naval officer.

"Every hand on deck, if you please," was the next order. Everyone of us was thoroughly examined, scrutinized, and asked whether he spoke English, whether he had ever served in any army or navy, and which, whether he had any relations in England, in France, in Belgium, in Italy. The officer must have liked our society, for he stayed and stayed, and finally decided to see us safely out. His old-fashioned torpedo-boat was to follow. Slowly we wound our way down Jade Bay, half a dozen signal pennants flowing from our mainmast. Wherever one looked one could not evade the watching eyes of the coast batteries, the muzzles of which seemed to warn you threateningly to "behave yourself." About two o'clock we reached the Schillighörn Lighthouse, or what used to be there, but is no longer.

If we thought we should have clear sailing now, we were deceived. Another torpedo-boat, of less prehistoric design, came flying towards us. Our guest—or was he our host?—became all in a flutter, like a *débutante* at her first presentation. Soon another officer, with a little more gold braid round his cuffs, came to pay his respects. Then followed a heel-clicking on the part of our first visitor, and a quick-fire of German, which I suppose was a report, but which sounded more like ten lines of typewritten matter with the punctuation and the spacing between the words left out. I pride myself on a thorough knowledge of the German language, but may I be hanged if I could make out more than the "Melde gehorsamst" ("Report most obediently"). The superior grunted something about going to see for himself. He did. The whole performance—search, examination of crew, cross-questioning, and thought X-raying—started over again. It looked as if we were going to spend another night in Jade Bay.

We were eventually allowed to proceed, and got as far as Wangeroog that day (it was then about four), having completed, since 11 a.m. that morning, about twenty-eight miles. Needless to say, we could not be trusted in the dark, certainly not near such an important

station as Wangeroog. We might slip across the island that night and steal one of the 12-inch guns! Four sailors and a petty officer, carrying their bread, sausages and beer, came to look after us. Next morning another young naval lieutenant introduced himself—it was about 6 a.m. No, thank you; he had breakfasted already. He made certain that his colleagues had overlooked no errors in the bill of lading, the list of the crew, and half a dozen other manifests; and after another thorough scrutiny of the *ensemble*, departed with his men and the remnants of their provisions, which had polluted the air of our not over-ventilated little cabin.

We passed the Roter Sand Lighthouse that should be, but was no more, and actually had paddled along six or eight knots unassisted before we were held up again. "Stop at once," was the signal from another torpedo-boat that might have served as an escort to Noah's Ark. Of course, it was the same rigmarole all over again. "Hadn't you better take a pilot along?" inquired the naval officer of the skipper. The latter, having made the journey for the last ten years, week after week, knew the channels as well as any pilot; still, mines might have shifted during the night, so he might as well transfer the responsibility of the vessel to a German pilot. Up went our flag bordered with white, and a large sailing vessel, which had been lying inshore, made for us. The weather out there was very dirty. We had to manœuvre our ship round several times, in order to make a lee for the little yawl bringing the pilot. After he had come on board we had peace for a few hours. Nothing to worry us but a stiff north-west gale, that tried hard to blow us on one of the many sandbanks, and every few minutes a wave that drove everything loose on deck before it. One of the stokers was a new hand, and this was his first taste of the North Sea. How sorry I felt for the poor devil. For several hours he stood on deck frantically holding on to the railings to avoid being washed off. Every once in a while he would bravely descend, but only for a very few minutes. He

ended up by having himself tied to the lee rail, and he stayed there till we reached calmer waters.

We gave the treacherous Scharhörn a wide berth, and then turned east towards the Elbe mouth and Cuxhaven, where they began to worry us again. A patrol boat waved its welcome to us, and subsequently gave us a lead, while four of her crew under a junior officer searched us. The process of examination was repeated a few more times, but at last we reached Cuxhaven, where we were to put up for the night.

We had accomplished over forty-two miles that day. A record! It was still early—about 4 p.m. It would be high tide for another two hours. "Could we not go on to Brunsbüttel?" (a distance of about sixteen miles) we inquired. "What, approach the Canal at dusk? Were we mad? Did we want to commit suicide?" They certainly were much concerned about our safety. Of course, we had to take lodgers again for the night—six of them this time. They made themselves quite at home in our one and only cabin. Still, they contented themselves with one side, leaving the opposite seat for the captain, the mate and myself. The seat was not built to accommodate six stout Germans, and it was extremely amusing, and made up for many annoyances of the day, to see those six creatures trying to hang on to whatever part of the bench they could squeeze into. When I tell you that it only gave the three of us just elbow-room, and that the Germans were dressed in top-coats, with belts, bayonets, cartridge pouches, etc., you may better imagine than I can describe the amount of comfort they enjoyed. Whenever one of them wanted to get at his provisions, he had to stand up, and his place, like a hole in dry sand, filled up at once.

One of them had a little terrier with him. I liked him —the dog, I mean—and, when I heard its pathetic story, I took it literally to my heart. It had to answer to a name that sounded like Ooleel, but was meant to stand for "U" and "Lille." The dog was a trophy brought home by a relative of the present owner, who,

serving on a submarine, had rescued him from the torpedoed *Ville de Lille*. Poor U-Lille had not heard his native tongue for a long time, and, when I addressed him in French, he pricked up his ears, stood on his hind legs, and put his little head on my knee, while his brown eyes looked wistfully at me, as if he wanted to say: "Take me away from these Huns, take me back to my master."

But to return to his present master and his companions. "Seen any Britishers hanging round here lately?" I inquired. "Ugh!" grunted the fattest of the lot, while cutting his sausages into inch-thick slices, with a pocket-knife large enough for a chef cook; "there isn't the smell of a Britisher left on the North Sea." "Well, that's cheerful," I replied. "You couldn't say the same about Germans—eh?" It passed by most of them, except a little dark man with narrow slits in his head, where the eyes are supposed to be. He looked quizzingly at me and slowly remarked: "You don't seem to like the 'German smell,' eh?" "I don't mind it," I answered indifferently, but added in the next breath, "on the North Sea!" One of the younger fellows was addressed and referred to as "Professor." In normal times he was swaying a schoolmaster's baton in some small Frisian village near Emden. He was quite eager to show his prowess and maintain his reputation as a "Gelehter" among his fellow-soldiers. The old inquiry was made: "Why don't you people go out and see whether you can't teach the British a good lesson?" "Ah, no, sir, not yet, not yet," said the Professor, shaking his thin but sausage-fatted finger, while gripping with the other hand six inches of the said delicacy. "Have you ever heard of the Hellenic wars?" he asked. His colleagues had evidently heard the story before. "You have? Good! Now you may remember in one of those wars there was a famous Roman General. His name? Oh, what matter? It might have been Schmidt. He was a brave General, but his army was numerically—mind you, I am only saying

numerically '—far inferior to that of the enemy. What did our General do? Go and run after his adversary and say, 'Please annihilate me'? No, sir; he had a greater duty to perform to the Roman Empire. He chose an advantageous part of the country, a mountain, in fact, and there entrenched himself. Now, you see, so long as he remained there, he had a decided advantage over the enemy, in case the latter could be enticed to attack him. But the Hellenic General was not born yesterday, either. He knew all the advantages and the merits of his Roman opponent, and refused to be trapped. Instead, he tried to taunt his adversary into coming down. He sent a message to the Roman General by one of his prisoners, asking, if he really were the famous General he was supposed to be, why he didn't come down and fight? The Roman General's reply was that if the adversary was as great a General as he claimed to be, he should *make* him come down and fight."

Appropriate pause for applause and admiration. "So, you see, there you are." "Yes, there you are," echoed the five brothers-in-arms in chorus. "With a slight modification," their spokesman continued, "the present situation between England and Germany, strategically speaking, is analogous. We say, like the Roman General, If the British fleet is so superior to ours, why don't they *make* us come out and fight?" "Yes, why don't they?" echoed the chorus again.

The Professor continued his harangue for a considerable time, but it soon lost its initial freshness; and when his comrades, with the exception of the sentry on deck, one after the other nodded off to sleep, some with their heads on their arms on the table, others against the side-posts or the back of the seat, with or without accompaniment, the orator soon became his own (and sole) audience.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

### CUXHAVEN TO KIEL. THE CANAL

HIGH tide was about 6 a.m., so we had to be ready by five. Our six non-paying guests left us, and a Hamburg river-pilot with two sailors took their places. About 5.30 a.m. we were on our way for the last lap before reaching the Canal, a distance of about sixteen miles. After skirting the Medem Sand, we had a clear channel of six fathoms, and bore east by north-east to Brunsbüttel. Half-way down we were flagged again, this time by a torpedo-boat that looked most business-like. A hasty inspection was made, and then we were told to continue with all possible speed to Brunsbüttel, as part of the German fleet was at our heels. No ships of any description would be allowed anywhere near.

We stoked up the old *Fannie* (that wasn't her real name) till she fairly foamed at the mouth, and reached the harbour at the western entrance of the Canal before eight. Here we joined a number of other small craft, and were told that we should have to wait till the fleet had passed. The Brunsbüttel entrance of the Canal has two long moles built out into the Elbe for a length of from 1,200 to 1,500 feet, while the width of the entrance must be quite 2,800 feet, if not more.

Who said the German fleet was inactive? Ask the employees of the Kiel Canal locks at Holtenau and Brunsbüttel. They'll tell you a different story. Ask them how often they have to stand by, night and day, and labour at their jobs, passing the fleet in and out.

Ask the coastguards of the lighthouse at Bülk on the Kiel Bay. They will tell you of the interesting evolutions of the German Navy, under the watching eyes and protecting muzzles of the coastal batteries.

Evidently, however, the fleet was not as close to us as the torpedo-boat commander had tried to make us believe. We had plenty of time for reflection and for admiration of the wonderful new locks. I was fortunate enough to get an opportunity to go on land. The captain charged me with the delivery of a stack of documents at the office of the port. It goes without saying that I was properly chaperoned. Two sailors with loaded rifles and bayonets marched one on each side of me. "What's all the excitement about?" I inquired innocently of my two guardian angels. They replied almost simultaneously, and with that peculiar inflexion in the voice which ordinary mortals only use when speaking about something spiritual: "Zu Befehl. Flotte macht grosse Manöver" ("At your orders, sir. The fleet is going through grand manœuvres"). No, kind reader, they did not smile; there was not even the suspicion of a twinkle in their eyes. Oh, these Germans! they have little enough sense of humour at the best of times; but when it comes to matters concerning their fleet, they refuse to see anything but dead serious business. Grand manœuvres in war-time! Shades of Nelson! What next? I thought. Grand manœuvres in a canal! Indeed, here was an object-lesson for those croakers in England who ask: "What is our fleet doing?" No better illustration of "Britannia rules the Waves" did I ever see, or have seen since, than on that murky spring day last year in the mouth of the Elbe.

Later, at the Port Office, I asked an official what was the object of these manœuvres? Why didn't they practise outside, in the Baltic, or—Hm!—in the North Sea? Oh! that was a very simple matter. They are trying several times a month to reduce the record of the passage time through the Canal. Did I realize that their biggest ships could now pass through the Canal,

from Wik to Brunsbüttel, in a fraction under six hours? I agreed with him, of course, that such a performance was indeed marvellous. And the riddle suggested itself to me—but I did not voice it—"If a German Dreadnought can race through the sixty miles of the Canal, including two locks, in less than six hours, how fast could it get out of the way with a British battleship at its heels?"

But to return to my intercourse with the official.

"Had I been in Germany long?" Oh, I knew Germany very well; in fact, I had spent some of the most profitable—educationally speaking—days of my life in Germany. And I had been so fortunate as always to encounter only the cultured type of German. "Ah! hum! what boat did I come on? Oh, yes, quite so—the *Fannie*." Well, we should have ample time before our papers could be cleared. Would I like a walk with him? We might be able to see some of the ships at close quarters; and, anyhow, the new locks were quite worth a closer inspection. "Well, to be sure, that was most kind of him. Of course, it would be most interesting to be able to tell my friends in Neutralia that the German fleet was in first-class fighting trim; but I could not dream of wasting his valuable time." "Oh, not at all! It would be a great pleasure. You know, so few foreigners really understand the German people. We are so peace-loving, so industrious; but, by Jupiter! don't pull the eagle's feathers, for then his wrath will punish those who dare to attack his nest and young. But come along." With a very superior air and a wave of his right hand, he dismissed my two chaperons, who clicked their heels, saluted and murmured, "Zu Befehl," while we started towards the giant locks.

The visit was well worth while. Figures and statistics are tedious at best, still I must fall back upon them for a moment, in order to give some idea of the colossal dimensions of the Kiel Canal. The new locks, which were completed shortly before the war, have been built alongside the two old ones. According to the official figures they

are 1,075 feet long, 157 feet wide and 45 feet deep. In other words, they are 80 feet longer, 50 feet wider and 5 feet deeper than those of the Panama Canal. They are large enough to hold eventually a 60,000-ton ship, which is the dream of Herr Ballin. It follows that the largest battleships can easily pass through. The Canal itself is 98.65 km. (*i.e.*, about 61 miles) long. It is 144 feet wide at the bottom and 332 feet wide on the surface. The cost of building and improvements amounts to over £20,000,000 sterling. Apart from its great strategical value, it saves ships going from the Baltic to the North Sea, or *vice versa*, a distance of 450 miles (80 as against 530 miles).

About nine o'clock the champions of Germany's future were sighted. The battleship *Helgoland* was leading, and she certainly cut through the water in great style. With a distance of about a thousand feet between them, seven other large ships followed. Two torpedo-boat flotillas (*i.e.*, twenty-two boats) accompanied them. Behind the *Helgoland* came the *Thüringen;* then the *Oldenburg*, followed by the *Ostfriesland*, the flagship of the *Helgoland* class. Behind them, again, came some old acquaintances, viz., the ships of the *Kaiser* class, consisting of the *Kaiser*, the *König Albert* and the *Friedrich der Grosse*, the flagship. The famous battle-cruiser *Moltke* brought up the rear.

The huge gates of all the four locks were open as soon as the warships appeared before them; and, without the delay of a second, the first four battleships were berthed inside. Everything worked with clock-like precision. The *Helgoland* and her sister-ships fairly bristled with guns. She carried twelve 12-inch guns, with a 66 per cent. capacity to each broadside. Surrounding the big ones, and (it seemed) at every available spot, were the lighter calibre guns, the 5.9 and 3.4-inch, of which she carried fourteen each. There seemed to be as many gun barrels as quills on a porcupine's back.

I do not recall exactly how long it took those eight ships and their escorts—using all four locks—to pass

from the Elbe into the Canal; but I am certain it was less than twenty minutes from beginning to end. "Well," inquired my official escort, "Germany's cause is not lost yet, eh? with such 'Prachtkerle'" (magnificent fellows) "to stand guard over us." But somehow my enthusiasm had subsided. It was a magnificent sight, yet it seemed sad. It was wonderful, yet I could not draw any inspiration from it. Again and again there came leaping back to my mind the solemn, confident answer of those two simple sailors: "Grosse Manöver"; and, try as I would, I could not see in the whole performance anything else but a practical demonstration of England's sea power. These splendid ships deserved a better fate than "Grand Manœuvres" in a canal!

When I returned on board the captain seemed surprised and at the same time relieved to see me back. "Where the —— have you been?" he asked. "This is the first time I know that any non-German ever spent so much time on land. We began to think you had been arrested. It does not take much, you know, in this part of the world in these days, to be locked up. A careless question, one yard off the straight and narrow path, and you're in for it." While I had been well entertained on shore, they had had the usual performance on board. Every corner had been searched and examined by a staff of experts. The engines, too, were tested, to avoid a possible breakdown in the Canal. What were they searching for in these ships of legitimate traders attached to the German fleet? "Dynamite, sir. This is *our* war (so they say!). We are fighting for our existence, and we are not going to take anybody's word for anything. We make sure."

We were not allowed to follow in the wake of the proud Armada, but had to wait for further orders. The surprise of the day was yet in store for me. About noon my friend the harbour official came to our boat and invited me once again to go for a little walk. As we reached the docks, I could see in the distance the

smoking funnels of a number of warships. "What ships are those?" I asked. "The same you saw this morning," my cicerone replied; and when I exclaimed: "But they are coming towards us," I am sure he was the proudest man in Germany that day. "Yes, that's just it. That is what I wanted to show you. When they were about ten miles up the Canal they received sudden orders to turn about. They continued a distance of from one to two miles—according to the position of the squadron—to the next turning-basin, swung round, and here they are again." And, indeed, there they came, in the order in which they had passed in.

Since the enlargements and improvements of the Canal, it has four turning-basins at different points, each with a minimum width at the bottom of nearly a thousand feet. They are for the use of the fleet only. Ordinary vessels, once they are in the Canal, must continue in the same direction. These improvements were only completed in June, 1914. A British squadron, under Admiral Sir George Warrender, attended the opening festivities, and part of it passed through the Canal at that time. It consisted of the cruisers *Birmingham*, *Southampton* and *Nottingham*, and the Dreadnoughts *King George V.*, the *Audacious*, the *Centurion* and *Ajax*. The cruisers returned to England through the Canal, but, for some reason or other, Sir George, though offered the hospitality of the new waterway, preferred to take his large battleships back by the long route round the Skager Rak. How far, far off those days seem now! In addition to the turning-basins there are eleven sidings (formerly eight). All the bridges have been rebuilt, so that most of them are now between 100 and 150 feet above the surface.

It was nearly one o'clock before we finally made our entrance into the Canal. The huge gaping mouths of the "small" locks (nearly 400 feet long) swallowed us up, and ten minutes later we were inside. Together with the other small craft, the number of which by now had increased to seventeen, led by one naval tug and

followed by another, our procession started at a fair pace on its sixty-one-mile journey through the most jealously-guarded stretch of waterway in the world. Once on the way our progress was fairly rapid. I think we made our eight to nine knots easily. At Taterpfahl, about four miles beyond the locks, we passed underneath the first railroad bridge, a magnificent structure, standing well over 140 feet above the level of the Canal. I noticed how very sparsely and compactly it seems to have been built. You might blow it up, but unless there happened to be a train on it at the time, the débris could be picked up and removed from the Canal in a very short time. The supports stood well back from the banks, and no amount of dynamite could blow them into the waterway. The stations on both sides are over a mile distant from the Canal.

With the exception of an isolated hill here and there, the surrounding country was flat, marshy, and generally uninteresting. It reminded me of the Norfolk Broads on a rainy day. Now and then we could see in the dim distance the top of a church-spire. Both sides of the Canal were guarded at regular intervals by double sentries. Numerous military huts and sentry-boxes were stationed at every mile. There must have been a soldier for every hundred yards. Anti-aircraft guns were lavishly distributed along the entire distance, especially on and near the bridges. At less than twelve miles from the entrance we reached a small lake, which had been dredged and deepened and now forms turning-basin No. 4.

At Grünenthal, nineteen miles from the North Sea entrance, we passed under another magnificent fixed bridge, about 150 feet above the surface and with a span of 540 feet. I counted four large Krupp anti-aircraft guns on it. After passing several sidings, we reached Meckel Lake, another turning-basin. At Rendsburg, thirty-seven miles from our starting-point, we passed under the recently completed all-steel high-level railroad bridge, also some 150 feet above the water.

Half a mile or so further on a turn-bridge crossed the Canal; and I noticed a group of civilians, led and followed by two soldiers, crossing it. It looked like a transport of prisoners, but it was not. They were merely natives, crossing from one side of the Canal to the other.

From Rendsburg the Canal follows for about eight miles the old course of the Eider Channel, made in 1874 by King Christian VII. of Denmark. As complete darkness had overtaken us by the time we reached Rendsburg, we were ordered to enter a small harbour and make fast for the night. Nobody was allowed to land. Several Landsturm men were billeted on us, under command of a young Reserve Lieutenant. He was quite a pleasant fellow. In civilian life he was a Professor, and taught History at the University of Berlin. After having assigned his men their places and duties, he joined us in our cabin, and, of course, the conversation soon drifted into the topics of the day—the war, their ships, their chances of success in a naval battle.

"Why should we come out and risk the destruction of our fleet?" the officer replied, in answer to my inquiry on this point. "We should have much to gain if we won, that is true enough; but I think the disaster, in case we should lose, would be far greater." And he went on to explain, illustrating his discourse from English naval history, that so long as Germany kept its "Fleet in being," there was always a possibility of eluding the enemy's main forces, while he would be obliged to keep his fleet massed, so as to have a superiority in any naval engagement that might ensue.

He was a pleasant and interesting talker, but leading questions he swept aside. He chose his own line of argument, and no amount of facts could turn him from it. I asked him what had become of their exports and their colonies? In what manner had the German fleet fulfilled its mission to "protect our overseas possessions," as Tirpitz expressed it, when he demanded an increased Naval Budget?

Was it not one of their own great geographists, Friedrich Natzel, who had written hardly two years ago: "The oceans are only the highways. A road without a definite end and a goal is nothing. The beginning of this highway, which our fleet must protect and bridge, lies on our shores, in our Vaterland. Our object, the end of the road, lies across the seas, in far-off lands."

But it takes more than mere facts to shake a German's colossal confidence in the ruling powers. "Wir werden sehen" (We shall see) was always his final retort.

The country that greeted us next morning was quite different, and a very pleasant change from the dull, marshy flats of the day before. The Canal, after having turned east, now passed through a country of many small lakes, sprinkled with miniature islands. The surrounding hills varied in height from 50 to 300 feet, and were covered with pine or beech woods. At Quarnbeck, about ten miles from the eastern entrance to the Canal, we passed through Flemhuder Lake, which forms turning-basin No. 1. Shortly before noon we reached the Baltic locks at Holtenau-Wik, where we had to go through a new series of examinations before the necessary permits were issued.

At this entrance the new giant locks have been built on the *south side* of the old ones, nearest to the Naval Barracks at "Wik." It took us the best part of two hours to clear, and, during that time, there was no "kind and cultured" official to take me on a personally-conducted tour of the locks. Still, as they are of exactly the same type as those at the North Sea entrance, I did not lose much.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### KIEL HARBOUR

WE faced a most imposing spectacle when, after leaving the approaches to the locks, we turned south, entering Kiel Harbour proper. There before us lay the great "Fleet in being." We passed close by the *Lothringen*, the *Markgraf*, the *Nassau*, the *Wittelsbach*, etc. Torpedo-boats, pinnaces, motor-boats, yawls, launches, boats of all kinds and descriptions, twined their way in and out between the big ships. The Imperial Yacht *Hohenzollern* showed up very conspicuous in its coat of white paint, among the dark-grey monsters. Close by her lay the armoured cruiser *Von der Tann* with steam up. Soon after we had passed her she slowly moved down the line towards the Baltic. "Manœuvres," I suppose!

The distance from the Canal mouth to the Imperial Dockyards is about four miles as the crow flies. On our left, as we went up the harbour, we passed the huge ship-building yards of the Howaldts Works. Another half-mile or so further brought us to the Imperial Wharf. The air reverberated with a hundred different noises and sounds. The electric steel-hammers from the dock-yards mingled with the warning notes of the torpedo-boat sirens. There was whistling, shouting, cursing. It was, as at Wilhelmshaven—bustle, activity, life, all round. One felt surcharged with the electricity of one's surroundings and swept away by the exhilarating atmosphere.

The large battleships, all cleared for action, appeared less out of place here than those I had seen the day before in the Canal. The defying angles of their guns, their towering walls of steel plate, the giant bridges and solid gun-turrets, seemed to throw a challenge to all the world. Yet, did they? Their main occupation seemed to be playing hide-and-seek with each other in the Canal. The ships have every appearance of being most perfect fighting units. The sight of them warms the heart of any lover of sea-power. Yet, while the sister organization, the German Army, on the two occasions when I have attended its manœuvres, and also during my recent trip to the Eastern front, where I saw it overcome almost insurmountable obstacles, could arouse my enthusiasm, these big, over-armed monsters left me cold. The more I saw of the German fleet, and talked to its officers and its men, the more I became convinced that this war is not going to see a naval battle fought out to the bitter end. My trips have proved to me that, in the widest sense of the term, the Germans spoke the truth when they said: "We are not going to take any chances with our fleet."

Not the least interesting thing about Kiel is its name. It is one of the few places I know of that have been appropriately christened. The name "Kiel" appears as early as the tenth century, and is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word "Kille," which means a safe place for ships. As to Kiel itself, I am not going to swamp you with statistics. If you want to know how many dock-yards there are in Kiel, how many ships are building, etc., take a British Year Book giving information about Germany, multiply its figures by two, and you have a fairly accurate estimate. Though the whole bay is about eleven miles long, the "Kiel" begins only about five miles from its head, where the two shores approach each other to within three-quarters of a mile. The Narrows are surrounded by forts of the very latest construction, armed with large-calibre guns (most of them, it is said, 15-inch), protected by armour-plates of

KIEL
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the famous Gruson steel. The most important forts are Friedrichsort (which protects the Baltic entrance of the Canal), Fort Herwarth, and Fort Falkenstein on the western shore. On the eastern side there are Forts Stosch, Korügen, Unter-Jägersberg, Möltenort, and several others (see map).

The day of my arrival in Kiel, I was invited to see some of the German warships in action—in Kiel Bay. My naval friend and another officer called for me at my hotel in a huge grey car, with Germany's coat-of-arms painted all over it. The car was a German " Mercédès," and certainly built for speed. An orderly was seated next to the driver, and frequently blew a long horn of a peculiar but not unpleasant sound. Whenever the man sounded his " Ta-ri-ta-ta," man, woman, child and beast, within half a mile, ran for cover. Through the suburb of Gaarden we flew, then north through the People's Park, past the Imperial Wharf, and through Elterbeck and Wellingdorf. At the Howaldts Dockyards we were ferried across the Schwentine, and then tu ned north-west again to reach the shore-road. Just north of the Naval Artillery depot (ammunition magazines) we stopped, and our guide invited us to leave the car and follow him to a promontory for a view of the harbour.

It was, indeed, well worth while. The sight was superb. In front of us, to left, to right, wherever our eyes travelled, we saw nothing but warships, of all types and ages. On closer inspection, I noticed, first, four distinct lines of them, anchored near large black and white buoys. The naval officer explained to me the different anchorages. The four rows of buoys are designated respectively A, B, C and D, the letters being followed by numbers beginning with zero (nearest to Kiel) and running up to 17 (see map).

At the Naval College I was shown a large map of Kiel Harbour.

The most nteresting features of this map were the corrections made on it since the beginning of the war.

The names of the ships were printed in fat black type, but I noticed at once a fair sprinkling of red lines and dates. These indicate the ships that have been lost, and the dates on which the losses occurred. (In the map, as reproduced here, the lost ships are underlined.)

Less than a third of a mile in front of us, at A 11, lay the *Kaiser*, one of Germany's finest 25,000-ton battleships, with a broadside of ten 12-inch guns. When with the fleet the Kaiser lives on her. About a thousand feet in front of her, towards the mouth of the harbour, at A 12, the *Kaiserin* was anchored. Through our glasses we could follow the lines north and south. A 10 was empty, while at A 9 the Kaiser's yacht *Hohenzollern* was riding. Next to her, at A 8, lay the *Friedrich der Grosse*, the flagship of the fleet. Although belonging to the *Kaiser* class, she was placed well back in harbour, separated from the other ships. A 7 was empty, and the British Fleet knows why. Once it had been the safe slumbering place of the *Blücher*. Buoy A 6 should have been occupied by the *Deutschland*, but she was "draussen" (outside), we were told. "Where? In the North Sea or the Baltic?" I could not resist asking. Our guide did not know. Probably she was gallivanting round the North Sea, looking for the British that never came, aching for a scrap—like her late neighbour at A 7. Still further down, at No. 1, was another ominous vacancy, viz., the *Mainz* buoy. The more one looked at those lines through one's glasses, the more vacancies one observed. Our guide knew the names of all the missing ships. What a host of memories were called up when he sadly pointed towards Buoy B 5, once the *Emden* anchorage; to Buoy A 17, the former home of the *Gneisenau*.

Besides these four rows there are two others—an alphabetical line, indicated by letters only, and a numerical line, indicated by numbers only. In the alphabetical row were also one or two blanks which never would be filled again by their original owners, viz., Buoy "F," which was the old home of the little *Hela*, torpedoed

in August, 1914, and at " K," the anchorage of the *Köln*, sunk in the same month. The " D " column had a vacancy at No. 3, where the fast cruiser *Magdeburg* will never sleep again. It was quite an imposing spectacle, but I must admit having been bloodthirsty enough to wish for a few vacancies in the lines. There were too many battleships left; and, as I gazed at them so peacefully and safely at anchor there, I thought how the sight would warm the heart of any British submarine commander. What a place for torpedoes! But the bottle-neck of Kiel Bay, only three-quarters of a mile wide, giving entrance to the real harbour is too well guarded.

We continued our journey along the shore, then for a bit inland again, till we reached Stein, which is situated on the northernmost point at the entrance of Kiel Harbour. There, before long, one or two squadrons of the fleet were to go through manœuvres. From our vantage-point we had a full view of the lower part of Kiel Bay, measuring here about five miles across. It is the customary practice-ground for the Kiel Division of the German fleet. Opposite us was the Bülk Lighthouse, once the guiding beacon for all who would enter Kiel Harbour. Now its welcoming rays shine no more. A number of torpedo-boats were busily dashing about, and one could see them on outpost duty, far out in the Baltic. Presently out of the thin veil of the morning mist, and preceded by a flotilla of torpedo-boats, which, like a pack of hounds, sniffed to left and right, searching for their prey, there arose from the direction of Friedrichsort the hull of a battleship, soon followed by another. Gradually a whole line of them appeared round the point of Labö Sand. They steamed in line ahead at intervals of about 1,000 feet. The first two ships were the *Kaiser* and the *König Albert*. The *Kaiserin* followed; the *Prinz-Regent Luitpold* was the last of the *Kaiser* type in the line. The flagship *Friedrich der Grosse*, also belonging to this class, was absent.

Following these super-Dreadnoughts came four ships

of the *Kaiser Friedrich* class. Being of only 11,000 tons displacement, they appeared insignificant in comparison with the 25,000-ton giants preceding them. But my interest in this class was at once aroused when I discovered the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* among them. In 1898, when returning from a trip to Norway, where my father and I had been fishing, we passed through Kiel and found the town in great excitement. The Kaiser was expected there the next day for the launching of what was described as " the latest and finest German battleship," the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*. We managed to get invitations and witnessed the ceremony. Of course, the Kaiser made a speech. If I am not mistaken, it was on this occasion that he adopted the now classical German motto : " Unsere Zukunft liegt auf dem Wasser " (" Our future lies on the water "). The Emperor was accompanied by the Empress and an elderly female relative. The latter was to perform the christening, but the suspended bottle of champagne, set in motion by her too feeble hand, never reached the hull. Wilhelm quickly jumped to the rescue, and while pronouncing the christening formula, with a powerful, I think almost angry, swing, dashed the bottle against the ship. And now, after seventeen years, I met the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* once more. Times had changed, for her as well. Once the finest and largest battleship of the German Navy, " symbolizing," in the Kaiser's own words, " Germany's future Empire of the Sea," she seemed now, compared with those modern super-Dreadnoughts, but a " relic of the past."

I regret to say that my naval vocabulary is inadequate to describe the manœuvres those ships were put through, though they did not seem to be very complicated. They consisted largely of moving in line ahead, and then suddenly swinging to port or starboard. A figure, which we should call in Army parlance the " echelon " formation, was also executed several times. The final manœuvre was a surprise attack by torpedo-boats. Two flotillas (twenty-two boats), which had been in the fire

lee of the *Friedrich* class, suddenly dashed out from behind them and advanced to within three thousand yards of their presumed adversaries, from which distance they were supposed to fire their torpedoes. Then, as fast as they had come, they swung round and returned to shelter behind their own ships. Several of the German officers, whom I met, claimed that the German torpedo-boat had reached a very high degree of efficiency. I must admit that I admired what I saw of their work that day and also on subsequent occasions. Though some of their evolutions might be described as "playing to the gallery," every manœuvre was carried out quick and clean. Cutting through a line of battleships, going at full speed ahead, calls for a brain as quick as lightning and the greatest skill. Whether exercises of this kind would ever be required in an actual sea-fight is perhaps problematical; but they looked well.

## CHAPTER XXXIX

### TRAINING AND STRATEGY

IN the course of my visit to various German naval bases I naturally heard and saw much of the training of the German sailor. The drilling of the personnel of the German Navy, like that of her Army, is systematic, almost perfect in every detail. But it has the usual defects of a virtue carried to extremes. The men are overtrained. The German is not amphibious; he is not web-footed like Jack Tar. He is a soldier first and last; and while both soldiers and sailors are fighting men, there are, or should be, many differences in the method of their training. Nevertheless, whenever I maintained that the German system produced only automatons, I was emphatically assured that, even if every officer on board a German battleship were killed, the gunners would continue the fight and the ship would be navigated. It is a strange phenomenon that every naval officer with whom I have ever discussed crew efficiency, whether his nationality was British, Dutch, American, French, Italian, or Japanese, claimed this same perfection of training for the personnel of his own fleet.

One day I witnessed a sham battle, also in Kiel Bay. The manœuvre seemed to be largely a practice for each separate ship. For instance, a signal from the flagship to one of its units read: "You have a large hole amidships, three feet below the water line; your boiler, No. 2, has been blown up; captain is killed." The

problem of what to do in these conditions must be worked out by the different commanders, under the watching, critical eyes of a Commission of higher Naval Officers. Every officer is from time to time suddenly transferred to another department. However small or unimportant his command, he has several understudies. "Every possible contingency which might occur is practised," so I was solemnly assured.

It may be interesting here to quote what Rear-Admiral Holzhauer, an active officer of the German Navy, has to say on the subject of training:

"No battleship crew can be called efficient until it has been trained and knows what to do in every possible contingency that could arise in an actual sea-fight.

"There must hardly be a condition which might arise in war-time that has not been practised in peace manœuvres. Only when you have reached the stage when there are no surprises possible, *then* only can you call your crew competent."

But the information I received was by no means confined to German naval affairs. I learned more about the British Navy during those few months in Germany than I have in England for ten years. For instance, when we were talking about submarines one evening, a German naval officer gave me an elaborate account of the British boats, describing all the different classes, from the oldest to the newest, in great detail. If his statements were correct, they prove that a good deal of British naval information still finds its way to Germany, for I understand that the boats of the "F" class, and those of the *Nautilus* and the *Swordfish* types, have only recently been commissioned. I learned al o of a new "crime" committed by "Perfide Albion," which deserves to be recorded. It is not enough that England will persist in keeping ahead of Germany by always going one better, whenever that peace-loving country lays down a new battleship; she must now aggravate the Fatherland still more by building "sham Dreadnoughts." "Sham Dreadnoughts!" I exclaimed.

"What do you mean? Oh, you are thinking of the resurrected 'Tiger.' You mean 'ghost' Dreadnoughts?" No, they did not mean anything of the kind. They meant what they said—"sham Dreadnoughts." No other words could describe them.

England has been taking lessons from her valiant ally Russia. Just as Potemkin conjured up flourishing villages before the astonished eyes of his imperial mistress, by means of canvas and pasteboard, so the British Admiralty (I was informed) has created a new fleet of a hundred battleships, by means of canvas, wood and paint. At the beginning of the war England bought up a hundred old passenger and freight steamers. The holds were filled with stones and cement, the cross-beams strengthened, and the hulls painted a dark grey, just like the real thing. The addition of a wooden structure and turrets armed with heavy-calibre guns—of wood—gave them a realistic "man-of-war"-like appearance. Several of these wicked, illegitimate offsprings of the British Admiralty have been raised at Belfast. Many of them have already started on their adventurous career. Captain Haddock, formerly skipper of the *Olympic*, is reported to have supervised the metamorphosis.

"The names of some of these converted steamers are the *Cevic* (White Star Line), the *Merion* (Dominion Line), *Orubia* and *Oratawa* (Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.) and *Campania* (Cunard Line)."

A friend of my informants, who were German naval officers, had had an opportunity to visit one of the shipyards where some of these sea-terrors were being converted. He saw one ex-passenger steamer that was equipped with wooden 9-inch guns, and it looked really terrible. While admiring these monsters, a painter, who with his brush and pail was adding the finishing touches to one of the turrets, slipped and fell. He landed on one of the 9-inch guns and smashed it to pieces. They are much puzzled in German naval circles what possible object the British Admiralty can have in

view with this colossal sham fleet. They could understand that a real " man-of-war " should disguise herself as an innocent merchantman, as, for instance, the *Sydney* did when she surprised the " poor *Emden*," but to mask ordinary liners as battleships—well, that beat them.

" Hitherto," they said, " the British have had their hands full in hiding their real battleships from German attacks. Perhaps that may be the very service these fake ' Dreadnoughts ' are to perform. Perhaps they are intended to attract our submarines and cruisers. Thus, the German battleships, which are so anxiously and eagerly scouring the seas, would be drawn away from the real British ' Dreadnoughts.' Those sham fighting ships would constitute a sort of lightning conductor for the real fleet. Or, again, some other use might be made of these stone and cement-filled battleships. Perhaps they are to serve for blocking important harbours and channels, as was done during the Spanish-American War, when the harbour of Santiago de Cuba was thus closed. Perhaps they are to advance against Kiel—through Danish waters ? Well, be that as it may. The real English Dreadnoughts have not been able to frighten the German fleet, and our sailors are still less likely to recoil from wooden guns. The British, with their stage battleships, will not delude the watchful administrators of the German Navy ! "

In conclusion I may make a few remarks on the future plans and strategy of the German Navy. I can do no better than record here some of the passages in Admiral von Koester's lecture (which brought me to Kiel for the first time, as you will remember), delivered at the University there, before a large and distinguished audience. He started by referring to the " inactivity of the British fleet," which at once put him right with his audience. The remark was greeted with overwhelming applause. He said that, in view of the inactivity of the British fleet, it had become sufficiently clear that England intended to keep her fleet intact, in order to have a

world-dominating naval force behind her, when the representatives of the various nations would meet to discuss peace terms. This, of course, with only one object in view: "To dictate the terms of peace."

"It looks, indeed"—and the Admiral's stentorian voice thundered the words through the large hall—"as if the pedlar spirit of that nation has even contaminated the traditions of their once glorious Navy. They do not seem to fight for fame and honour, but only for material advantage. Perhaps they think that our patriotic anxiety to measure our strength with our foes is so strong, that they are saying among themselves: 'Some day, they are certain to come out, and then we shall be able to fight them in an advantageous position.' Perhaps, too, they think more of our fighting ability than Nelson did of his opponents, in the days when he attacked the French and the Spanish fleets. That the offensive spirit of our Navy is superior to that of the British is proved by the fact that we have already attacked the British coast at several points, while no British ship has as yet dared to show itself near our shores."

After the tremendous applause and frantic enthusiasm elicited by this statement had calmed down, von Koester continued:

"Confidence in our fleet is with us all, as firm as a rock; but we also know that a naval battle means 'Death or Victory,' and that a fleet destroyed cannot be replaced during the course of the same war, even if that war should last for years. It is therefore absolutely essential that we should move carefully, with the greatest circumspection.

"We must not allow ourselves to be inveigled into an engagement in which we might possibly be beaten. What would be the result, if to-morrow a great naval battle were fought in which every one of our brave ships would drag one of the enemy's, perhaps a few more, with her to the bottom of the sea? Then we should be minus a fleet, and England would be free to attack our coast. And that no town would be spared, you may

be certain after what we have seen in our colonies. Our whole coast, from Emden to Memel, would be threatened. Even attempts to invade our country might be made. Our fleet must protect us under all circumstances, and must only risk an engagement when it can be certain of victory. Unconquered on water and on land, so must we stand to gain for our Fatherland an honourable peace, at which England's world-domination must be shattered. God grant us victory ! "

This, I think, is a fair sample of the kind of soothing potions which the German nation is being given to swallow. Let me add that the medicine is taken by ninety-five per cent. of the population without even so much as a wry face. I have been asked many times since my return from Germany, if I thought the German fleet would come out. My answer can be found in von Koester's speech, where he says : " We must not allow ourselves to be inveigled into an engagement in which we might possibly be beaten." I think, in fact I am almost convinced, that the German fleet is never going to risk a battle in which its existence will be at stake. In other words, they are not likely to venture far from their base. That conviction has been gained from many conversations, inquiries, arguments and observations among well-qualified Germans. The charge made by von Koester against England, viz., that she desires to be present at the peace negotiations with a fleet intact, applies to Germany.

# PART IV

## *INTERVIEWS*

# INTRODUCTION

JOURNALISTICALLY speaking, the world is divided into two kinds of people, those who want to be interviewed, and those who don't. The first category are useless, because you rarely get anything out of them worth the printer's ink; the second half is the one to concentrate on. There is one difficulty at times, namely, to be perfectly certain which is which. It is well to remember this, especially in Germany.

In my chapter on the Press I have already described the "Made-in-Germany" interview, and some of the vicissitudes of neutral journalists in Berlin (see Chapter VI.).

I consider myself very fortunate in having been able to obtain a certain number of entirely independent interviews with various Germans, and which are recorded in the following chapters.

Some of the talks I had were grotesque; some of them were ludicrous; again, some of them I believe to have been absolutely genuine.

There was the calm and genial von Gwinner; there were the thundering and explosive Dr. Bücher and the famous Major Herwarth von Bitterfeld. There was Herr Sassenbach, the trades-unionist, and Herr Mumm von Schwarzenstein, the typical, bumptious Foreign Office official. There was the truthful and sincere Herr Crass, of Krupps, and there were several—well, we will say, men of short memory and long imagination.

Be that as it may, the majority of them were, at least to me, intensely interesting, not only from a journalistic, but from a psychological point of view as well.

In one or two instances I have even scored off our formidable friend von Wiegand. I know that for the last two years he has been trying to interview Herr von Gwinner; but, in spite of all attempts, and the assistance of his journalistic godfather, Erzberger, he has not succeeded. He has never been able to say as much as "Hullo!" to von Gwinner. The same might be said with regard to Herr Crass, of Krupps, Dr. Rathenau and Herr Sassenbach, the Social Democrat.

## CHAPTER XL

### ARTHUR VON GWINNER

I THINK I may claim to have been the first—and I daresay, after all the enterprise various pro-British newspapermen have recently shown in Germany —I shall be the last foreign journalist, at least during the war, who has interviewed Herr Arthur von Gwinner, Managing Director of the Deutsche Bank; Germany's greatest financial genius; intimate friend of the Kaiser and the man behind the Bagdad Railroad.

I brought Herr von Gwinner a warm letter of introduction from a mutual friend in Rome. While I knew that this would ensure admittance to the holy of holies of the severe palatial edifice of the Behrenstrasse, the "Deutsche Bank," I expected little more than ten to fifteen minutes, if that much, with the great man.

I was very pleasantly disappointed in my estimate. The first time I met Herr von Gwinner we talked for considerably over an hour. How on earth this happened I am absolutely at a loss to explain. From no one in Germany did I expect less to obtain such a long audience than from Herr von Gwinner. I saw him several times after our first meeting, but the feast was not repeated, at least not as regards length. Perhaps he had a headache that first day, and did not feel like work; perhaps it was because he loves to talk French, and wanted to make the best of his opportunity, which

in these times, I presume, does not occur very often. Whatever the reason may be I profited by it, as it gave me nearly an hour and a half with one of Germany's greatest men.

As the late Lord Redesdale says in his delightful memoirs, "We talked about many things and some others."

But, let me begin at the beginning.

He received me in his private office at the "Deutsche Bank." The first impression one gains of Herr von Gwinner is exceedingly disappointing. He does not look the part at all. One would sooner take him for a chemist's clerk than for the man who could dictate terms to anyone in Germany. He is small of stature, wears an old shabby frock-coat, and seems to have a weakness for fancy waistcoats (at least, every time I have seen him he wore a different coloured one), and the flowing ties which remind you of Montmartre. The first impression soon makes room for a second and a very different one. There is nothing pompous, nothing ceremonious about Herr von Gwinner. He puts you at your ease at once. You make mental *salti mortales* through a succession of various impressions of the man, which it would take a better pen than mine to sort out. One moment he has the easy, informal manner of the American business man, the slap-bang "How-d'ye-do-glad-to-see-you-take-a-seat-have-a-cigar" kind; the next minute his manners impress you as those of the finished, polished man of the world.

Herr von Gwinner reminds you of many nationalities, but least of all of his own, except in some of his arguments.

He is one of the best-read men I have met; he seems to take an interest, and a more than surface one, in Art; he is familiar with the French and English classics, and discoursed on Wagner and music as if he had made a life study of them.

How on earth he has found the time to cultivate and follow all these hobbies, together with his most strenuous labours at the bank, is a miracle to me. With it all

there is something extremely simple, direct and forceful in his personality which grows stronger the better you know him. He has small but very penetrating eyes, and it would be well worth while to see him in action with an opponent of equal calibre. His English and French were alike perfect, almost like those of a native.

"As in many other cases," Herr von Gwinner began, "our enemies have juggled the words in their argument as to who started the war. It was not Germany that made the war, but 'made in Germany' is what caused it. Our commerce was growing in leaps and bounds; we competed with England in every part of the world, and, as a rule, to her disadvantage.

"Then all this nonsense about German militarism. What about English 'navalism'? I have heard it said that they are twin brothers. Perhaps! If so, we should add that militarism is the hard-working, the intelligent brother, while navalism is the adventurer, the 'ne'er-do-well' of the two. When I say 'ne'er-do-well,' I am using the term in its moral sense only, of course. From the adventurer's, the pirate's point of view, the British fleet has done quite well. Let us look at the record. One after the other, it has destroyed the Spanish navy, of Elizabeth's time; the Dutch navy; then the French, and, finally, the Danish navy, which was rendered obsolete in 1801. And *now* they are trying to destroy ours. If they should succeed, do you know whose turn it would be next? The American navy. England does not tolerate any close second naval power in the world. Militarism, indeed! They scoff at our 'Deutschland über Alles,' but what about their motto: 'Britannia rules the waves'? Is there room in the present age for such intolerable arrogance?

"Do you realize that Germany is the only country that has not been at war for forty-four years? Every other European nation has. England had the atrocious robber war of the Transvaal; the French have fought

in Morocco and Madagascar; America with Spain; Russia with Japan; Italy with Turkey, and so on. Our Kaiser could have found many times, especially during the last ten years, not merely excuses, but good solid reasons to draw the sword, but again and again he gave in, preached moderation, for the benefit of Germany and the world in general. But there is a limit to all things."

Passing on to the next subject, Herr von Gwinner grew somewhat excited. He rose, and in an almost melodramatic voice and manner exclaimed:

"But the greatest crime of all, the most dastardly act in the history of the world, is England's plan to starve out a whole nation. Yes, a whole nation of women and children. Can you think of anything more criminal, more inhuman? Tell me, what do neutral countries think of that?"

A pause in his eloquent charge gave me an opportunity of asking: "But, Herr von Gwinner, is there any difference between a fortified town and a fortified country? What happened in Paris, for instance, during the Franco-Prussian war? There were many women and children starving to death then. Isn't Germany, after all, one great fortress?"

But it is hard to checkmate a man of Herr von Gwinner's mettle.

"Yes, certainly there is a difference," he gravely replied without a moment's hesitation. "In a fortified town the women and children and other non-combatants are given ample opportunity to leave the city. If they remain, they do so of their own free will and at their own risk. It is impossible for the women and children of a whole nation to leave the country. No, a thousand times No, sir, there never has been in the history of the world such a vile, low attempt at murder as the English plan of starving Germany into submission."

Many answers and many questions ran through my mind. I wanted to ask about the women and children murdered at Hartlepool, Scarborough, Whitby, on the

*Lusitania;* I wanted to inquire about the innocent women and children Zeppelin victims, but I was afraid I would stop Herr von Gwinner's flow of rhetoric.

He continued: "But this country cannot be starved out, and, as our Chancellor said, 'Germany can never be destroyed.' The English 'gentlemen' are not going to turn this country into one large 'concentration camp' so familiar to us since the days of the Boer War."

Somehow when he said, "Germany can never be destroyed," his words lacked the conviction which had been in most of his speech. He impressed one like a man fighting with his back against the wall.

The force of his vituperative fire in denouncing England had soon spent itself, and presently, mopping his eyebrows and forehead with a coloured handkerchief, he sat down again and returned to the subject of militarism.

"What is militarism?" he asked, and then proceeded to answer the question himself: "German militarism is nothing else but the German spirit, love of country, sacrifice. Militarism is only another word for 'heroism.' It means the upholding of the manly qualities of courage and obedience, it represents the virtues of a *free* people. During the last ten years our annual expenses for this 'frightful militarism' have been about 900 million marks" (£45,000,000), "while for social works alone, our expenses are over a thousand million marks yearly" (£50,000,000).

Changing the subject once more, Herr von Gwinner spoke of conditions in the occupied territories of France and Belgium. "Our soldiers in France live in perfect harmony with the population. Our artillery horses assist the farmers in working their fields, and many French people have expressed the opinion that their part of the country was never better managed before. I had a letter recently from my farm superintendent, who is in France, and he assures me that the people with

whom he is living are looking after him with kindness and willingness. He refers to them as 'Papa' and 'Maman.' He asked me whether I could not send them some pigs from my farm."

Of course, there were frequent interruptions. Several times his secretary came in with a card or a memorandum, and invariably the reply was "Heute nicht" ("Not to-day"). Once or twice a clerk came in with some letters for him to sign. He read them through slowly and carefully before affixing his signature. On one of them he made several corrections. Then he took a red pencil, drew it through the letter, and then, to make assurance doubly sure, tore it nearly across. Not a word passed between him and the employee.

I had brought about fifty pounds in gold and asked Herr von Gwinner to change it for me. How his eyes lit up when he saw it. Oh, let me hasten to add, NOT with that ugly expression most often met at the gambling tables in Monte Carlo, etc. No, it was something quite different, a great deal more pleasant. How shall I describe it? His face showed satisfaction, the smile of the connoisseur, but of the collector who collects for others. I think it was the smile of satisfaction of doing something for the Fatherland that showed in his face. He wrote down the amount, rang a bell, and instructed the clerk to exchange the money at "best" rates and to bring new bills.

There were various of these little interludes. He sent for and presented me with a number of annual reports of the bank; several books written by Helfferich, one of them dealing with the German war loans, another with "Germany's Economic Progress," all of which he hoped I would study; after which he assured me I would know a great deal more about Germany. "You will find," he explained, "more reliable information in those books than you could anywhere else."

Looking back now upon those long talks with von Gwinner, it occurs to me how stupid I was not to have

asked him to autograph one of the books he gave me. Von Gwinner's signature! It would have been a valuable souvenir.

To return to the first interview.

"Has Germany any intention of annexing the foreign territory she now occupies?" was one of my next questions. (How varied the answers have been to that oft-repeated query of mine!)

"That is a question which cannot be answered at present," he slowly replied; "but if ever in the history of the world a country had a right to keep what it had gained, I think Germany has. Every foot of territory she occupies has been bought with the life blood of her manhood. We were attacked on all sides. We not only made a wonderful defence, but succeeded in keeping the fighting on the enemy's ground. That is something for which even we Germans did not dare hope. Whatever form it will take, territory in Europe, outside of it, or an indemnity, our enemies will be made to pay dearly for their baseless, murderous attack on our country."

"And what if Germany should lose?"

"Then," and his words came slowly and carefully, while his voice once more grew grave, "if our enemies should have their way, and the German Empire be disintegrated, the army disbanded, this country would become once more, as was the case in Napoleonic days, the cockpit of Europe. One war would follow another. The Russians would try to push further west, and England, with whatever Allies she might be able to gather round her, would be involved in a long struggle to hold the Cossacks back. America, too, would suffer, and the day will come when she may be grateful for Germany's support against her growing enemy—Japan."

While always speaking in moderation, von Gwinner plainly showed that he was far from satisfied with Germany's system of government. He has no use for the average German diplomat.

"But then, you see," he said to me one day, and his face was gleaming with that soft, genial smile of his, as if he were proud of the statement he was going to make, "we Germans are not diplomats. We are too open, too frank, too honest. Hitherto our diplomatic positions have been practically the sole prerogative of our old families, our Junker class. All this is going to change. The business man is gradually coming into his own. He is already beginning to play a far more active and prominent part in the political affairs of the nation. This war has proved that business men are needed just as much as Generals and Field-Marshals." (Herr von Gwinner did not mention "Admirals.")

"Look at my pupil Helfferich, Secretary of the Treasury to-day.* I made him. He started here in my bank. Then there is Rathenau, chief of the most important office in Germany to-day, the Raw Material Department of the War Office.† And so I could cite several other examples to show that a new era is dawning. And that applies not only to Germany but to the whole world."

With an American friend of mine, a prominent business man, NOT a journalist, Herr von Gwinner was very outspoken on the subject of the position of the business man in Germany. My friend protested one day, saying that in the last ten years the Kaiser seemed to have assiduously cultivated his princes of industry. "Pah!" von Gwinner replied, "as far as politics and Government offices are concerned, they were merely titled head-clerks, or advisory experts. They were without any vote or power."

He blamed the Kaiser for the condition of Germany's diplomatic service, saying that it was he who was responsible that diplomatic honours have been accorded more with a view to birth than on account of merit. Von Gwinner hates diplomats, in fact, he loathes the whole Foreign Office, and is reported to have said—

* Now Minister of the Interior. † Resigned.

again my American friend is my informant—that "but for the idiots in the Wilhelmstrasse this war would never have been."

It is, of course, well known that the Kaiser has again and again tried to persuade Herr von Gwinner to take a seat in the Cabinet, but he has steadfastly refused.

"Mich immerfort herum quälen mit den Grossmaülern im Reichstage, näh danke schön" ("To wrangle, to be pestered continually with the 'big shouters' of the Reichstag, no thanks"), is what he confided to his friends. And so von Gwinner remains at the helm of the Deutsche Bank, and evidently also finds time for his hobbies.

Von Gwinner, of course, is the promoter of the Bagdad Railroad scheme. It was not easy to get him to talk on the subject, though it has been for years the very apple of his eye. Now and then he would venture a prediction, make a statement or express an opinion or a hope about the future of his foster-child. I shall deal with those parts of my interview in my chapter on the German-Turkish Alliance.*

"How long do you think this war is going to last?" I asked him one day.

The answer came at once. No question can baffle Herr von Gwinner.

"The war will last until Germany can conclude an honourable peace—*i.e.*, on such terms as will hold the necessary guarantees against interference and wanton attack from backward and jealous nations. Then she will once more continue to fulfil her peaceful mission, the development of her commerce, and the improvement of the social conditions of her labourers."

He declined to specify the guarantees.

Of course, he dwelt at length on Germany's sound financial condition, and tried to prove it to me by books

* Chapter L.

and statistics. Not being very strong on financial subjects, I prefer not to go into this part of his conversation. The essence of it was:

"Wir halten durch" ("We'll stick it out").

I liked Herr von Gwinner. He was one of the few Germans I met who I think was absolutely honest with me.

## CHAPTER XLI

### DR. WALTHER RATHENAU

"THE man who keeps Germany eating and shooting"—thus was Dr. Walther Rathenau, the son of the founder of the A. E. G. (Allgemeine Electricitäts Gesellschaft), described to me. Can you imagine a more tantalizing definition to a journalist in search of information?

Dr. Rathenau occupied until a short time ago the very responsible position of Chief of the Raw Material Department at the War Office. I am, of course, unable to say what is at the bottom of his retirement, but I should not be surprised if his liberal views, his lack of the "Gott strafe England" cult had something to do with it.

Rathenau is a Jew, of about forty-three to forty-four years of age, I should judge. He wears a short, pointed beard, such as are popular in the navy, and he is very tall. His manner was very un-German, it was pleasant and polished. He is a many-sided man. In the first place, of course, he is a thorough practical engineer. Until shortly before the war he was at the head of one of the largest German banks, and finally he is an author of no mean literary talent. He has written several works dealing with Men, Thoughts and Things in Germany before the war. Best known are his "Reflections" and "Criticism of the Era." He has travelled all over the world, and speaks French, English and Italian like a native.

This was the man to whom young Hindenburg (nephew of the General), a personal friend of his, had given me a warm letter of introduction. It procured me an audience with the big man at once. It was one of my first in Germany.

Let me state right here that it was a pleasure to converse with Dr. Rathenau. In both interviews I had with him, the first one lasting about an hour, there was not one jarring note. His expressions, while showing confidence and hope, lacked that bravado," Deutschland-über-Alles " and " England-the-guilty, England-the-hated " spirit which only too frequently was found in my intercourse with Berlin officials.

Most of the conversation was carried on in English. While starting with the usual polite preliminaries, I offered him a cigarette. He looked at the label, smiled, and with mock seriousness remarked : " Egyptian, h'm ; I should not smoke those, should I ? But then I have a weakness for certain things, though they are the enemy's products. Try one of mine," and he offered me a Russian cigarette in exchange.

Of course, the subjects nearest to my heart were copper, rubber and petrol. I had found in previous conversations—or I should rather say, " attempted conversations," because I never got very far on these subjects—that they were extremely delicate topics, and it was pointed out to me on different occasions that it would be more " tactful " not to touch on them. The moment you bring up the subject of Germany's supply of raw material—" Yes, it's a very nice day, isn't it ? " or, as the case might be, " Isn't this wretched weather ? " That, as a rule, was all the satisfaction you got except with those people who thought they might be able to make you believe in a little fairy tale about " Germany, the Land of Plenty."

Dr. Rathenau looked at me out of the corner of his eyes, then got up, and from a drawer of his desk—the interview took place at the War Office—took out a fair-sized book, and, holding it up before my eyes, gave me

the opportunity to see something about "Rohstoffe in Deutschland" ("Raw Material in Germany"). My heart began to beat faster. "At last," I thought, "we'll get some real authentic figures; fine story." But the truth of the saying that there is many a slip 'twixt a story in the War Office and the same in the paper came true once more.

"This," said Dr. Rathenau, while patting the wretched volume tantalizingly, "contains everything about every grain of raw material in this country; the means and methods of producing and obtaining more—in short, all you would like to know about it; but . . . those are deep 'secrets of State,' and therefore I cannot show it to you any further than on its outside." That was almost worse than the usual replies I had received. No amount of diplomacy, arguments, wheedling, or promises, could persuade the polite doctor to part with the volume, not even for a minute.

"All I can tell you," he said, "is that if our enemies are waiting till we are starved out, till we are short of copper, and till our guns are silent—well, they'll have a jolly long time to wait." Then the subject was changed.

"Why don't you go and take some of the menus in our large restaurants, have photographic copies made of them, and verified by your consuls? Send those abroad, and let people judge for themselves how badly we are starving."

"But, as you were saying, copper . . ."

"You are very insistent," he fired back, "but I will try to help you a little, and I assure you you are the first journalist with whom I have discussed this subject at all. If you take the yearly statistics you will find that Germany during the last five years has imported an average of over 200,000 tons of copper a year. With our own productions at Mansfeld our total supply amounted to close on 250,000 tons. Our exports of electrical goods, machinery, etc., in which copper was used, did not exceed 100,000 tons a year, so nearly 150,000 tons of copper have remained in this country.

" Much of this has been combined with other metals, but we have experimented, and our chemical developments have reached such a pitch of perfection, that over seventy-five per cent. can be reduced again to pure copper. For one thing, we have thousands of tons of telegraph wires for which we can substitute lines of other metal. Then go into some of the German kitchens. There is hardly a house where you will not find a certain number of copper pots and pans in their shining glory.

" Look at the amount of copper that is used in every house, every hotel, every building. Our mines at Mansfeld have turned out close on 30,000 tons a year, but we have been able to increase the output by at least fifty per cent., to 45,000 tons. Besides, there are one or two sources our enemies have not figured on. One of them is the wonderful state of development our chemistry has reached. The best brains in the land are working on a new product, that may give the world in general, and our enemies in particular, another surprise, as did our 42's and our submarines. No, we are not at the end of our tether yet, not by a long way. Germany cannot be destroyed."

This is, nearly verbatim, Dr. Rathenau's view on the subject of copper. I must admit that his words carried conviction. As I said before, his speech was marked by an entire absence of that spirit of hatred which blinded so many views and spoiled so many arguments to which I have listened.

Dr. Rathenau expressed as his opinion that out of this war may, perhaps in the not too distant future, arise a " United States of Europe." " That is what we need, that is what we should have," he continued. " What is at the bottom of this war ? I am leaving out all considerations of neutrality, of diplomatic bungling, etc. It's the tariff.

" Each country tried to build a tariff wall around itself, and to that you can trace all our troubles. Instead of manufacturing everything in one country, we should let each country specialize in those goods which it can

best and most cheaply supply. In these ' United States of Europe,' mark well, economically speaking, France might be left to supply all the silk for the combined countries, Austria glass, England cloth and ships, and Germany machinery and chemicals. America, for her part, might specialize in supplying the cotton of the world.

" From the economic point of view, the various countries to-day are still in the stage occupied by the individual family during the Middle Ages. Then they used to make everything at home—clothes, shoes, furniture, bread, etc. Soon people learned that they could live better and more cheaply by letting the tailor, the bootmaker, the carpenter, specialize on his particular business. That is what the various nations must learn to see."

I asked the doctor whether he did not think that the financial task involved in the buying-up and transfer of the huge business interests to the various countries where they would be specialized would present insurmountable difficulties.

" No," came without hesitation ; " the money which is spent now in one month by the fighting nations would be sufficient to buy up almost all the factories in any one of the individual countries and transfer them to another. This war is costing Germany one milliard marks (£50,000,000) a month, directly, and two and a half times that amount indirectly.

" But then, terrible as this war is, it will have its beneficial results as well. People in Europe were beginning to live too easily, too luxuriously ; we were beginning to be threatened with stagnation. A man who has eaten his fill is no longer creative. He wants to sleep, not work. And after the war ? Well, we'll all have to live together again. We all need one another, so what is the use of nursing this spirit of hatred and rancour ? "

The allotted hour was up before I knew it, and when several other matters demanded Dr. Rathenau's atten-

tion I took my leave, without having heard anything on the subject of petrol and rubber. Dr. Rathenau's views and explanations on the subject of copper were subsequently confirmed to me from several other sources. One of these informants is a man who is very close to the Krupp concern, and another an American who has had business dealings with several large German firms which have used American copper for many years past.

Krupps' man told me quite frankly that it was not copper they worried about, but the rubber and petrol supply. They are manufacturing a substitute for petrol, now called "Benzol," a by-product of coke, but it also requires other ingredients, and those seem to be getting short. As for rubber, many professors of chemistry have been working for months trying to find a substitute for it. Up to a few weeks ago their efforts do not appear to have been successful.

Already early in 1915 every private car and most of the taxis had disappeared from Berlin streets. After eleven at night it is very difficult to get a conveyance of any kind.

The same informant, who must remain anonymous, said to me shortly before I left Germany: "If anything is going to break our neck, it will be rubber and petrol." He was one of the few men in Germany who were not out-and-out optimists on the outcome of the war, and he was, which is still more rare, honest enough frankly to admit it.

From a fourth source, and I am repeating here only those views that I have tested and found as nearly accurate as it is possible to be in these matters, I have received the following calculation. It came from an artillery officer at present on the General Staff in Berlin, but for a time at the front in France, and formerly at the Krupp works at Essen.

"All calculations as to the amount of ammunition to be used in warfare have turned out to be many hundred per cent. below the actual expenditure. It has been

estimated that the number of cartridges used by Germany and our Ally during the last six months has averaged nearly 30,000,000 rounds a day. Our artillery has used an average of nearly 150,000 shells a day. Now let us see how much copper we need for that. The rifle cartridges would represent about 300 tons of brass a day, the shells about 100 tons, a daily total of about 400 tons.

"This amount of brass represents, according to its metallurgical composition, about 300 tons of copper. Multiply that by 365, that brings the amount of copper needed per annum to 109,500 tons for ammunition only. We produce, including Mansfeld and some Austrian mines, close on 50,000 tons a year. We have an enormous store of copper in the country which has accumulated for a great number of years" (see official figures of imports and exports quoted above); "so when the Allies think that they are going to bring us to our knees on account of the copper scarcity they are making a big miscalculation. And I know what I am talking about."

This same officer told me that during November and early December, 1914, there was a great shortage of artillery ammunition in the West, and that an offensive movement of the Allies was greatly feared then. "It was said on several occasions that the Allies had silenced the German guns, but the truth of the matter was that we had to economize our ammunition. It is here that America's assistance is of such importance. The Allies could never have manufactured their own supplies, neither of arms nor of ammunition."

The feeling in Berlin is growing stronger every day against the so-called "double-faced neutrality" of America. "Sending strong notes to Germany, and weak ones to England, but plenty of strong ammunition," is the general comment.

Nobody was willing to say anything about the smuggling of copper into Germany, but I know that quite a good deal came from America through Sweden, and up to May, 1915, also through Italy, in the latter case

via Barcelona. Several American firms, amongst them the "American Smelting and Refining Trust" (Guggenheim's), were approached for deliveries of copper, and certain guarantees, even of submarine protection, were offered, but most of the negotiations have been unsuccessful.

In 1915 copper was worth in Germany nearly two marks (two shillings) a pound.

## CHAPTER XLII

### AMBASSADOR COUNT VON BERNSTORFF

AMONGST my newspaper connections in New York (I am speaking about the month of August and the first half of September, 1914) was one paper which, already in those early days, showed somewhat pro-German leanings. (It has since succumbed entirely to the German cause.)

Of course, this gave me the *entrée* to the German Ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, practically at all hours of the day or night.

New York is the strategical publicity centre of the United States, so, after von Bernstorff's return from Europe in the third week of August, he left his *chargé d'affaires* in Washington, while he moved to New York and established his headquarters at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. I may note here that he usually spent his week-ends at "Rhinebeck," the Hudson River country place of the German-American banker, James Speyer.

I have held many an interesting conversation with von Bernstorff, and to meet him from day to day as the war progressed, to watch his gradual change in demeanour, was a study in contrasts that I would have been sorry to miss.

During the first days after his return from Europe he looked very gloomy, and bore that gritting his teeth sort of expression of "We must hope for the best." But as the Germans gradually advanced towards Paris, and when finally von Kluck was reported to be within

striking distance of the outer forts, up went his spirits, and his whole physiognomy underwent an entire change.

Bernstorff occupied a regal suite of apartments, but his drawing-room rather reminded one of a Divisional Headquarters. Numerous maps, books, flags, were spread out on a large table, and Bernstorff could usually be found bending over them. A dozen, nay, a hundred, times in those days he explained to me von Kluck and von Bülow's march on Paris. Well do I remember his theory of the German "pincers." Verdun was supposed to be the central point. One arm of the "pincers" stretched from Verdun down to Belfort, the other one from Verdun to Paris, and slowly but surely . . . but wait, I am digressing.

Either the 30th or 31st day of August, before I had hardly entered his room, he shouted to me: "I'll give them another week." I did not know what he meant at first, and asked: "Whom and what?" "Why, to enter Paris, of course," he explained. "Look here, you see, von Kluck is right there at Creil and in close touch with von Bülow on his left. Well, now they are going to . . ." and then for the hundredth time I heard the story of what they were *going* to do, but . . . never did.

That same day I went down into the city and called on the German Consul-General, Dr. Horst Falck.

He had not been a particularly pleasant subject for interviews, but that day he was almost amiable. He strode up and down his office, thumbs inserted in his waistcoat arm-holes, and turning his head from left to right, forwards and sideways, he laughed: "Ah, my dear fellow, it's all over but the shouting." I told him what the Ambassador had said about giving von Kluck a week. "A week?" he repeated, "a week? Why, I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts that he'll march down the Champs Elysées in less than four days." (And I did not take him on!) "The French are not going to defend Paris. I have even received confidential information that they are ready to discuss peace terms. Ha, ha! it's 1870-71 all over again, only this time a bit quicker

work. Ha, ha!" And even outside in the noisy hall, while waiting for the lift, I could hear the exuberant doctor's "Ha! ha!"

He was doing the shouting a bit too early. I never saw him after that (but that was not my fault!).

To return to Bernstorff. When von Kluck did not "take" Paris, but branched off to the south-east, of course Bernstorff knew "exactly" the why and the wherefore.

"Oh, don't you worry" (I didn't); "postponed is not put off." (It was this time, though.) "I'll tell you exactly what he is going to do. You see, the pincers are closing in. The Crown Prince is advancing *west*; well, von Kluck and von Bülow are advancing east. Now don't you see what will happen?"

I did not, and said so.

"Why, man, the case is as simple as A B C; it's as clear as daylight. They can take Paris *any* day. THEY ARE FIRST GOING TO CRUSH THE WHOLE FRENCH AND BRITISH ARMIES BETWEEN THE RIGHT AND THE LEFT GERMAN WINGS. They are simply carrying out an encircling movement."

Oh, of course! *Then* I saw! All the same, I may as well admit that I was greatly impressed by his clear, and often convincing, talk. Things looked pretty dark for us in those days.

Shortly after Bernstorff's return from Europe he had an audience with Mr. Bryan, then Secretary of State. Passing, at its conclusion, through the outer office, he was just about to enter the diplomatic ante-chamber, when he stopped and inquired of "Eddie," an old-time State Department attaché, "Who is inside?" nodding towards the waiting-room. "Nobody but the Dominican Minister," replied Eddie.

"Let me see," mused Bernstorff. "Oh, that's all right then; I am not yet at war with him."

I wonder whether people in this country heard of,

and will remember, a huge peace meeting that was held in one of the largest assembly halls in New York—Madison Square Gardens—in September, 1914. Ostensibly it was got up by Mr. Hearst, the owner of a number of newspapers all through America. It is true enough that Mr. Hearst made all the arrangements, but I KNOW FROM FIRST-HAND INFORMATION, FROM TELEPHONE CALLS AND VARIOUS PERSONAL INTERVIEWS COUNT VON BERNSTORFF SOUGHT AND OBTAINED WITH MR. HEARST, THAT THE PEACE MEETING WAS ARRANGED AT THE INSTIGATION OF THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR. I should also not be surprised if Bernstorff knew something more about Mr. Hearst's other peace efforts in September, 1914 (after the German plan to take Paris had been frustrated), viz., the open letters he sent to Lord Northcliffe and Lord Burnham, warning them that if this war were not stopped, "it would leave Europe prostrate before the threat of Asiatic aggression." Somehow one seems to recognize the Kaiser's "Yellow Peril Speech" in this.

When I told von Bernstorff that I was going to Europe, and that I hoped to visit the various war zones, he gave me an introduction to the Berlin Foreign Office, and also to his colleague at The Hague—then Herr von Müller—"in case I should have difficulties in entering Germany." I never had an opportunity to present Herr von Müller's letter, as was, alas! the case with several other valuable German introductions.

Bernstorff's last words to me were:

"Peace will only come through German victory."

## CHAPTER XLIII

### MATTHIAS ERZBERGER

### PRESS MANIPULATOR AND ADVERTISING EXPERT

ENTER Herr Erzberger, Leader of the Centrum Party in the Reichstag, Chief of the Press Bureau, and late General German Press Agent and Press Manipulator in Italy.

He is one of the most influential men in Germany to-day, and is in closest touch with the Emperor. When one day, at the General Staff, I produced my letter of introduction to him, one of the Press Majors remarked: "Oh, that is all you will need in Berlin. He is, next to the Chancellor, the Kaiser's most intimate adviser." That statement was corroborated many times.

On meeting Herr Erzberger you would never think he had such power. His appearance is far from prepossessing.

He has a tendency to German *embonpoint*, a red face, and large fat hands with podgy fingers. In fact, he is a typical representative of the German middle classes, who, you cannot help thinking, would look more suitable clad in white overalls, with a large butcher's knife, than in frock-coat and bowler hat, carrying a bulky *portefeuille* under his arm. Not so many years ago Erzberger used to be a schoolmaster in an insignificant Bavarian village. To-day everyone in Germany has to reckon with him.

The German-American journalist, von Wiegand, is one of his special protégés. From what Wiegand boasted

to me himself, I am quite convinced that it was Erzberger who, making use of his influence at the Vatican, engineered von Wiegand's famous interview with the Pope last year. Erzberger has been of enormous help to Wiegand, and even went so far as to persuade the Kaiser to give him an interview. Of course, the latter was elated and lost his head. (I mean Wiegand, not the Kaiser, this time.) He hinted about his good fortune to some of his colleagues. Needless to say, they in their turn tried to do a little wire-pulling, with the result that von Wiegand, while actually on his way to interview the Emperor, was stopped, and informed that "it was all off." Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg put a spoke in the wheel of the German Press Bureau machinery.

Von Wiegand takes all his articles to Erzberger's office, who, after reading them through personally, seals them and dispatches them to America without any further formality. Every article is sent in duplicate, viz., one via Rotterdam and another via Copenhagen. Before Italy entered the war, a third copy was forwarded via Rome. Other less fortunate correspondents have to send their articles to the Foreign Office, where a number of youths, suffering severely from swelled head, wear out many blue pencils on them, and enjoy doing it. An acquaintance of mine, an American, took a purely personal letter written to his wife in New York, to the young censor, who read it from first page to last, accompanied by inappropriate comments.

Von Wiegand is a lucky fellow. From a journalistic standpoint he has what in America is called "a cinch, the softest job in the world." When Erzberger says "All right," everything goes. There has been only one exception, viz., the one referred to above, when he tried to use the Kaiser in his great advertisement scheme.

My meeting with the "famous" man was quite spectacular. I called on him, to present my letter from Count von Hertling, Bavarian Minister of Foreign

Affairs, the morning after his return from one of his periodical trips to Italy. He was in a great flurry and terribly busy.

"Very sorry," he exclaimed, while running about his private office on the Königgrätzer Strasse, collecting a number of important-looking documents and various maps of Italy, "very sorry, indeed, but I am just off to the Palace. I am lunching with his Majesty."

"I see," I gasped, duly impressed, and then inquired: "I trust you are bringing him good news from Rome, from your Italian ally?"

"Certainly, yes, certainly," came back in a very offhand manner and tone of voice, "as good as can be expected; nothing to worry about. Anyhow, always remember our good old German motto," and pausing in his perambulations, he stopped in front of me and solemnly quoted: "We Germans fear God, but nothing else in the world."

A minute later he was off.

Naturally I was most anxious to learn something about the Kaiser's views on the situation, so in the afternoon, after Erzberger's return from the Imperial luncheon, I renewed the offensive. However, the redoubt was a bit too strong to be carried at a rush. But let us see.

The first attack was repulsed with: "You surely must know by now, Herr Beaufort, that the Emperor's words are sacred. Whatever he wishes to tell the world, he will—through his own channels."

I was properly squashed, and apologized for my stupidity. Evidently I had run plump into barbed wire. I acknowledged my pitiful ignorance, but told him that I had been given to understand that I was confronted at this moment with the very channel of which he was speaking! Of course, even I, a stranger in a strange land, had heard of Herr Erzberger's influence, his power, etc., and I had come to worship at his shrine!

"Ahem! hm!"—cough—"ahem! WHAT was it you wanted to know? I did not quite understand," he asked.

"Oh, about Italy? Well, we think—that is, ahem! *I* think—that Italy has it in her power to finish this terrible war WITHOUT ANY FURTHER BLOODSHED. It would not cost her the life of a single man."

"What?" I could not help exclaiming, then continued: "Sorry, Herr Erzberger, I am afraid I cannot quite see your point. Please explain."

"That's easily done. If Italy declared war on France to-day, and marched across the frontier, throwing her whole army at the French right flank and in her back, France would at once sue for peace; there is no question about that, we KNOW it. I repeat it would not cost Italy a single man."

"But, Herr Erzberger, how would that affect the other Allies, England and Russia?" I inquired, unconvinced.

"It would affect them in so far as England knows well enough that her army is no match for ours. The French once out of the fighting, would enable us to release a large number of army corps for our Eastern front, with which we would soon enough settle Russia."

I am sure he believed every word he said, but it left me unconvinced. "Suppose Italy should join the Allies, what would be the effect in that case?"

Erzberger thought for a moment and then answered: "Quite different in many ways, but NOT in the manner the Allies think. Peace would only be possible in the alternative I have shown you. If Italy joins the Allies, oh, well, we are fighting seven countries already, I suppose we could manage an eighth." After a moment's interval he continued, but his voice was considerably more serious: "But what do you think would be the world's opinion of such a base action on the part of an ally? Is there any word that could express such a crime? Where would Italy find another ally? Where would she find a country that would trust her once this war is settled? What excuse could she give for having remained a member of the Triple Alliance? Italy may remain neutral and save her honour, but she

can never, by virtue of the Triple Alliance, assist the enemy."

From these remarks, not so much from the actual words as from the manner in which they were spoken, it was easy to conclude that when Herr Erzberger said that Italian affairs were " as good as might be expected," he was making a dubious sort of statement which could be taken in different ways.

It is said in Berlin that it took the Admiralty many weeks before they succeeded in persuading the Emperor to sign the Submarine Blockade Bill. Erzberger is supposed to have played a very important part in convincing the Kaiser of its necessity and advisability. A day or two before the blockade came into effect, I called on him, and asked him to give me his views. " Here they are," he said, presenting me with several sheets of closely typewritten matter. " You'll find all I have to say on the subject here, and you are at liberty to use it as you like. Better put it in the form of an interview."

I shall not quote the whole article because it contained many things which have been expounded only too often before. The substance of it was:

" This blockade is for us nothing but an act of self-defence. It is not only based on the law of self-preservation, but we are also forced into it by the recent English Admiralty Secret Orders, wherein British ships are advised to hoist a neutral flag in case of danger from the enemy. The naval expert of the *Times* admits the existence of that order, and tries to justify it by explaining that it is a ' recognized war ruse.' The submarine blockade order is only the answer to the action of the British Admiralty. *He who—in war—has any power at his disposal, and does not use it without mercy, commits an unpardonable crime against his own country.* This blockade is not going to be, as some of our adversaries have described it, a ' brilliant bluff,' but bitter earnest, as coming events will prove. By the end of this month Germany will have shown all the world that in time of

war, we Germans do not talk but act, and act in such a manner as our own interests demand." At the time of reading the "interview" I could not help smiling at the inordinately bombastic style, so typical of a German. I remember about the same time—*i.e.*, just before the blockade was to come into effect—speaking to a well-known and very capable officer at the War Office, Captain Grau. "Ah," he said, in answer to my remark that the future alone would tell. "Yes, you are right; but let me tell you that that future is not so very far off. In a month from now you'll hear and see many great changes." He was referring to the results of the blockade, and he spoke with great conviction and in deep earnest. *He, and a great many other Germans, who should have known better, seemed convinced that the blockade would bring about an almost immediate clamour for peace from the "starving" British population.*

But to return to Herr Erzberger's view of the submarine campaign.

"When a country of forty-four millions," the article continues, "threatens to starve out a country of seventy-seven millions, then this latter country has an unquestionable right to defend itself, and fight for its existence, its culture, its independence *with every means at its disposal.* In this war, which was forced upon us, we shall never consider what our enemies would like us to do, but only that which is useful and beneficial to our own nation. The confidence of the whole of Germany in the efficiency of our Navy is so strong, so universal, that everyone looks forward with calm assurance to the successful accomplishment of whatever task it may undertake."

Speaking about the submarine campaign, I must mention Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. I think he was in those days the most popular and widely read author in Germany. A magazine story written by him a short time before the war, and called "England in Danger," has been translated, and was sold in booklet form at

one mark (one shilling). A well-known bookseller, one of the largest in Berlin, told me that over a million copies of that story had been sold, and that it was still "going strong." Those who have read it will remember that England is forced by the submarine tactics of a much smaller nation to open peace negotiations. Appended to the German translation of this story are opinions expressed on it by a number of English naval experts, such as: Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. Frank T. Bullen, Admiral Sir Algernon de Horsey, Admiral Sir Compton Domville, Admiral Penrose Fitzgerald, Admiral William Hannam Henderson, Mr. Fred T. Jane, Admiral Sir William Kennedy, Mr. B. Eyres Monsell, Mr. Douglas Owen, Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seymour and Mr. Arnold White.

It may also be of interest to many Londoners to know that the man who translated Sir Arthur's submarine story was Woldemar Schütze, who, until August 3rd, 1914, was a member of the London Chamber of Commerce, and, according to his own statements, was "in closest touch with London Stock Exchange circles!"

## CHAPTER XLIV

### SECRETARY OF THE LATE GERMAN COLONIES, "EXCELLENZ DR. SOLF," AND HIS A.D.C., DR. BÜCHER

"WHAT'S the good of trying to send the truth abroad? They won't believe us, anyhow. No! Send 42's" (referring to the 42-cm. howitzers) "and submarines. Their language is understood all over the world, and carries the greatest weight."

Here is unadulterated "Deutschland über Alles" sentiment for you, such as I was greeted with at the Colonial Office in the Wilhelmstrasse, by Dr. Bücher, A.D.C. to the German Colonial Secretary, Dr. Solf.

But let us start at the beginning.

Through the kind offices of Dr. Rathenau, Chief of the Raw Material Department of the War Office, I obtained an introduction to the Colonial Secretary, and the promise of an interview. My enterprising spirit received a rude shock when I learned that the "interview" was to be one of the "ready-made" variety.* It was my first introduction to the "made-in-Germany" kind. It was all neatly typewritten. The questions which I asked (*i.e.*, *should* have asked—but did not); the interruptions (which did not take place), the gesticulations and modulations of the Secretary (which I neither heard nor saw), were all included; in short, it looked the "real thing." All I would have to do was to translate it, and then take it across the Wilhelmstrasse to the Press Department of the Foreign Office, which, after having compared original and translation, would O.K. seal and mail it for me.

* See Chapter VI.

The "interview" was mainly retrospective. It was the well-known German plea of "not guilty" either in Africa or in Europe. He tried to prove that Germany had been forced to fight in Africa. He referred to the Congo Treaty, which empowered belligerent countries interested in African colonies in the Congo Valley to neutralize those territories, etc., etc.

"But England," so the paper ran, "was determined to hurt Germany wherever she could, so the Allies refused to recognize the Congo Treaty, and, as they could not place before the world their real reasons for doing so, they claimed that Germany had started the fighting on the African Continent." It continues giving names and dates that are supposed to prove that the Allies started the fight. It concludes with "England and France, by carrying the war into Africa, have thereby injured their own interests as much as ours, because it will take many years before the lost prestige of the white race will have been regained."

Now apart from trying to palm off that ready-made interview on my unsuspecting and trustful nature, I have no grudge against Dr. Solf. On the few occasions when I met him, I found him extremely pleasant, unceremonious and most un-German. All conversations I had with him were conducted in English, except now and then when he wanted to emphasize a certain point. But there was an entire absence of the "I-refuse-to-use-English" spirit, so prevalent amongst shopkeepers, waiters, hotel clerks and other representatives of the middle and lower classes. Dr. Solf looks very much like an Englishman of the comfortable arm-chair type; in fact, the caricature of John Bull might have been patterned after him. He seemed a jovial, unostentatious spirit, and he never once "strafed" England. When speaking about this country his voice sounded a note of disappointment rather than of hatred. In fact, I believe, if the real truth were known, that away deep down in his heart he still has a sneaking liking for "perfide Albion." True, he enumerated several instances of

grave excesses alleged to have been committed by the French and British forces in Africa; he banged his fist once or twice on his desk, but with it all, the rôle of "Gott-strafe-England" character did not appear natural to the genial professor. Between ourselves I think that if he could be caught privately—say, at a pleasant little dinner—he would, in an unguarded moment over coffee and cigars, admit that he had only the pleasantest recollections of days and incidents spent among the British, in their Colonies as well as at home in England.

Of course, I must hasten to add that these observations are purely conjectural, but I believe that anyone who knows Dr. Solf will agree with them.

As he did not wish to completely disappoint my hopes of a personal interview, he consented to try and answer a few questions which I wanted to ask him, one of them concerning the future of the German Colonies. Naturally he was very reticent on this point.

"It is a bit early in the day to discuss that subject, and I prefer not to go on record with prophecies or speculations. This much though I will say, viz.: *That I expect with every confidence that after the war we shall find a larger working area among the primitive nations of the world, for our economic necessities. And our Colonial politics will be conducted in a manner befitting the bearers of culture, the spirit of which is deeply rooted in the German Christian point of view.*"

I tried to keep in touch with the Colonial Office, but, as a rule, was referred to Dr. Bücher, the very excitable, explosive and firebrand variety of German.

All qualities which Dr. Solf possesses, his A.D.C. lacks, but where the Colonial Secretary falls short of the usual dose of real hatred, the A.D.C. is supplied with an unlimited, ever-flowing source of it. I have met many "strafing" Germans during my sojourn in the Vaterland, but Dr. Bücher takes the prize for his supply of unadulterated, thorough and plentiful "Gott-strafe-England" spirit. And he is not slow in showing it, either. He has

given me many an entertaining discourse which has made the time fly. Though still comparatively young—I judge him to be about thirty-five—he has already occupied several important positions in different parts of the German Colonies, and is thoroughly *au courant* with Germany's colonial policy and affairs. His travels in many lands, his contact with the English and French, have left him unscathed. He remains thoroughly and utterly the super-German, of the " Deutschland-über-Alles " and " We-must-win,-we-SHALL-win " type. With the very widest stretch of imagination you could not accuse him of being a diplomat, not even a German one. His temperament is explosive, dangerously so for a man in his position; he hates the English, as I have already pointed out, with a force which continually finds ways of expressing itself, and he is absolutely convinced that those Germans who are trying to spread abroad the gospel that Germany is a " peace-loving nation," imbued with the spirit of " love your neighbour and work hard," are sentimental fools.

" The truth, indeed ! " he thundered at me one afternoon. " Why should Germany have to justify her actions when she is fighting for her existence, for her place in the sun ? Why dilly-dally with countries that are only neutral in theory ? The only argument, the only language they understand abroad, is " Wir hauen sie ' " (We are beating them). " That, howitzers and submarines. Any other reasoning is futile. They don't believe us, anyhow."

This is a fair example of the gospel of " Frightfulness," and, to judge by subsequent events, it has found many disciples.

As may be judged from his remarks, Dr. Bücher cannot see any reason why we neutral journalists should be provided with any facilities for obtaining information. " Why should we have to beg America for her moral support ? We are fighting against a world of enemies, and we are not obliged to explain or defend our actions to anyone. Neutral ? Hah ! that word has lost its

meaning abroad. Everybody hates us. Why? Because everybody is jealous of us. 'We do not know how to colonize,' says England. Let them take official statistics on trade reports. They will find out which Colonies have done the largest amount of business!"

I had an opportunity later on to cut in with one of the questions I had come to ask, viz., about the part Germany played in the Transvaal rebellion. I pointed out that it did not seem quite logical that the Colonial Secretary should argue that Article 11 of the Congo Treaty should have been maintained in Africa, when Germany at the same time instigated and encouraged the rebellious tendencies of Beyers, De Wet and Maritz.

Another explosion followed. "We had nothing whatsoever to do with that rebellion. The Transvaal and its leaders do not need German encouragement to revolt against England," he shouted so that it must have been heard across the Wilhelmstrasse. "They do not want English rule any more than the Egyptians do."

I suggested that the revolt had proved that a different state of things existed.

"Wait, my friend," he returned. "Mark my words, the very first moment that things begin to go wrong with the English campaign in Europe, the Boers will be the first to rise. Do not ever believe that they are English, they are Dutch first and last."

We changed the subject then to that of peace. "Did you come across any real sensible German," he asked me, "who is THINKING of peace at present? Have you obtained any impression, wherever you have been, that we are tired, that we are discouraged? If you have, you are sadly mistaken. No nation that accomplishes what we have in these many months of war, though attacked on all sides, can be vanquished. As to destroying our trade, in five years after the war we shall have it all back again." He put his hand in his pocket and took out a pen-knife. "Do you suppose anybody is going to pay the English or the Americans sixpence for

this knife, when they can buy it from Germany for fivepence? Certainly not."

He also discussed America and the Japanese question.

"The time will come when America will be glad of our help against the aggression of the yellow race. Our danger is not so great because we have Russia as a buffer state between us. Look what Japan was twenty years ago. Look what happened to Port Arthur. To-day there are fifteen Europeans there, while before the Russo-Japanese War it had nearly two thousand. In the long run America is going to suffer as much from this war as Europe. For one thing, it is not going to get any immigrants to speak of for the next ten years." He added sarcastically: "America is drifting into the same imperialistic channels as what they call the 'mother country,' only there it sails under the flag of the 'Monroe Doctrine.' America's sphere of 'responsibility' is as unlimited as the British sphere of 'protection.'"

I have cited here some of the many absurd, not to say maliciously false, arguments which are used in Germany to-day, not by the uneducated classes only, but by men who are generally supposed to have reached years of discretion and learned judgment.

## CHAPTER XLV

### SASSENBACH—SOCIAL DEMOCRAT

ON my list of prospective victims to be interviewed there occurred, somewhat vaguely, the memorandum, "a Social Democrat." They were harder to get at than the Chancellor himself—at least, those amongst the Social Democrats that amounted to anything. No doubt the Foreign Office would have been able to arrange something for me, but I wanted a *real* talk, not a *réchauffé* of Foreign Office rubbish, or the usual typewritten interview which you receive in your morning mail with your rolls and coffee.

The only way to safeguard your interviews against official tampering is to take your victim by surprise. I took great care never to mention my "Social Democratic" ambitions, but kept my eyes and ears open. As usual, patience was rewarded. My opportunity came one evening when interviewing "Excellenz Wehrmuth," the Lord Mayor of Berlin. Carefully I led the subject on to the Social Democrats (his *bêtes noires* before the war, but, of course, I was not supposed to know that). Now his Excellency had nothing but praise for their attitude. He spoke about the help he had received from them in the distribution of bread tickets. "Sassenbach has behaved admirably," he said.

"Who is Sassenbach?" I inquired innocently and ignorantly as well. And then I learned that Sassenbach was something of an embryo Ramsay Macdonald, John Burns and Lloyd George rolled into one.

When there is any labour trouble, it's Sassenbach who

has to be seen. When factories changed from the manufacturing of peace-time articles into munitions of war, and the rules and regulations of the trade unions were temporarily shelved, it was Sassenbach who smoothed things over; when saddlers and munition workers were making too high wages at the cost of some of their less fortunate fellow-workmen, many of whom had been thrown out of employment, it was Sassenbach who regulated matters. He is entirely a self-made man. He speaks French and English fairly well, every word of it he has taught himself. He is City Councillor of Berlin, and could have a seat in the Reichstag to-morrow for the asking, but he feels that he can serve his cause and his comrades better as the only Social Democratic Councillor of the City of Berlin. Up till about the middle of last year Sassenbach's organization, I mean that part of the trades union which comes under his direct supervision, had sent over one million men into the field.

To-day Sassenbach enjoys the confidence of many important men in Germany; five years ago he was one of the most heartily despised firebrands.

"The very man," I said . . . to myself.

The Lord Mayor, not very astute, and in no wise typical of the Prussian official and fire-eater, at once acceded to my request for an introduction to Sassenbach. "No time like the present" is a truism nowhere so applicable as in journalism; so, from the Lord Mayor's official residence, I at once proceeded to the "Gewerbschaftshaus" (trade-union headquarters) at 15 and 16, Engelufer, Berlin, South East. I sent up my card together with that of the Lord Mayor, and was at once admitted. A short, red-haired, bullet-headed little man received me most cordially, and turned out to be the great Sassenbach himself. Alas! I was not to have him "unter vier Augen" ("under four eyes"), as a few minutes after my arrival Professor Francke, head of the Bureau for Social Economics, walked in and stayed. Still, he did not matter very much.

Sassenbach had a great deal to say on the subject of the friendly relations that were kept up, in spite of the war, with the international committees of the trade unionists in London and Paris. He told me that only recently he had heard from both Mr. Appleton and their French colleagues.

I did not see Mr. Appleton's letter, and, of course, I do not know the conditions that exist to-day, but somehow at the time I think he spoke the truth.

"Could your united efforts not have prevented this war?" was a question which naturally suggested itself to me. By his answer the man proved his mettle. I was amazed. It was splendid. He said:

"Do you happen to recall a speech that was made in 1912 on the subject of Socialists and the Labour Party by the late Lord Roberts? It caused a veritable avalanche of correspondence between, and from, Socialists all over the world, and it made England buzz with excitement from north to south."

I said that I had heard about several of Lord Roberts' speeches, especially about those in which he had exhorted his countrymen to have their army in a better state of preparedness. "Yes," said Sassenbach, "I know that was part of some of his speeches, but the particular oration I have in mind is the one in which he said: 'We have heard much of the power of the Labour Party in international politics. It is said that the German Socialist will not make war upon his English or French comrade. This remains to be seen. Love of country in the actual day of battle has always proved itself superior to love of profit. That law has not been abrogated, and, if war broke out to-morrow, the German workman would acquit himself like a German, and the British workman like a Briton.'"

I was simply amazed. Sassenbach had quoted entirely from memory, but when he had finished, he went over to one of the shelves in his room, took from it a dossier, and in a few minutes had found Lord Roberts' speech from which he had quoted. Sassenbach continued:

"Lord Roberts was a far-seeing Irishman, and many of us Socialists have often thought of his words since those dark days of July, 1914. I well remember the sea of correspondence and denials that that speech provoked here in Germany. *We* were *wrong* and Lord Roberts was *right.*"

Here was a nice little journalistic tit-bit. Lord Roberts, the one man in this country who warned England against its unpreparedness, with Germany in his mind, being eulogized by a German "Social Democrat"!

My next question nearly got me into hot water with Professor Francke. I suggested to Sassenbach whether it might not prove a blessing in disguise for the German workman, if Germany should be beaten, thereby being relieved of the yoke of Prussian militarism? Francke got quite excited. Sassenbach started to reply, but was cut short by the Professor saying, "I'll answer him!"

"Herr Beaufort, if you want to make yourself thoroughly unpopular here, and your mission to be an entire failure; if you want to make people shut up like a clam, then ask such questions or make such suggestions! In the first place, we are not going to lose this war, but if we did, it would go ill with the German workman, because he would be taxed a great deal heavier than he is now, to pay for the war indemnity; and, secondly, our jealous enemies would place such restrictions on our trade that it would be impossible for us to compete."

I asked Sassenbach why his party had been continually opposing the increase of armaments. His answer was typical: "We realize to-day that we were mistaken. The working men do not as yet rule the world—this war is proving that. *What would have become of us all if we had not had our army, if we had not been prepared as we are?*"

I thought that in such a case Germany would perhaps have shown a different and more conciliatory attitude towards various proposals made by other countries;

that her policy would perhaps have been less aggressive and overbearing, and consequently that the war might have been avoided. But he would have none of it.

"No, no," he emphatically exclaimed, "Germany's spirit was conciliatory to the end. Read the last telegram our Kaiser sent to the Czar. We were forced to fight. England has been wanting to get at us for a long time. Does any sane person really think that you could have found one idiot in St. Petersburg who would have started this war with us if Russia had not been sure of France and England? Belgium—bah! As our famous Bismarck said many years ago, 'England does not go to war on a matter of honour.' Russia knew our strength and her own weakness. No; this war has been a wilful attack on a peace-loving, industrious nation. I know the spirit and the feelings of my men. I am one of them, and that is why we have risen to a man, and we will stand together, low by high and high by low, and see this through."

When a man of Sassenbach's type feels and speaks in that manner, prompted, I am sure, by deep motives and honest convictions, you may imagine how violent the feelings must be amongst the lesser elements.

Later, I had a chance to return to his remark about still being in touch with the international committees of his organization, a statement which naturally had rather surprised me. I was wondering whether by any chance the Government was trying to use the Social Democratic Party and the trades unionists to fly peace kites. So I thought I would set a little trap for my very interesting host. But he didn't take the bait.

"Cannot you people, you millions of Socialists and trades unionists in Europe, who have been babbling and shouting about fraternity, peace and goodwill, bring about a settlement of this terrific struggle?"

He gravely shook his head. "No, we cannot adjust these matters now. This is a war of our entire nation, and any peace arrangements must come from competent judges mandated by the nation. Though we correspond

with our associates we *never discuss the war. We have mutual assurances that after the war our relations will be resumed where they were left off.*"

As far as I know, the above was the only interview that has been obtained by a foreign journalist from a German "Social Democrat" since the war. The German Press manipulators keep them in the background (the Social Democrats, I mean, though this applies to foreign journalists as well).

## CHAPTER XLVI

### MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR—HELFFERICH

AT a Press dinner given by Baron Mumm von Schwarzenstein at the Hotel Esplanade in Berlin, I managed to get a few words with Excellenz Helfferich. It was the only chance he ever gave me. He was the *pièce de résistance* of the dinner. I asked him about the end of the war, but he refused to say when he thought it would come. "We are all going to be losers, we are all going to be very much poorer. France will become a second-class power, Russia will have to face a revolution, and England will get off with a black eye. Austria will suffer a set-back of twenty years, and it will probably take us the best part of ten years to regain our pre-war position."

I should like to remark here that Herr Helfferich's ideas, as quoted above, are shared by many Germans in the higher positions. All through 1915 the illusion was very popular in Germany that the French might be bribed into a separate peace by the German offer to withdraw from the occupied French territory, provided France would leave Germany a free hand with England. Many Germans saw already visions of an "arrested" British army. Speaking about arrested recalls to my mind a story told at the above dinner by my table neighbour, a former Consul at Ostend. He said that when von Kluck heard about the landing of British troops in Ostend, he telegraphed to the President of the Berlin Police requesting him to send a squad of policemen to Ostend "to arrest the British army!"

England astride Egypt, and pulling the wires for the Khedive. Figure in foreground represents Sultan of Turkey, ready with a pair of scissors to cut the strings.

[*Facing p.* 326.

Admiral von Capelle, Tirpitz' successor.

[*Facing p.*1327.

## CHAPTER XLVII

### ADMIRAL VON CAPELLE AND "CAPTAIN LIEUTENANT" LÖHLEIN

I HAVE already referred elsewhere to my persistent visits to the "Marineamt"—the German Admiralty—and to some of its results. I must describe here an incident which has since been frequently recalled to my mind on account of its sinister and prophetic character.

I was sitting in Captain Löhlein's office one morning, when all of a sudden the door burst open, and in rushed a higher naval officer. His sleeves were covered with gold braid almost up to his elbow; he was flourishing a copy of the *B. Z.* (*Berliner Zeitung am Mittag*, Berlin noonday paper), and shouted: "*Now, who* rules the waves?" I caught my breath for a moment as I read in big fat headlines the name "LUSITANIA," but fortunately saw immediately below, though printed in much smaller type: "hoists the American flag." He was followed by several other naval officers.

The excited visitor was Admiral von Capelle, then Under-Secretary of State for the Navy, but since promoted to von Tirpitz' office. After it was explained to him that I was a neutral correspondent, and that I represented various American publications, he came towards me, thrust the sheet almost literally under my nose, and snorted: "Well, what is Herr Wilson going to do about *this?* He cannot very well remain neutral and inactive in face of such proceedings, such misuse of the 'Stars and Stripes'!"

Then, again addressing the other officers, he continued: "What a humiliation, gentlemen, what a frightful blot on the British flag! Hauled down—eh?—for one of our little submarines. Ah, well, wait," and here I was singled out again for his special attention; "before long we'll show the world something."

"She"—pointing to the ship's name—"will stop her sailings, or we'll get her sooner or later. That will wake them up over there. Our navy is not going to lag behind our army in the matter of surprises. We still have one or two left both on sea as well as on land. In a month from now no British ship will put her nose outside a harbour with her own flag flying. The fact that the British Admiralty has issued instructions that merchant ships should carry arms puts them on a level with *francs-tireurs*—civilians who fire on troops—and no pardon will be given them."

He left the office as precipitately as he had entered. I asked Captain Löhlein how many knots his fastest submarine could make, but he shrugged his shoulders in answer, and said mysteriously, "Wait and see. We will 'show' you before very long."

Nevertheless, Löhlein referred to the British torpedo-boat destroyers as "devils incarnate." He gave quite an interesting and almost realistic description of that most critical moment when a submarine rises to the surface after having been totally submerged. "You see," he explained, "when we rise out of the water at first the range of vision of our periscope is very limited, and if a destroyer is anywhere within half a mile or even a mile, it is a close shave for the submarine. Orders have been issued that our submarines must not show themselves unless absolutely necessary. Of course, I agree that it is more humane to signal steamers first, and this is always done if possible, but not where it would be suicidal to our submarine and her crew. An enemy torpedo-boat destroyer may be lurking somewhere near, especially in misty weather, or it may even approach under cover of the very ship we are wanting

to sink. We are fighting for our existence. You neutrals are continually losing sight of that point. Acts of humanity in submarine warfare are too dangerous. Consideration of non-combatants must necessarily take second place to considerations of our own safety. If neutral nations are so shocked at the loss of life among non-combatants because our submarines do not want to risk their boats and crew, then they should persuade their Governments to take steps with the English, causing the British Admiralty to withdraw from the Channel and the North Sea all torpedo-boat destroyers and similarly armed ships. In that case we will guarantee that in future not a life—non-combatant, be it understood—shall be lost."

Let me emphatically assure you that Captain Löhlein was NOT joking.

## CHAPTER XLVIII

### HERR CRASS, KRUPP'S REPRESENTATIVE IN BERLIN

THROUGH my introduction to Herr Krupp von Bohlen I met his General Manager in Berlin, Herr Crass, who is the official go-between of the War Office and the Krupp firm.

Now and then I met an honest German. Herr Crass was one of them. I think he gave me his views on conditions as they really were, and not as he should have liked them to be. I found him a very pleasant and genial companion, and during my weeks in Berlin I saw a good deal of him. Herr Crass did not have many good words for the German diplomats. He said: "The origin of this terrible war can be traced to two causes: Our diplomats and our Press. A free expression of opinion, editorial views voiced by competent, educated and well-paid critics, such as are found to-day in the journals of all civilized countries, Germany knows not. A proper Press would have gone a long way towards preventing this war. As far as our diplomats are concerned, the least said about them the better. Anyhow, two of them are now where they can do no more harm—von Schön (formerly in Paris) is in Munich,* where his office is a mere sinecure,* and Lichnowsky is on his estate in Silesia." (I met von Schön in Munich at a tea given by the American Consul-General there. He was living at the time in a modest third-floor

* Since resigned.

flat in a second-rate street. A far cry, indeed, from the palatial German Embassy in Paris.)

Herr Crass assured me emphatically that Lichnowsky misinformed the Berlin Foreign Office about the situation in England. Even up to the last day he reported that Great Britain would not go to war. Had they had another man in London war might have been averted at the last moment. It was Herr Crass who first told me the German diplomat story.

Herr Crass believes that a military decision may eventually be obtained against Russia and France, but not against England. He had no exaggerated ideas on the subject of "making Albion pay." "England is very strong," he confessed to me more than once, "and I fear that we shall not dictate peace terms with our foot on the neck of the enemy, as some of our military leaders have so often predicted." Speaking about Belgium, he expressed the opinion that it would not be retained except as a pawn for future negotiations. He criticized German strategy in the West, and he gave me many interesting details of the famous War Council, which I have mentioned elsewhere. "If they had listened to the advice of some of our oldest generals, the history of this war would have been written quite differently. Of course, a scapegoat had to be found, and Moltke was the one. But it was not he who was most to blame."

One of Herr Crass's relatives is a great friend of Prince Henry of Prussia, the Kaiser's brother. A few weeks after the declaration of war, this relative received a long letter from Prince Henry, in which he described the terrible scenes which were enacted at the Palace on August 1st, during the last hours before the Kaiser signed the Order for General Mobilization. He said they had been heart-breaking. Telegram after telegram arrived from all parts of Europe, but those from Russia grew more and more ominous. Von Moltke, Falkenhayn, von Bethmann-Hollweg, Tirpitz and the Crown Prince were present. The letter said that it took the Kaiser's advisers more than two hours before they could finally

persuade him to append his signature to the edict that set the huge instrument of war in motion, and all Europe in flames. From the manner Herr Crass told me of this incident, and in view of the many reliable bits of interesting information he had supplied me with on previous occasions, I am forced to state that I feel inclined to believe his story of the letter without reserve.

He criticized Germany's colonial policy, that of having small parcels of territory in different parts of the world. "What we need is one large colony, and to have it properly armed and protected," he said. He more than once directly hinted that Asia Minor might fill this long-felt want. Digressing here for a moment from Herr Crass, I should like to say that during my stay in Germany I heard many ominous whispers with regard to the future of Turkey. *Turkey is expected to settle many difficulties, even those that are bound to crop up at the coming peace conference. The first time that I heard reference made to Turkey was in Rome by one of the minor attachés of the (then) German Embassy there: "There is one great fact the Allies are losing sight of," he said, "if nothing else, this war has already gained us one huge empire—Turkey. Does any sane person think that we are ever going to relinquish our foothold there?"*

Amongst well-informed people it is conceded that isolated tracts of land in various parts of the globe are a mistake, and it is believed that in Asia Minor Germany will find all the scope for colonization she could possibly desire. Pan-Germanism, centralization—those are the German maxims of to-day. And, speaking about colonies and her own defunct ones, they say: "Ah, well, it seems a pity to have fought there, such useless bloodshed, because what possible effect can the fighting there have on the ultimate outcome of the war? So long as our forces hold such important and extensive areas of France, Russia and Belgium, it stands to reason that we shall either keep those, or exchange them for territory outside Europe."

## HERR CRASS, KRUPP'S REPRESENTATIVE

I am quite prepared to believe that it will take more than diplomacy to get Germany out of Turkey.*

On the whole, Herr Crass greatly bewailed the war. "Look at our trade! We were doing wonders, what more could we possibly ask? Look at Kiao-chau: it has cost us millions and millions, and now it is lost for ever. And our navy was supposed to be able to protect our foreign possessions. Bah!"

Once in a while Herr Crass could be persuaded to talk shop—*i.e.*, "Krupp." One evening at dinner we were discussing the respective merits of the Krupp *v.* the Creuzot gun. He certainly paid all due respect to his opponents and his competitors' famous "75," and drew the following quaint analogy:

"A Swiss watch is considered the *non plus ultra* of timekeepers. Yet there are the American watches, inferior perhaps with regard to their delicate mechanism, but, nevertheless, running quite accurately. The American watch has several great advantages over the Swiss watch, namely, it is stronger, consequently it will stand more knocking about; it is cheaper and it is easier to repair. The same comparison holds good between Creuzot and Krupp guns. The Creuzot-built gun is a magnificent piece of mechanism, but the Krupp gun is stronger and does not get out of order so easily. The Krupp gun has fewer parts, and the barrel being built out of one solid piece of nickel-steel, has never been known to burst. The Creuzot gun in expert hands is perhaps slightly superior to ours, but it takes expert artillerists of long training to serve it. In the hands of a French artillerist a Creuzot gun is a marvellous instrument of accuracy and destruction; the Krupp gun in the hands of our experts lags very little behind."

I reminded him of the poor show Krupp guns had made in the Balkan war. "Ah, that is easily explained, my friend," he at once replied; "the whole trouble lay in their handling. The Bulgarian Creuzot guns were

* See Chapter L.

served by French-trained and an expert personnel; our guns were served by poorly-trained Turkish artillerists."

Herr Crass claimed that Essen has a greater knowledge on the subject of gun-building, armour-plating and high explosives than any other place in the world. "Our secrets are carefully guarded. Take our 42-cm. (17-inch) guns. Only the oldest and most trusted workmen were admitted to the part of the works where they were being built. Our artillery practice at the range at Meppen is without a peer in the world. In 1913, at our various shooting ranges over 60,000 projectiles were fired, using over 6,000 guns. Any new invention in explosives, ammunition or ordnance is nearly always offered to us first, because for anything that has merit, and for which we are able to obtain the exclusive rights, we are willing to pay the highest price."

## CHAPTER XLIX

### HERR BALLIN'S A.D.C., HERR VON HOLTZENDORFF

THE following interview may throw an interesting sidelight on the way Germany is preparing for the war after the war. It records a conversation which I had with Herr von Holtzendorff in his magnificent offices at the Hotel Kaiserhof. Holtzendorff is Herr Ballin's right-hand man in Berlin; he represents the Hamburg-America Line interests in all negotiations and pourparlers with the German Government. Germany is, so to speak, a "one-man country," and most of its organizations are largely patterned on that principle. There is rarely room for two big men at the top—in Germany; that is why the very able and often indispensable adjutants of her big men are very little known to the public. I have illustrated this in my chapter on Hindenburg and Ludendorff.

Holtzendorff is Ballin's "Ludendorff." Let me say at once that I have been able to verify most of the statements Herr von Holtzendorff made to me with regard to the increase of Germany's merchant marine. The subject was brought up by my question with regard to the persistent rumours that were circulating in America, that the Hamburg-America Line was anxious to sell her ships, interned in neutral, especially American, harbours. He denied most emphatically that there was any foundation whatsoever in those reports. "On the contrary," he said, "we are *increasing*, rather than

diminishing, the number of our merchant vessels. Every yard we have been able to hire is working for us and employed in the building of new vessels. Why? *Because after the war we expect that we shall need a much larger tonnage than ever before.* We have almost completed two new mammoth steamers of practically the same displacement—60,000 tons—as the *Imperator*, viz., the *Bismarck* and the *Tirpitz*. Besides those two, we have about thirty other ships on the stocks, varying in tonnage from eight to thirty thousand. *After the war we shall have a new fleet of merchant vessels, as every other steamship company in Germany is following our example.* England, no doubt, will establish a tariff ring round herself, but that will never prevent us from continuing our commercial activities in her colonies and in neutral countries. England will never capture our markets; *the world cannot do without Germany.* Patriotism is a very fine thing, and in war time a real asset. In times of peace it is an entirely different matter; it works all right . . . as long as it doesn't touch the pocket. No doubt there will be a certain amount of ill-feeling for several months after the war, say about six, but after that period? Well, if a man can save a penny by buying a German-made article he will soon forget his peace-time patriotism. The British will find that they are up against a much bigger proposition than patriotic scruples, viz., human nature, which, after all, is much the same the world over."

He spoke dispassionately, without the least sign of hatred. As always, I remarked on the fact that he had not "strafed" England, whereupon he told me that the feeling of disappointment at England's interference was much the stronger sentiment, with him as with many others.

For many months of last year the eyes of official circles in Germany were on Egypt, and the Turkish campaign and plans. Holtzendorff, quoting Bismarck, said: "Of the British Empire, England is the head,

India the body, but Egypt the neck! If we can take Egypt we can strangle Britain's world power."

The Turks were at the time at "El Kantara," which means "The Bridge." This was considered in Germany a good omen.

Holtzendorff confidently expected that, after the crossing of the Canal—which, of course, he took for granted—the Turks would advance in a southern direction along the fresh-water canal of Abassie, towards Ishmailie, and hence, always keeping alongside the Abassie canal, on Cairo. This route would necessitate no crossing of the Nile. Naturally, one of the first things the Turks would do would be to destroy the fresh-water canal, thereby depriving Suez, Port Said and Ishmailie of all supply of fresh water. The destruction of this canal would also seriously interfere with the Allied warships in and near the Suez Canal, as the water of the Great Bitter Lakes is undrinkable.

I am giving these opinions to show the German reasoning, the German point of view, hopes and dreams, all of which have sooner or later followed the great majority of many other abortive German schemes.

Speaking about Hamburg, Herr Holtzendorff admitted that of course that city felt the war more than any other in the German Empire. The losses of the Hamburg-America Line are enormous, too; but, thanks to her solid foundation, her reserves and other resources, he was confident that, like the Fatherland, "We will stand the racket."

## CHAPTER L

### THE GERMAN-TURKISH ALLIANCE AND ITS AMBITIONS

"*AS Antwerp has been called a loaded pistol pointed at the heart of England, so the double track of the Bagdad Railroad will some day be described as a double-barrelled modern automatic pointed at the heart of India.*"

Thus Herr von Gwinner, Managing Director of the Deutsche Bank, and President of the Anatolian and Bagdad Railway Companies, in an interview I had with him last year in Berlin.*

It seems a far cry these days since Bismarck wrote: "Germany has no interest in the East," and "The whole Balkan question is, as far as Germany is concerned, not worth the healthy bones of a Pomeranian Grenadier." Five years after this was written—*i.e.*, in 1898—the Emperor made his famous Palestine trip, of which the Bagdad Railroad Concession was one of the many direct results.†

In 1914 Prince von Bülow wrote (in his book "Imperial Germany"): "If one can speak of boundless prospects anywhere, it is in Mesopotamia."

During an interview with Dr. Solf, Colonial Secretary,

* It is said that the financial interests of the German Bank in the Asia Minor railroad schemes now amount to close on thirty million pounds sterling.

† The Concession was granted in 1899.

and his fire-brand A.D.C., Dr. Bücher, while discussing Germany's dwindling colonies, the Minister said:

"Never mind, this war will be decided in Europe, not in the colonies. Besides, our enemies forget Germany's strong alliance with Turkey. This will amply compensate us for any losses we may sustain elsewhere."

"Yes," added Dr. Bücher, smiling ironically, "we are going to adopt the English slogan on the question of 'temporary' occupations, viz., 'Here we are, and here we stay.'"

Before this war is over and settled, Balkan and Eastern affairs will have cost Germany the bones of many thousands of Grenadiers. But they think in Germany to-day that it will be well worth it.

When I embarked on my European trip last year, an English friend of mine advised me to try and make it a special object to study wherever and whenever possible Germany's policy formulated in the cry: "Der Drang nach Osten." It was an excellent bit of advice, but a large order. It opened to me many new subjects. Of course, I well knew of Germany's influence in Turkish affairs during the last fifteen years, but my most sanguine expectations — fears, I should say — were exceeded when I became better acquainted with the extent of German ramifications in the Ottoman Empire.

Since the Kaiser's Eastern visit, Germany has, with all the means, schemes and conspiracies at her disposal (and we now know how numerous these are), literally rooted herself into Turkish politics and economic life.

It is not without a certain diffidence that I approach my task of recording here, or trying to, some of the knowledge and information gained during the better part of two years' travel through Europe, including Germany. I spent many long evenings in conversation with Turks of diametrically opposite points of view; hours bending over excellent large-scale maps of Anatolia, Mesopotamia, Persia, Afghanistan, the North-West Provinces, etc. "How is it possible," I have asked myself again

and again, "that intrigues, conspiracies, underhand dealings, briberies of such magnitude and audacity could have been carried out under the very nose of the British Government?" I believe that the majority of people in this country are as ignorant to-day about German-Turkish affairs as they were about Germany and her plans at the beginning of the war. And that is saying a good deal! If this country had had an inkling of Germany's real intentions with Turkey, and through Turkey with the whole Islamic world, she would have taken stronger measures to counteract German influences. (In the first place, by cultivating Turkish good-will, *coûte que coûte*). The Turk was willing. Every honest and intelligent Turk I met, of course provided he dared say what he really thought, admitted that their alliance with Germany and Austria was not a natural one. But Turkey has always been afraid of Russia, her arch-enemy, and Germany knew how to exploit that fear, to hold it as a sword of Damocles over her head. "Our position was this," a certain well-known Turkish official said to me one evening in Vienna, "Germany impressed upon us that our only hope of remaining a European Power lay in an alliance with her and Austria. 'Refuse it,' she said, 'and before long Russia will kick you across the Hellespont.'"

Slowly but surely, the German spider was weaving the web that was to entice the Turkish honey-bee into her clutches. Gradually certain cliques in Turkey, with German-made spectacles on their noses, began to "see" that Germany's and Turkey's interests were "identical," and that the only means that could save her from ruin would be an all-embracing alliance with the Fatherland.

But Turkey struggled hard, very hard. She knew! If only England, the old friend, had stretched out a protecting, reassuring hand, all Germany's carefully-laid schemes could, even at the eleventh hour, have been thwarted.

I may be wrong, but I believe that, in spite of Germany's thorough preparation of Islam, Turkey could have been kept out of this war. Oh, I know—as I have been told so often since my return to England—the Entente Powers, through their Ambassadors at Constantinople, gave explicit assurances to the Porte that if she remained neutral her independence and integrity would be guaranteed. "What more could we do?" Huh! Is it sufficient to tell a sick man, gasping for breath as the result of a drugged, poison-undermined system, to "sit still," "to keep quiet, and he'll be all right"? No, he needs a tonic, and a strong one, too. That is what ailed Turkey. What the tonic should have consisted of, it is not for me to say. Competent doctors, no doubt, could have prescribed it. Where were they? Were they absent, or did they diagnose the case wrong?

Let me say a few words about my sources of information. At a semi-official reception in Berlin, given by the wife of a prominent German official, to whom I had a letter of introduction, I was presented to the sister of the present Khedive of Egypt. Where her sympathies really lay, I was unable to judge, as my conversation with her was, with one exception, purely objective and incidental. She spoke about her brother's acceptance of the British post. Personally, she did not seem to approve of it. She said that Prince Hussein had accepted the nominal dignity from purely patriotic reasons—*i.e.*, because he believed that in that position, however much of a sinecure it might be, he could serve his unhappy country better than if he had refused the honour. As far as I was able to infer, she hears regularly from him. She seemed pleased to learn that I was greatly interested, from a purely neutral standpoint, of course,* in Turkish affairs, and was instrumental in

* It is well to make this clear whenever discussing German-Turkish problems, because you never know for certain, not even in Germany, —unless, of course, you are talking to a German—whether you are dealing with a pro-Turk or merely a pro-German. The two are by no means as identical as people think.

my meeting a number of Turks, occupying high positions at home as well as in Germany. To some of these men I owe a great debt of gratitude, as great as an ambitious journalist and seeker after knowledge can owe, to the most fertile and the most interesting sources of information, on a subject which will become one of the greatest problems of this war. From these men—and let me say right here, many of them rabid anti-Germans—I learned in a short three months more about the German machinations, intrigues, plots, coercions, hopes and dreams with regard to Turkey, the Mohammedan race, Egypt, Arabia, Persia, Afghanistan, Algiers, Morocco, Tunis and Tripoli, than I should have otherwise in three years.

A German officer, who had recently returned from Constantinople, in one of those more or less truthful after-dinner confidences, said to me: "With all our work there, with all the good we have done those ingrates [*sic*], I have to admit that they still like the British better than they do us."

Several Turks with whom I came in contact spoke of the "strong, clean hand of England."

How often I heard in those days: "Ah, the British are just! Wait till they take hold of things!" It is a queer state of things when the besieged are hoping and praying for the success of the besiegers.

Turkey is beginning to find out that, whoever will win, she is going to lose. Whenever I wanted to get a rise out of a German officer, I would ask him: "Tell me, what *are* the Turks really fighting for? Why did they come into this war?" Of course, these are very anti-German questions, and I never yet had them satisfactorily answered.

As far as the Young Turk party is concerned, their interest in the war is passive rather than active. Forty-five Turkish pounds buys exemption from military service. Part of this is used to bring Turkish fighting material up

from the heart of the Empire. They make excellent soldiers and fighters, but, as for any notion of what they are fighting for, they are as innocent as new-born babes.

" What good is all this fighting going to do Turkey ? " many people are beginning to ask. The last thing the Turks want is to have German control in Constantinople. They are not popular there with any section of the population.

" What brought you into this war ? " I asked my friend the old Turkish diplomat. The answer came without a moment's hesitation : " Enver Pasha and Liman von Sanders. Enver Pasha has usurped every vestige of authority, and is rapidly becoming the Dictator of Turkey. The so-called ' Crown Council ' he created is a mere farce. The Minister of Justice is one of his tools, and the heir-presumptive, Prince Youssoff Izzeddin, is known to be utterly German in his sympathies. Prince Said Halim, the Grand Vizier ; Talaad Pasha, the Minister of the Interior ; Djavid Bey, the clever Minister of Finance, and the former Grand Vizier, Nakki Pasha, were all of them violently opposed to Turkey entering this war. Prince Said Halim stated to me at the time that it was simply ' suicidal.' It is only from motives of patriotism that they remained in office, hoping against hope that ' something might turn up ' to stop this downward slide of our poor country."

Enver Pasha was at the head of the Arabs in the Tripoli-Italian war ; but, a fact which I do not believe very generally known, is that a German officer on the active list was with him during the whole campaign as his military adviser. Yet Italy was Germany's Ally !

Several of my informants—Turks—assured me that there was little doubt that Von der Goltz Pasha had been murdered. I was also told that Liman von Sanders would be the next. If there is any man who has made himself universally hated in Turkey it is that German General. He is to a large extent held responsible for

having dragged Turkey into this war by his persistently aggressive policy and speeches against Russia.

Now let us look at some of the German arguments and opinions in favour of the German-Turkish "Waffenbrüderschaft." Those quoted below have been culled from official and confidential documents which, through the kind offices of some of these Turks, who still have the real interest of their country at heart, I was privileged to see and study. Most of them were written in French.

One dissertation, on time-yellowed paper (dated May, 1898), came from the Wilhelmstrasse, and was evidently in answer to certain Turkish objections. It was typical of many. It said:

"The most natural, the most logical Triple Alliance of to-day is Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey. You speak of selfish interests, my friend, '*Quelle horreur!*' We want to help Turkey; we want to teach her how to live, how to till her lands, how to build houses and make them habitable, how to make machinery and how to derive the greatest benefits from it. We want to teach you German 'Kultur,' German knowledge, German honesty, German thoroughness and German philosophy. You express fear about your religion. Dear friend! We shall never interfere with one text of your Koran. Not one temple, church, or other place of worship shall be desecrated by even as much as our presence in them."

Another letter of about the same date, and emanating from the same source, contained the following interesting paragraphs:

"We will build railroads in your country, and show you that it is not a 'Shaitan arbasy' (devil's carriage), but a bringer of prosperity. And you will soon learn that the German bearer of Kultur does not come like the Russian, as a conqueror; like the Englishman, as an exploiter; or like the Frenchman, as a usurer. No! The faithful German comes as a helper and as a friend!"

Not a bad example that, methinks, of the type of German assurances of " disinterestedness."

A paper, dated 1901, shortly after the Bagdad Railroad concession was granted, said :

" The roads to Persia and India must in future pass through the Turkish Empire instead of through Russia. The road to Persia will run from Constantinople (Haidar Pasha) to Samsun on the Black Sea, and from there along its borders to Trebizond. From Trebizond inland again to Erzerum, Tabriz and Teheran."

However, a year after that was written Russia got wind of these ambitious plans, and promptly cornered all railroad concessions in Asia Minor, north of the line Angora-Van Lake (described as the " Bassin de la Mer Noire "). England, on the other hand, in March, 1903, at the Bagdad Railway Conference, gave up her chances of participation in the Bagdad Railroad scheme.

Again I read :

" We will lead you once more on the high road to become a strong, healthy world-power ; drag you from your state of lethargy, which has earned you the sobriquet of ' The Sick Man of Europe.' Your ruler is the spiritual head of the Mohammedan peoples. There are still two Mohammedan Empires, which, at least nominally, have retained their independence, though the two highwaymen, England and Russia, are lurking on the threshold—Persia and Afghanistan. They will become our allies—*your* allies if they see a new, strong, regenerated Turkish Empire. Egypt, too, will return to the fold when your ten million brothers there find out that you have the power to protect them. And so will Arabia, Tunis, Morocco, perhaps even Algiers. That is what a German-Turkish Alliance would mean to you. A Mohammedan Empire stretching from Constantinople and Smyrna to the Khaibar Pass and Peschawur, and Allah only knows

how far beyond into India, when some day the Mohammedans and Hindus unite against their English oppressor."

One cannot help admitting the Kaiser's prophetic insight. In spite of a thousand obstacles, a million sceptics, including the great Bismarck and his powerful followers, he planned an economic and so-called pacific conquest of the Moslem world. For twenty years he has sown an Oriental, a Near Eastern policy. He will reap a rich harvest some day unless England stops him. It was Frederick the Great, who more than one hundred and fifty years ago, first discovered that Turkey might be Germany's strongest ally against Russia. Napoleon did the same. The present Emperor was always convinced that a Turkish military constitution, trained and led by German officers, would prove a most valuable asset. I was told of a stormy interview that took place a few years ago between the Kaiser and Herr von Gwinner. The latter, who in those days did not believe in would-be passive, military-political penetration, expressed serious doubts on the advantages of having so many German officers in the Turkish army. He maintained that they did more harm than good to the German cause, and recommended that the majority of them should be recalled. The Kaiser flew into a rage. He would never permit such interference. He shouted: "Leave my officers alone; their position there is worth more to me than ten army corps!" Who can say to-day that he was wrong?

All the same, if one examines more closely the structure which he has built up in Turkey, he will find that its foundations are weak, nay—rotten. They neither consist in real friendship nor in mutual respect. (Mutual contempt would better describe them.) And an alliance, where those essential qualities are lacking, cannot be sound, and therefore cannot survive long.

In spite of German intrigues, the Turks were slow

to forget Great Britain's help, rendered in critical days of bitter need. In our conversations the name of Lord Stradford de Redcliffe, Ambassador to Turkey during the Crimean War, and even of Lord Salisbury, as Great Britain's delegate to the Conference in 1878 (where owing to his strong representations he obtained favourable terms for Turkey), were frequently mentioned, and, especially the former, always with admiration, gratitude and respect. Be it said to the credit of British diplomacy that it succeeded for a long time in keeping the warming fires of gratitude burning in spite of the continual stream of cold water directed on them by the German firemen.

"England's mistake," so I was told, "began in 1882. Having occupied Egypt and thereby made sure of the sea route to India, she thought that henceforth she had no longer any vital interest in Turkish politics. When she woke up from that delusion she tried to solve the Oriental problem by attempting to secure the land route to India as well. Then she met Germany, and . . . went to sleep again."

Obtaining the Bagdad Railroad Concessions in 1899 was one of Germany's star turns on her Turkish programme of varieties. It was a factor of the foremost economic and political importance, and necessarily brought Germany and Turkey closer together. It caused a great deal of jealousy and distrust on the part of England and Russia. *Why England at the bickerings of the Bagdad Railroad Conference in* 1903 *gave up the chance of keeping a British finger in the German Bagdad pie* is a riddle which nobody with whom I spoke on these subjects seemed able to explain. The minor concessions obtained in Western and Southern Anatolia, Smyrna, Mersina, etc., can by no stretch of the imagination be considered an adequate equivalent for what she lost.

I had a most interesting talk one afternoon with Herr von Gwinner in the offices of the Deutsche Bank. I do not think a greater authority on Asia Minor railroad matters exists. Herr von Gwinner said to me:

"What does the world think of the fact that while we are in the midst of this gigantic war, surrounded and attacked by enemies, the Deutsche Bank is able to carry on its various railroad projects in Asia Minor? That does not look as if Germany were standing on the brink of an economic and financial abyss. Work is in progress in various parts of the country. Building on the railroad line, Angora to Siwas and Kaiserie, was begun a few weeks ago. The stretch from Djerabulus to Rais el Ain has been completed since the war began. In the Taurus Mountains our engineers are overcoming almost insurmountable obstacles; 189 artificial structures—*i.e.*, bridges, tunnels, etc., have to be built there. Some of the twenty-eight tunnels have a length of nearly 9,000 feet. The most northerly one (near Belemik) was completed last year. In the south a railroad line is being rapidly pushed forward across the Egyptian frontier by Meissner Pasha and his German railroad battalion. We are active everywhere.

"Russia stole a march on us in 1902 when she obtained the railroad concessions of Northern Asia Minor; but now, of course, all those privileges will become exclusively German prerogatives. And so will every concession granted in the past to England and France. Russia will before long be driven back over the Caucasus, thereby returning to us—I mean Turkey—one of the most fertile territories of Asia Minor."

The German plans for Northern Africa, including Morocco, Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, are, for the present—*i.e.*, until peace negotiations are opened—held in abeyance. Both Turkey and Germany realize that from that quarter they have nothing to expect.

I saw the translation of a letter addressed to the Sultan of Turkey by a high Algerian dignitary. It was as

simple as it was concise. It said that the call to join in the Holy War greatly interested the Algerian peoples, but that they were afraid of the French, who, as certainly as Mohammed, would kill them all if they should rise. Therefore they were very sorry, but . . . etc., etc. It was one of the simplest epistles ever written on such a big subject. And by an Oriental, too!

Many letters of this kind, if not of its size, were received from various tribes of the Moslem world. A well-known high priest of Morocco bluntly countered the call to a Holy War with the statement that in North Africa they expected no help, either from Turkey or from Germany, in reinstating them into their independence.

But, if nothing is expected from North-west Africa during the war, Germany is keeping a steady eye on Morocco. She has not forgotten Agadir, and at the coming peace conference she will insist [*sic*] upon " being given the same territorial and international rights as France, England and Spain. Thus she will in future take part in guarding the Straits of Gibraltar! "

With Egypt, of course, it is quite a different matter—at least, so they thought. The way Egyptian affairs have shaped themselves is another of Germany's great disappointments in this war. For many years German agents, enjoying diplomatic immunity, have been fomenting anti-English intrigues among the Egyptians, spending money lavishly. Germany calculated with certainty on an Egyptian rising as soon as Turkey should enter the war. They thought that the thirty thousand Egyptian troops would at once murder their English officers, and overwhelm the army of occupation (five thousand strong).

Here is a copy of a confidential note on the subject, dated *April*, **1914**:

" Amongst the ten million Mohammedans, suffering under the British yoke, sufficient ' groundwork ' has been

carried out to cause an explosion as soon as proper contact can be established. Ten million Moslems are awaiting the call. England will have no men at her disposal in case of a European conflict to increase the army of occupation—a mere five thousand."

I should like here to draw the attention of the British authorities to a publication, printed in Geneva, entitled, "La Patrie Egyptienne. Organ mensuel de l'émancipation égyptienne." The title, however ambitious it may sound, gives by no means an adequate idea of the contents. Of all the impassioned, seditious, fanatically homicidal sheets I have ever heard of this one beats them all. A list of subscribers to this gentle organ would prove interesting and enlightening. I knew of such a list in the possession of a German official whom I met in Berlin. If ever my recording angel demands payment for that beastly list, which I never got, it will be a heavy settlement. I never tried so hard to wheedle anyone as I did when trying to get hold of that register. But all my preliminary manœuvres and attacks failed. I might have had better luck in subsequent attempts but for the unfortunate "accident" that summarily cut short my German explorations.

"It is quite true," several of my Turkish informants admitted, "that the Sultan has not the influence over the Mohammedan states of the Islam world he is supposed to have as its spiritual head. The Arabs, for instance, have a far greater leaning towards England and France than towards Turkey and Germany." I heard that some years ago Abdul Hamid tried by insidious intrigues to obtain a stronger influence over his co-religionists in India, in order to use this as a lever in his negotiations with the British. His efforts met with complete failure.

As far as any uprising in the Empire itself is concerned there seems to be no doubt that Turkey will be able to cope with Arabs, Seidists, or Ismailists, should this occur. But it is believed that the stronger the outside

attacks on the Turkish Empire, the more consolidated will the country itself become.

Germany is working hard to increase the Sultan's power and influence. Owing to her stratagems and propaganda, there has gradually arisen among a number of people of other Mohammedan states a feeling, if not a conviction, that the only safeguard of their independence lies in an alliance with the Ottoman Empire. (Another "Self-Defence" Alliance of the order of the German-Turkish Entente!) The Germans found many willing ears both in Persia and Afghanistan in which to pour sinister words of warning. "And," so I was assured, "it would be unwise to deny that in many places they have borne the desired fruit."

The crux of Germany's nefarious schemes in the East may be found in the following statement by Excellencz Baron Mumm von Schwarzenstein, a former German Ambassador to China, and, at present, the go-between of the Berlin Foreign Office and neutral journalists.

He said: "Our teachings and judicious propaganda in Persia and Afghanistan have already borne excellent results. England's frantic efforts to enlist Persia on the side of the Allies have proved absolute failures, and so they will remain. All British schemes in Persia and Afghanistan have been thwarted by Germany. Gradually those countries are beginning to realize the danger threatening them from the side of those two oppressors of nations—England and Russia. At the same time, Germany will show the Mohammedan peoples that England's world dominion is not founded upon real strength, but largely upon imaginary power."

"Somewhat after the style of the chalk-line that imprisons the cock," he added as an after-thought.

Germany has set out to undermine and eventually destroy England's rule in Egypt and India. To drive her out of both of those countries is her one great object. That she will stop at nothing I need not emphasize at this date.

Baron von Mumm continued: "Once England has been driven off the map of Asia and Africa, another European nation, but one that stands spiritually much higher, will bring Western Kultur into the East.

"Supported by Turkey, Germany is the logical power to carry out this world mission. It must be the ultimate goal of the German–Austrian–Hungarian Alliance to bring its civilizing influence across the Black and Caspian Seas; across the Turkish Empire, through Persia, Afghanistan, over the Hindu Kush, into Central Asia before the very walls of China, for the benefit and salvation of the Mohammedan peoples."

To thwart those plans will be England's task. I say England advisedly, because the interests of the Allies are, as far as the Turkish and other Mohammedan States are concerned, far from identical.

A most fertile, most urgent field of action awaits you between Constantinople and the Khaibar Pass.

## CHAPTER LI

### ON "STRAFING" AND THOSE WHO DON'T

"HATRED is the feeling prevalent among our lower classes, where it is inculcated and encouraged by the Press of this country. Among people of our standing—that is, among the educated—in Germany, the strongest feeling towards England is not one of hatred but of disappointment."

The above statement, and let me immediately testify to its perfect sincerity, was made to me by Colonel Count von Lerchenfeld at Munich, who is at present serving in the Bavarian Army, but in peace time is Governor-General Lord-Lieutenant of one of the provinces near Munich. I met him through the kind offices of Miss Fay, an American, member of the Royal Opera in Munich.

His words, which at the time caused me much surprise, were spoken in answer to my remark on his evident lack of the "Gott-strafe-England" spirit, of which one heard and saw so much on the surface of German life. Many times since then, when talking to other prominent Germans, his words have come back to me. Even those who were lavish in their display of criticism of England's attitude I often suspected mainly of lip service. Mind you, I am speaking here of the upper classes only.

At the Bavarian Foreign Office in Munich I had the pleasure of meeting the Secretary of State, von Loessl, and the Minister for Agriculture, Herr von Meinel. Both echoed the sentiments of Count Lerchenfeld, which I quoted at the head of this chapter.

Herr von Meinel, in the course of our talk, said:

"This is terrible! It's a disastrous war for all concerned. Whoever is the conqueror, we shall all lose. I strongly disapprove of nursing and inflaming this bitter spirit of hatred. After all, this war must end some day, and then we shall all have to live together again."

I liked Herr von Meinel. He spoke with a deep sincerity which was very convincing.

If you want straight, unadulterated hatred of England at first hand you must visit the restaurants and cafés, the "Rathskeller" of the Vaterland. In such places you can hear it expressed at almost every table. Sometimes there are recitations or singing, and some wild-eyed, Kaiser-moustached-patriotic-actor-singer leaps on to the platform to render, with appropriate gesture, Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate." Then you will witness a demonstration that is sure to make a deep impression on you, deeper perhaps than it does upon the demonstrators themselves. You go home and at once start an article beginning: "The whole atmosphere is saturated with the 'Gott-strafe-England' spirit."

I admit I have often been puzzled to know how deep this feeling of hatred really goes, and whether it is not largely an artificial product, inspired and fostered by the authorities, in order to keep things going, to maintain the people at concert pitch and the war popular. The Germans are extremely sensitive to what they call "Massensuggestion" ("Mass suggestion"). It is common knowledge that the bulk of the people are like sheep (a peculiarly German characteristic), namely, they either follow their leaders blindly or are simply driven.

During the months I spent in Germany I have met and talked to many Germans with whom a feeling of disappointment overshadowed more or less strongly the spirit of hatred.

This seemed to me specially marked in my conversa-

tions with Herr von Gwinner, Dr. Solf, Dr. Walther Rathenau, Professor Doctor Francke, and several others. Invariably, when they warmed up to the conversation that feeling of disappointment would be expressed in one form or another. One condition only is essential, viz., you must be alone with them, what the Germans call "Unter vier Augen" ("under four eyes"). The minute you run up against two Germans together, every pacific sentiment, every generous feeling towards the foe, is at once suppressed. They seem to find it necessary to encourage each other, and either of them would be ashamed to show anything else but a "Gott-strafe-England" spirit. "Deutschland über Alles."

An officer I met in Hamburg, a naval commander, said to me one evening: "It is all such a pity, because we were beginning to understand each other better and better as time went on. This is especially true of those among us who have visited England; ever since then we have felt drawn towards the English and have admired them. Our interest grew year by year. After all, one must admire the power which enables a small country to rule almost a quarter of the world. Every one of us who spent any time there at all came back with opinions entirely different to those held by the majority of our countrymen."

I recall a most curious dinner conversation at the house of a German lady in Berlin. She knew England very well. "Yes," she remarked, "they do know how to live over there. Take a London season, we have nothing here that can be compared with it." A young German officer, who completed the party, added his quota to the eulogy: "Yes, I agree with you there, the English know how to manage their pleasures. Have you ever spent a day at Ascot? It's the most wonderful, the most beautiful social event in all the world." Then my hostess chimed in again: "You must admit, too, that when an Englishman is a gentleman he is the greatest gentleman in the world."

To say that such a conversation took place in a

German house during the year 1915 must seem absurd, ludicrous and impossible, yet every word of it was uttered, and a great deal more in the same strain. If I had been an Englishman I would probably have asked: "Are you trying to pull my leg?" Under the circumstances, however, I did not feel quite comfortable at the turn the conversation was taking. Not that I suspected a trap (quite a common procedure in Germany), for I knew my hostess better than to do that; no, my discomfort arose from my knowledge of the German spy system, in which the very walls have ears. Indeed, if there had been a German policeman or Secret Service man (or woman) about, I think the three of us would have been locked up at once.

Count von Lerchenfeld, whom I have already quoted, smilingly remarked, when speaking about the fighting qualities of the British: "It takes one blow to knock a Frenchman down, but 'Donnerwetter' it takes several hard cracks to floor a Scotchman, and even then he'll show fight." (I should mention that I met Count von Lerchenfeld while he was on five days' leave from the front, near Ypres!)

I have spoken to a great number of German aviators, and invariably their verdict of the British was: "They have given us a great surprise. They are fine; we never thought they would show up so well, and they are improving day by day. But their machines cannot compete with ours, they are too slow."

I would like to state in conclusion, and state most emphatically, that in this chapter I have only tried to point out some of the oases that exist in the great desert of German hatred—oases which were as refreshing to me when I discovered them as the places from which I borrowed their name. I have given some of my personal experiences, and added some purely personal impressions. I do not wish them to be considered as an argument one way or another.

## CHAPTER LII

### THE FATEFUL INTERVIEW WITH BARON MACCHIO, LATE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN AMBASSADOR IN ROME

DURING a short visit to Rome in 1915, just before Italy entered the war, His Excellency the American Ambassador, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, was kind enough to give me an introduction to Baron Macchio, the then Austrian Ambassador to Italy. After many abortive attempts, I finally succeeded in persuading him to give me an interview for publication. I had to promise, first, that I would not try to discuss with him the Austro-Italian negotiations then in progress; second, that before publishing the interview I would submit it to him for approval. Of course there were no objections on my part to give those assurances.

What a big barn of a place the Palazzo Venezia is; with all its iron doors it reminded me almost of a prison. How different to the attractive, home-like English surroundings of Sir Rennell Rodd's official residence on the Via Venti Settembre.

I had many talks with the genial First Secretary of the Embassy, Count Ambrozy. His optimism certainly was unlimited. During one of our meetings he said: "I can best prove to you what I think of the situation between Italy and Austria by telling you that I have just sent for my wife to come to Rome. Surely you do not think I would do that if I thought there was going to be any trouble?" Let me repeat that Count Ambrozy was First Secretary and Chargé d'Affaires of the Austrian Embassy!

But to come to the interview with His Excellency the

Austrian Ambassador, Baron Macchio. We talked for about an hour.

The Ambassador went at length into the Serbian question, which has been written about and expounded so often that I need not repeat his conversation, save to say that—according to His Excellency—there exists a great misapprehension abroad as to the feeling between Austro-Serbians and Serbians proper.

"The majority of Serbians of Austria and Hungary," he explained, "do not look towards Serbia as their leader. They are more civilized and economically far more advanced than the Serbians.

"The annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina was forced upon us by the reinstatement of a Turkish Parliament. It would have brought the many Mohammedans in these provinces in an anomalous position in case they should have been elected to the Turkish Parliament. Austria could hardly have allowed her own subjects—which they practically were even before the formal annexation—to sit in a Turkish House of Representatives. The annexation was for us a vital necessity to maintain our position towards the Balkan States. Shortly after the annexation we gave both provinces autonomy."

I asked the Ambassador to what reason he ascribed the serious defeats which the Austrian army had suffered at the hands of the Serbians. "Those losses have been greatly exaggerated," he replied. "It is true, however, that mistakes have been made through over-zealousness on the part of some of our military leaders, who advanced too quickly into Serbia without establishing proper lines of communication with the rear. This is the main cause of our reverses. As to the 'taking' of Belgrade by the Serbians, that city had long before been evacuated by our troops."

Trying to lead the conversation into other channels, more recent ones, I asked the Ambassador what would be the result if Hungary should attempt to make peace alone.

" Such a conjecture is absolutely unthinkable and impossible. Here, again, people abroad do not understand in the least our relationship with Hungary. In the first place, Hungary, as a member of the Dual Empire, cannot make peace alone, any more, or rather less, than Saxony or Bavaria could, without downright starting and finishing a revolution first. In the second place, the interests of Hungary in this war are more than ever interwoven with those of Austria; her importance as a State, her position as a first-class Power—all are based upon this alliance. One of the many great mistakes our enemies make is to build upon the political differences the two countries have had in the past. I can best refer you to Count Tisza's attitude, both in speech and actions, since the beginning of this war. The end of this struggle will only bring a stronger and closer consolidation of the Dual Empire.

" Hungary has not yet forgotten, or forgiven, Russia's invasion of her territory in 1849, when a Russian army of two hundred thousand men crushed the Hungarian revolution. Nobody in Hungary doubts that the time had come once and for all to settle the Serbian question, which had become a poison, eating into the vitals of the Empire. The war is popular among all classes and parties, and they have determined, as various Russian invasions into the Carpathian mountains on Hungarian soil have shown them the seriousness of the situation, to fight to the bitter end. In this basic idea towards the war we are in full accord with Germany.

" Necessarily we see the war purely from the Russian and Serbian danger side, while lack of contact with England and English interests naturally causes an absence of that hatred which Germany bears towards that country. Our heart in this war is, above everything, against Russia, as we realize that it means the existence of the Dual Empire Monarchy. And as Hungary's interests are best promoted by her firm consolidation with Austria, so the interests of the Dual Empire live in her friendship, her alliance with Germany. But

even if these interests were not so obvious, Austria-Hungary would never make peace separately, because our Emperor and our Government will stand or fall by their word and their treaty."

On the present status between Austria and Italy—and especially with regard to his official mission—the Ambassador refused to make any comments.

So far Baron Macchio.

Alas! little did I realize the terrible consequences this interview was going to have.

## CHAPTER LIII

### ANOTHER "DAILY TELEGRAPH" INTERVIEW THAT UPSET BERLIN

#### TROUBLE—ARREST—ESCAPE

OF all the interviews I have ever negotiated during my career as a journalist, there is none for which I paid as dearly as the one recorded in the previous chapter.

What irony of fate that the interview which had been one of the most difficult to obtain should be the one that I would have given a year of my life never to have written.

This is what happened.

After having prepared the copy, submitted it to Baron Macchio for his approval, and having received it back practically untouched, I was enabled, through the courtesy of Sir Rennell Rodd, the British Ambassador, to send it to London in the Embassy bag. Of course it had to pass through the British Foreign Office. In a special and separate letter I gave elaborate instructions about its publication, as I was immediately leaving for Berlin. What exactly happened I have never been able to find out, whether the letter and the article got separated at the Foreign Office, or whether the letter got lost entirely, I cannot say, but a few weeks later, while I was back in Berlin and continuing to reap a rich journalistic harvest, the Macchio interview appeared in *The Daily Telegraph*, and under the usual "SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT" heading.

Once more a *Daily Telegraph* interview threw a

journalistic bomb in the German camp, and set official circles in Berlin and Vienna in commotion.

An article in the *Berliner Tageblatt* started the ball rolling. The idea that a representative of *The Daily Telegraph* should have an interview with an Austrian Ambassador was, of course, put down as simply preposterous, and merely regarded as a further proof of British lying and falsification of news. "Probably the 'interview' was a second-hand report of a conversation the Austrian Ambassador had with an acquaintance, who passed it on to an English correspondent." "Be that as it may," the article continued, "Baron Macchio should have remembered his official position. Whatever his private feelings may be with regard to '*Austria's absence of hatred towards England on account of lack of contact*,' he, as an ambassador, had no right to express them in places where they might find, and, as we see now, did find, their way to the enemy. Germany's enemies are Austria's enemies; and, by the same token, Germany's interests are Austria's interests in these serious times, and it does not behove any Austrian, least of all one in a responsible position, to point to a difference in sentiment." In this strain the article ran on for a whole column.

The fat was in the fire! the game was up! When my journalistic star was at its zenith, it was dashed to earth. My usefulness in Germany had come to a sudden end.

It was almost heart-breaking.

As to my arrest, the various interrogations, my explanation as to how the incriminating article appeared, my release, re-arrest, release again, but under orders not to leave Berlin; their demand for my parole—which, need I say, I refused—and my ultimate escape across the Baltic; the harassing days of my trip across the North Sea in the tramp steamer *Flora* in fear of a German submarine whose commander would press me to return; and finally my safe landing at Hull—well, over those

incidents and sensations I must, at least for the present, draw a veil. In the first place, they might implicate kind people who have helped me; in the second place, I think those sensations, heart-aches and worries, to say nothing of the physical adventures, would fill a book by themselves.

The nervous strain had, of course, been a severe one, and for some time after my return I suffered from the reaction.

But all's well that ends well.

These last months I have necessarily, for several hours a day, had " my spiritual home in Germany "; but, glory be, I had only to look out of my window, over the gentle rolling hills of beautiful Shropshire, to be reassured at once that, anyhow, *physically* I was happily in the heart of Old England.

# PART V

## *FINALE*

## ENVOY

A LAST word of warning!

England has done wonders in this war. Apart from the fact that your fleet is keeping it going, the raising of five million men is a feat that has never before been accomplished in the history of the world, and could not be equalled in any European country to-day.

But though you have done wonders, before this war is settled, before, in the words of Mr. Asquith, Europe will be safe from the menace of Prussia's military domination, you will have to perform super-wonders—miracles.

You will have to make still greater efforts, still greater sacrifices, and, compared with what is yet to come, the battles of yesterday, of Ypres, Hill 60, Festubert, Neuve Chapelle and Loos, will seem diminutive. The real fighting will begin when the Germans fight on the defensive, their back against the wall, and that fighting will be terrible.

I cannot say for certain, as I have not seen them, but I am told, on very excellent authority, that the Belgian fortresses along the Meuse have all been rebuilt and re-armed, and are stronger than ever now. The smaller forts are said to be protected with the famous Gruson plate, while entirely new ordnance has been placed in them. To take those forts will be a task compared with which the breaking of the first line German trenches will be child's play.

But I have the greatest faith and admiration for Thomas Atkins. It will be done; it MUST be done.

Only after the Meuse has been wrested from the Germans—then, and then only will you be able to contemplate speaking of " the beginning of the end " !

Whether you will ever get beyond the Rhine I seriously doubt ; in fact, if I must be honest, I think it will prove an impossibility, unless Holland comes in, which is not very likely.

You may as well recognize, first and last, that this is primarily an *Anglo-German* war. Remember that as time goes on your Allies will grow weaker in the same ratio as Germany does, neither more nor *less*.

*But for England Germany would have been victorious on all fronts ;* but for England the Germans would be the masters of Europe to-day, and . . . they know it. Russia will find that she will have her hands full in holding her Eastern front intact. While the Germans may not continue the advance started last year, I doubt whether the Russians have as yet the organization to deliver a decisive defeat. I use " organization " advisedly. They have the men and they have the ammunition. It is Organization they are up against, and theirs is inferior to Germany's. Austria will always be child's play for Russia. She has hammered that country many times before, and will do so many times again. But defeating the Austrians will not affect the German lines in Russia very considerably. On the other hand, if the Austrians retreat too far, the Russian lines of communication through Galicia will be seriously endangered by German flank attacks. RUSSIA'S IDEA IS THAT SHE WILL DEAL WITH AUSTRIA AND TURKEY, BUT THAT THE WESTERN ALLIES WILL HAVE TO TAKE THE LION'S SHARE IN DEFEATING GERMANY. *That* IS WHAT RUSSIA EXPECTS FROM THE ALLIES.

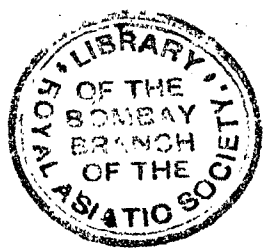
The Russian march to Berlin is a dream that will—at least in this war—never be realized. No, it is England, and England again and again, that will have to settle Germany. The Russians alone cannot drive the Germans out of their country. The English will have to do it for them—at the Western front.

You will have to smash! smash! smash!

You do not know Germany. Your deputations of parliamentarians, of editors and other journalists, what did they amount to? How many Englishmen amongst the number who have travelled in Germany speak the language? And how do they expect to get to understand a nation, its ambitions, its intrigues, its character, unless they do? Lord Haldane does, and so do a few others, and they must have seen the trend German ambition and German feeling were taking these latter years: "England, der Feind" ("England, the foe").

*Let me impress upon you that Germany is preparing for peace as thoroughly as she prepared for war.* Of course, her chances of influencing the British public through the Press are at present nil, but look out the moment peace parleys begin in earnest! Then this country will be flooded with German-made literature, arguments, pleadings, all cleverly disguised, and I fear that there will be plenty of "reasonable people" here, otherwise called peace-cranks, pacifists, but whose real names should be "traitors," who will mother and father German-made arguments. You have only to remember some of the articles that appeared in several of your publications up to the very day England declared war.

There are still many Kühlmans in Germany. They are a German speciality.

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